

ROBERT MERRY'S MUSEUM.

EDITED BY

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VOLUME XVI.



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A HAPPY, happy pair are we—
You ask the cause of this?
I love my dog—my dog loves me—

Love is the source of bliss!

MERRY'S MUSEUM

AND

PARLEY'S PLAYMATE.

MERRY'S MUSEUM AND PARLEY'S PLAYMATE UNITED!

Come here, lads and lasses,
Come, black eyes and blue,
And list to a story
Intended for you!

WE, Robert Merry and Peter Parley, hereby announce to our young friends, and their parents and guardians, that we have formed a project for presenting to the public the most amusing, pleasing, pictorial, instructive magazine that was ever thought of! This number will serve as a specimen. Now we beg to say a word as to our plans and motives.

In the first place, we intend to keep up and preserve every thing that is good in the plan and spirit of Merry's Museum; we intend to get all the good hints we can from the original design of Parley's Magazine; and finally, we shall endeavor to combine in our work all the excellencies of the English periodical, entitled the *Playmate*. This latter has ceased, and the late publishers in Boston, Messrs. Crosby & Nichols, have engaged us to fulfill their promises to its numerous subscribers. We shall do our best. *Playmate* is a pretty name for a magazine, and we shall try to gratify any hopes and expectations which it suggests to the minds of young and old.

And now, girls and boys, we have a favor to ask of you all. Will you not put your shoulder to the wheel, and give us a lift at the starting of our new enterprise? Say you will, and the thing is done! We want twenty thousand subscribers to enable us to sprinkle in plenty of new engravings, to buy nice paper, and to print the work handsomely. *We intend to do all this at any rate*, but the more patrons we have, the better will our

magazine be. It will give us new courage and spirit, if we find all the boys and girls taking our work.

Perhaps some of our generous, kind-hearted readers will not only take the work themselves, but recommend it to their friends. Some even, we hope and trust, will get a few subscribers, and send their names to the publishers.

We have a few words more to say. There are a good many imitations of Merry's Museum in circulation. Some of these copy our engravings, and even copy our articles. If there were any good motive in this, we should be glad of it; but when we know its object is to take away the support due to this work, we must be excused for saying—nothing more about it!

We happen to know, also, that publishers of a rival magazine have taken pains to make the public believe that our Museum had ceased, and in this way they have induced many persons to give up taking it, supposing they could no longer get it. Now we do not wish to injure any rival work: the world is wide enough for all: we ask only that our patrons will do us the favor to let their friends know that Robert Merry is alive—that his magazine is yet flourishing, and that, so far from giving it up,



he and Peter Parley have been putting their heads together to contrive all sorts of pleasant things for the new series of the magazine hereby announced to the public.



July.

It is July—the midsummer month—when the sun is brightest, and vegetation in its highest beauty. Now the meadow, if the scythe has not shorn it of its glory, is covered with its many-blossomed burden; now the corn fields are waving in the pride and promise of the coming harvest; now the forest shows its wide-spreading garment of green, covering the valley, the hill-side, and the mountain-top. What a scene

is presented by the landscape, during this glorious month!

Did you ever think, my gentle friends—did you ever think how much pleasure is to be had in a single walk, during this month? Come, go with me, and you shall keep a reckoning of our enjoyments. Here we clamber over this stone wall, and strike across the field. How beautiful the wood rises beyond! Look beneath the

branches, and see the dark line of shadow, seeming to form a tent, where one might lie down and refresh himself. Hark—do you hear that rippling brook, seeming to invite us into its bosom?

Here we are, beneath the trees! How still—how solitary; what a holy sense of quiet steals upon us here! Look and see that field of sky, opening between the white clouds above and around, as if heaven itself were there! How does nature thus often come upon us, even in the wilderness and the solitary place, to tell us of heaven, and to make us feel that we are never really alone; that earth, beautiful as it is, is still a lower sphere; and that one brighter and better is within our reach, and constantly beckoning us up to its holy dominions.

Let us look around; what variety, even in the midst of general uniformity! All is robed in green; every tree and plant has its garniture of leaves. But still, what diversity of tint, and what variety of shape, even in these leaves! And then the size, attitude, and form of the stalks; how has nature seemed to exhaust invention itself, in making out its diversified models!

It is this *endless variety*—this lavish display of design and contrivance in the works of nature—which particularly impresses me with the presence of God, and seems to call upon me to lift up my heart in constant thanksgiving, amid every landscape. It is not the mere beauty of nature—the positive grace of leaves and blossoms—of stalks and boughs—of sunshine and shade—

of hill and valley—of lake, and lawn, and rivulet, and cloud, and sky—that reveal to me most clearly the Father of the Universe; but it is that benignant adaptation of these things to variety-loving man, *in their endless variety*, which most impressively assures me of His existence—His presence—His goodness—and His parental condescension.

What a theme for gratitude to heaven is here! Who can reckon the variety of plants, even in the compass of a single landscape? And remember that they are never the same two days in succession. To-morrow they will be changed—either by being further advanced in their career, or by being seen in a different atmosphere. Now they are glowing in the sun; the next time we are here they may have a graver hue beneath the shadow of the cloud. At the hour of dawn they are gayly dressed in diamonds of dew; at evening they seem sober and pensive amid the sleepy shadows that are falling over the world.

And then, again, no two scenes are alike—at least in our happy New England. It is said that even the level ocean never presents the same face two days in succession. It is changeable as the countenance of a boy or girl—now placid—now stormy; to-day, gentle and soft as summer—to-morrow, savage and tempestuous as winter itself. We have similar variety in our land scenes. Here is a valley and there a mountain; yonder rises the woodland, and at its foot sleep the level waters of the lake; here winds the stream, there rise the rocks; on this side is the garden, on

that is the thicket ; here is the meadow, there the corn-field ; yonder is the pasture, and here is our home.

But stay—we return not yet. It is July. The sun beats down with great intensity, but still, what delight it is to get beneath a cool, shady tree at such a time. Is not the refreshment thus obtained more than a compensation for the oppressiveness of the heat ? Surely it is—and thus even the inconveniences of life are made the sources of enjoyment. Yes, gentle reader, so it hath been contrived, by One wiser and better than we, that even our sufferings may be made the promoters of our happiness. How cheering is this thought—especially when we may extend it to another state of existence, and believe that the trials of our present life, if rightly improved, are especially designed as the means by which the joys of eternity are to be secured and heightened.

How this changing of the scene, as we advance in our walk, excites the mind and fancy ! Every step presents objects in a new position. When we plunge into the wood, and see the scene closing around us, we feel an emotion of pleasure, as if something of interest, some real event, had happened. When we emerge from the forest, how charmingly does the landscape open upon us, as if whole fields had moved from their position to welcome us !

And how is the interest of the scene heightened, if some lake or river blend with the spectacle ! In truth, no picture seems perfect without its sheet of water. Beautiful element, how much

does the world owe thee ! I speak not now of thy utilitarian capacities ; of thy virtues in washing little boys and girls' faces ; of thy importance in the business of boiling potatoes and cabbage ; of thy utility in propelling steamers and locomotives ; of thy kindness in supplying the Croton and Cochituate aqueducts ; of thy convenience in making oceans and navigable streams ; of the good thou hast done to the cause of temperance ; of the pleasure thou givest when one is dry ; of the debt we owe thee for having suggested the song of the "Old oaken bucket !" No—no—it is not for any of these things, O beautiful element, that we now address and eulogize thee ! It is for thy picturesque beauty—for that pleasure which thy lakes, thy ponds, thy rills, thy rivulets, and thy rivers give us, as we pass over the surface of our mother earth. How many pleasing emotions hast thou given to the world ! how many of the fondest associations, the most cherished images, the most felicitous turns of thought and language, have mankind borrowed from thee ! What would the poets have done without thee !

Indeed, what should we do without the poetry to which rivers, and lakes, and streams, and oceans, have given rise ? Many of the sweetest lines ever written—lines which have given pleasure to millions—would never have existed but for this beautiful element. How could they have succeeded in bringing out many of the sweetest strains that they have sung, without this inspiration ?

And never is water seen with such zest as in this month of July. Look, gentle reader, at the youthful pair pictured by Billings, and rendered in Hartwell's wood-cut at the head of this article. Is not the story it tells one that pleases thee—children lifting the sail before the breeze, and the bonny boat gliding over the midsummer lake? If this please thee not, then hast thou lived on vinegar till thy soul is sour.

Nay, nay, 'tis a pretty picture—and this month of July is a good month—and this is a good world—full of beauty, if any one will see it right. It is one which is calculated to make the pious heart breathe out, in the words of the sweetest of writers, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works—in goodness and in mercy hast thou made them all!"

The Spaniards.

THE Spaniards are derived from an intermixture of Celts, Carthaginians, Romans, Goths, Saracens, and Moors, who, by turns, have had dominion in the country. As some of these settled in one quarter, and some in another, the population is much diversified in the different provinces. The general appearance of the Spaniards is good, the shape delicate, the head finely formed, and the countenance intelligent; the eyes are quick and animated, the features regular, and the teeth even; the complexion is swarthy, yet varying in degrees of

darkness, and sometimes exhibiting an olive hue. The Castilians appear delicate, but are strong, and have a manly frankness in their countenance and manners.

The Spanish women are generally small and slender, and take great pains to acquire and preserve a genteel shape. They have mostly brown complexions, the few who are fair being chiefly to be found in Biscay; their face is oval, with eyes and hair brown or black, mouth agreeably proportioned, red lips, white and well set teeth, which, however, they do not long preserve, through want of care. They have a peculiar grace or suppleness in their motions. Their conversation, which is lively and easy, is full of choice expressions. They are violent in their passions, ardent in imagination, but generous, and capable of sincere attachment.

The Spaniards are remarkable for great gravity of deportment and taciturnity. A pensive kind of dignity uniformly marks their mien and air; their pace is so extremely slow, that, at a little distance, it is scarcely possible to determine whether they are in motion or not. They hold their priests in so much veneration, that they kiss the very hem of their garments; and they entertain an unreasonable contempt of other nations, especially if Protestant. Pride, vanity, indolence, avarice, and insatiable thirst of revenge, are among their predominant vices.

Few of the higher classes wear the ancient costume of black cloaks, short jerkins, slashed breeches, and long Toledo swords, except on particular occa-



SPANISH SMUGGLERS.

sions; but it is still generally worn by the lower orders, and varies in almost every province. Both men and women are very extravagant in dress and personal ornaments. The Spanish women, in general, dress only for the street; for, upon their return home, they take off their good clothes, and display an appearance, for which even the effects of a sultry climate can afford no adequate apology.

Fruits and vegetables form the principal food, even at the best tables; chocolate is the most common beverage of all ranks; at dinner the ladies drink water, and the gentlemen but very little wine. This temperance is superinduced by the heat of the climate, which would give mischievous effects to a higher regimen. At dinner, in many

parts of the country, the master of the family sits down to table in a chair; but the women and children sit cross-legged on a carpet, after the manner of the Moors. After dinner, they usually sleep two or three hours; during this time of repose, which is called *siesta*, the shops in Madrid and other cities and towns, are shut up; and few persons, except foreigners, are to be seen in the streets.

Spaniards are so much addicted to smoking, that they have always a cigar in the mouth, in the streets and public walks; in coffee-houses, at cards, at balls, in the interior of families, and even at parties in presence of the ladies; physicians smoke at their consultations, statesmen at their councils, the judge upon the bench, and the cul-

prit at the bar. A present of Havana cigars is the greatest favor that can be bestowed upon a Spaniard, and as fully secures his affections as a good dinner is said to conciliate those of an Englishman.

Dancing is a favorite amusement of the whole nation; young and old equally engage in it, with enthusiasm. Besides the dances common to other countries, the Spaniards have three that are purely national; namely, the *fandango*, the *bolero*, and the *sequidilla*. Mr. Townsend gives a lively idea of their passion for these dances, by saying, "If a person were to come suddenly into a church, or a court of justice, playing the *fandango* or the *bolero*, priests, judges, lawyers, criminals, audience, one and all, grave and gay, young and old, would quit their functions, forget all their distinctions, and commence dancing." Nocturnal serenades, of vocal or instrumental music, are given by the young men under the windows of their mistresses.

Romaries, or pilgrimages, to celebrated chapels, or hermitages, on the eve of the festival of the patron saint, are very fashionable, and present living scenes as grotesque as that described by Chaucer. The devotees, and those who accompany them from curiosity or worse motives, pass the night either in the porch of the church or chapel, or in the neighboring fields, or under tents; men, women, and children, are huddled together; they eat, drink, sing, laugh, lie down and sleep; while darkness throws a veil over a scene altogether incompatible with acts of devotion.

In the same spirit, when the church bells, at sunset, give the signal of repeating the prayer to the Virgin, the performers at the theatres, as well as the audience, fall upon their knees, and so remain for several minutes; the busy multitude in the streets are also hushed on the same occasion, and arrested in their pursuits, as if by magic, and all carriages stop; the women cover their faces with their fans, the men take off their hats, and all breathe, or are supposed to breathe, a short prayer to the protecting power, which has brought them to the close of another day. After a short pause, the women uncover their faces, the carriages drive on, and the whole crowd is again in motion as before.

In all the provinces of Spain, particularly those of the south, a distinct class of people, called *Gitanoes*, or *Gipsies*, are numerous. Though admitted to the privileges of Spaniards by Charles III., who allowed them to bear the honorable appellation of *New Castilians*, they are the same erratic race, and bear the same physiognomy that distinguishes them in other countries. Some of the men are engaged in petty traffic; many of them are provincial actors and teachers of the *fandango*; and some few are inn-keepers in the small towns and villages. Music, dancing, and fortune-telling, are the chief occupations of the females.

LADIES of fashion starve their happiness to feed their vanity.



A Sensible Dog.

ROBERT Merry's Museum is designed for every body—young and old—boys and girls—so we advise all to read it. Here is the picture of a boy, with a dog harnessed to a little carriage, in which his mother and sister are seated. The grave and stately reader may think this only an introduction to a story like that of Jack and Gill—some foolish adventure, to end in a broken head. Not at all, sir! We aim not now at the exciting, the thrilling, or the romantic. We present you with a picture of what may be actually seen, in many countries—a “sensible dog”—who works in harness as well as a horse. In Holland and Belgium dogs often take the carts to market, and show as much sobriety and good sense as horses or oxen. Indeed, I have often seen dogs put in harness in this country, and, though it was usu-

ally for sport, they showed a disposition and capacity to be useful in this way. It is well known that the Esquimaux Indians employ their dogs to draw their sledges; and the young bucks there are as proud of their skill in dog driving, as ours are in driving their horses.

An Honest Man.

An honest man need not fear the assaults of his enemies. Talent will be appreciated, industry will be rewarded, and he who pursues in any calling, an open, manly, honest course, must in the end triumph over his enemies, and build for himself a good name, which will endure long after his traducers are forgotten.



Ancient Carthage.

THE Phœnicians founded Carthage, about a century before the building of Rome. Most ancient writers agree in following an old story, or tradition, to the following purport:—Pygmalion, king of Tyre, having put to death the husband of his sister Dido, or Elissa, that he might seize upon his immense riches, that princess took to flight, carrying all her treasure with her, and, coasting along the northern shore of Africa, arrived at a peninsula between Tunis and Utica, at which places settlements had been previously made by the Phœnicians. Here she purchased or hired a piece of ground upon which to build a city. The

place was first named Betzura, or Bosra, "the Castle," which the Greeks corrupted into Byrsa, this name meaning, in Greek, a *hide*; and perhaps the shape of the peninsula gave rise to the story of Dido's "Yankee trick," which was this. She made a bargain with the Libyans for so much ground as could be covered by an ox's hide, which seemed a very advantageous one to the owners. But the crafty princess cut the hide into narrow thongs, and encompassed a large tract of territory. Although we do not vouch this tale to be true, at the same time no one knows it to be false.

The place thus built soon became

known by the name of Carthage, or Carthada, the "new city." Of its early history, during more than three centuries, we know very little.

The Carthaginians inherited from their ancestors, the Phœnicians, the spirit of commercial enterprise. The Mediterranean was covered with their fleets at a time when Rome could not boast of a single vessel, and her citizens were even ignorant of the form of a galley. They conquered Sardinia, and a great part of Sicily and Spain. Their powerful fleets and extensive conquests gave them the sovereign command of the seas, and their foreign policy was grasping, jealous, and arrogant. Although essentially a commercial people, they were remarkably attentive to agriculture, and their wealthy citizens employed a great part of their riches in the cultivation of their estates.

The country in the neighborhood of Carthage, and, indeed, all that tract which formed its real territory, and which corresponds to the present state of Tunis, was beautifully cultivated and extremely fertile. When Agathocles landed in Africa, and when Regulus, half a century later, Scipio Africanus, half a century after that, and Scipio Æmilianus, another half century after that, invaded the Carthaginian territory, their march lay through rich fields covered with herds of cattle, and irrigated by numerous streams. Vineyards and olive-grounds were spread on every side; innumerable small towns and villages were strewn over the country; and, as

they drew near to the "Great Carthage," the land was thickly studded with the country-seats of the wealthy citizens.

While Carthage possessed the dominion of the seas, a rival state was growing up in Italy, under whose arms she was destined to fall. The conquest of Spain and Sicily enabled the Carthaginians, for a long time, to keep the Roman power in check. In the first treaty between the two powers, it was expressly stipulated that the Romans should not enter the ports of Sicily. The first of the three bloody wars between these rival states, which are known in history as the "Punic wars," resulted in the expulsion of the Carthaginians from Sicily and the Lipari Islands. This was followed by another war, nearly as disastrous to them. The mercenary troops who had served in Sicily, and who had been disbanded in Africa after the peace, without being paid, rose against their employers, and devastated the country during several years, till they were nearly all exterminated. The Romans took advantage of this opportunity to seize Sardinia. A fierce and inextinguishable enmity to each other was now implanted in both nations. In the second Punic war, Hannibal, the Carthaginian general, carried his arms to the very gates of Rome, and nearly succeeded in extinguishing that republic. But the tide of success soon turned. Scipio *carried the war into Africa*, and Carthage submitted, with the total loss of her power as

an independent state. Spain, and all the settlements beyond Africa, were given up; their immense fleets were surrendered to the Romans; enormous sums of money were extorted from them; and they stipulated not to make war without the permission of Rome.

The sequel of the history of Carthage presents a melancholy and affecting picture of the humiliation and decline of a proud and powerful state. The Carthaginians kept the treaty faithfully, and bore patiently, during half a century, the insults of the Romans, and the arrogance of their ally, Masinissa, king of Numidia. At length, the encroachments of this chief caused a complaint to be laid before the Roman senate, who dispatched a commission into Africa to inquire into the matter. Cato the elder was one of this body. That ruthless, inflexible old man, inspected every part of the great commercial city of Carthage, and, being astonished at the sight of its still remaining wealth and magnificence, persuaded himself that nothing but its ruin could insure the supremacy of Rome. This belief kept full and permanent possession of his mind, and he never made a speech in the senate, upon any subject whatever, without closing it with these words: "*Delenda est Carthago*"—"Carthage must be destroyed."

Some of the senators, however, were men of more liberal views, and preferred lenient and conciliatory measures. Scipio Nasica, one of these, was appointed a commissioner to settle the Carthaginian affairs. He went to Car-

thage, and had nearly disposed of all controverted points, when a Carthaginian demagogue roused the populace to assault him, and he was compelled to save himself by flight. The state, like all commonwealths in their decline, was distracted by factions, and soon became exposed to all the evils of popular tumult and civil war. This opportunity of completely crushing their ancient rivals was eagerly seized by the Romans, who issued a declaration of war against them, and prepared to invade their country with an overwhelming force. The terrified Carthaginians attempted to ward off the fatal blow, by making the most humble submissions, and even offered to acknowledge themselves the subjects of Rome. The Roman senate, after some deliberation, promised to grant them their liberty, on condition that they should perform whatever was required of them by the consuls, and give up three hundred hostages. On this, the Carthaginians, apprehending nothing, sent their hostages, in perfect confidence, although a few of their most intelligent citizens suspected treachery.

In the mean time, the consuls Marcius and Manilius arrived, with a powerful army, and, with a great show of magnificence, gave audience to the deputies of Carthage, who came to know their intentions, and to complain of these demonstrations of hostility. "You are now under the protection of Rome," said the consul, "and have no longer any use for the arms with which your magazines are filled; let them be given up to us, as a proof of your sin-

cerity." The deputies replied, that Carthage was surrounded by enemies, and arms were necessary for their protection. The only answer to this remonstrance was, "Rome has undertaken to defend you; therefore obey." Nothing was left to the Carthaginians but submission; and they delivered up the contents of their magazines, consisting of 200,000 complete suits of armor, 2,000 catapults, and an immense number of spears, swords, bows, and arrows. Having thus disarmed themselves, they waited to hear the final sentence.

The consuls then announced to them that their city was to be razed to the ground, and the inhabitants sent elsewhere for a residence. They were allowed to build their houses in any place ten miles distant from the sea, but they must be without fortifications. At this cruel and terrible announcement, the unfortunate Carthaginians were overwhelmed with surprise, astonishment, and indignation. The populace kindled into rage; despair and frenzy succeeded, in every breast, to dejection and pusillanimity. A furious multitude burst into the senate-house, and laid violent hands on all the members who had advised or borne a part in the degrading submissions which had led to such a catastrophe. Every method, which despair could suggest, was put in requisition to provide for their defence, and replace the arms which they had so shamefully surrendered. They demolished their houses to supply the docks with timber. Palaces and temples were converted into workshops.

Gold and silver vases and statues supplied the want of brass and iron. The women sacrificed their ornaments, and even cut off their hair to make cordage.

The Romans, believing that a city without arms could make no resistance, attacked them without fear; but they were repulsed, and their fleet was burnt by the Carthaginian fire-ships. Asdrubal, the Carthaginian general, would have cut the consular army in pieces, but for the skill of Scipio Æmilianus, who succeeded in covering the retreat of the Roman legions with a body of cavalry. Under the conduct of this leader, the Romans again laid siege to Carthage. After a war of three years, famine reduced these wretched people to the necessity of again offering their submission, and they declared themselves ready to comply with any terms, except only the destruction of their city; but the cruel determination of the Senate was inflexible, and Scipio, not having it in his power to prefer humanity to revenge, was obliged to reject their offers. He gained possession of one of their gates by a stratagem, and thus the Romans made their way into Carthage. During six days, the inhabitants, animated by despair, continued to dispute the progress of the enemy, and successively set fire to the buildings, when compelled to abandon them.

Of the 700,000 citizens of Carthage, 50,000 only survived the horrors of the siege. The city was given up to pillage, and set on fire. Asdrubal basely stooped to beg his life; while his wife, loading him with reproaches, stabbed

her children, and threw herself into the flames. After burning for seventeen days, this great city, the model of beauty and magnificence, the repository of immense wealth, and one of the chief states of the ancient world, was no more. The destruction of Carthage,

previously resolved upon in cold blood, after fifty years of peace, and without any fresh provocation from the defenceless people, who had thrown themselves upon the generosity of their rivals, was one of the most hard-hearted and brutal acts of Roman policy.



Half a Minute Too Late!

YES, yes, old gentleman, *only half a minute*; but, remember, that is enough to make you tug and sweat, and be disappointed of your ride, at least. Oh, you may roar till you are tired; and your fat legs may fly like drum-sticks—it is all to no purpose. *You are half a minute too late*—the coach is gone—it is beyond your reach! It makes no difference that the weather is hot and dusty; that you are forty miles from home; that you are left in a very sorry pickle; that your

affectionate wife and nine small children will be in the greatest distress at your non-arrival at home, by this coach. Remember, sir, that you were half a minute too late; and, though *only half a minute*, it has done your business, as well as if it had been half an hour.

Now, my fat friend, let this be a warning to you. And Reader, fat or lean, let it be a warning to you—*never be even half a minute too late!*

Pleasure and Pain—A Dialogue.

WILLIAM. Oh, dear, dear, dear !
 SUSAN. Pray, what is the matter, William? What have you done ?

W. Oh, that plaguey door has pinched my finger.

S. I am very sorry for it, William. Let me see your finger. The skin is not broken ; it is only red a little. You will soon get over it.

W. Soon get over it ! that is what you always say. I wish there was no such thing as pain. I don't see the use of it.

S. That is a thoughtless speech, my brother. I think pain is useful—necessary, in fact—to creatures like us.

W. Pain useful ! how can you make that out, Sue ?

S. Very easily. What is it prevents us from exposing our lives by carelessness ? What is it prevents us from breaking our limbs—tearing our flesh—or bringing on disease from exposure to excessive heat or cold ? It is the pain that will follow, that prevents us from thus injuring ourselves. Pain may be regarded as a kind of sentinel, placed in every part of our bodies to defend them. If you are careless, and stub your toe against a stone, pain says, "I'll punish you for that, so that you will be careful and not do it again." If you were to go on and stub your toes constantly, you would knock them all to pieces. When you pinch your finger, pain says, "Take care, Billy, if you pinch your fingers

you shall suffer for it. It is your duty to take care of your fingers, and if you forget this, I shall remind you of it." Why, what would become of your long nose, Will, if you had not learned by sad experience to take care of it ?

W. Well, Susan, you have made out your case better than I supposed you could. But, after all, it is very troublesome to take care of one's self, so ; and, besides, it seems to me that there is a good deal more pain than pleasure.

S. There you are greatly mistaken, William. The pleasures of life are a hundred-fold greater and more numerous than its pains. Every moment when we are in health brings us some enjoyment. It is pleasant to see the light—it is pleasant to breathe the air—it is pleasant to hear and to feel. Why, Will, except when you have pinched your finger, or stubbed your toe, or bumped your nose, or done some careless thing of that sort, you yourself are running over with enjoyment ; you leap, skip, hop, jump ; you sing and dance, race for the mere pleasure of racing, and shout for the mere fun of making a noise. From morning till night, life is to you a perpetual feast—a constant revel of enjoyments ; and when you go to your pillow how sweet is the repose that steals over you ! And then what bright and beautiful dreams visit you in slumber ! Dear Willie, if you would reflect upon your enjoyments, there would be a constant flow of gratitude in your heart toward that Good Being who

has bestowed upon you such an existence.

W. No doubt I OUGHT to feel so.

S. How can you help feeling so? Why has God made the world so beautiful? It is to please his children—men and women, little boys and little girls. Look around, and reflect upon the pains he has taken to please us. See the rose, is it not lovely? How fair its form—how smooth its leaves—how delicate its color—and then its odor—how delicious! Does it not seem to breathe of Heaven, and may it not fitly remind us of that love which Heaven is constantly bestowing upon us? And then look at the other flowers! What infinite variety, what endless beauty, the wide world is covered over with—trees, and plants, and shrubs, and flowers. What an amazing exercise of power design, invention, thought, and care, on the part of the Creator is here displayed! And for what has He done all this? To bless his children, to give happiness to his creatures. He has not overlooked any one of them. He has provided for insect, bird, and beast, but man is the highest object of his care. To us He has given the highest faculties. He has not only bestowed upon us the five animal senses, but He has given us mind and soul, and enables us to derive the highest enjoyment from the exercise of thought and emotion.

W. Well, I am very much obliged to you, Sue, for telling me all this. I hope I shall be as wise and good as you are, sometime or other; but

really, it appears to me that there is a great deal of trouble in this world. Granny is always talking about it. I hear her say every day of her life, "Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward."

S. You must consider, William, that grandmother is very old, and we can hardly expect her to be as gay as you are, but I believe she takes a great deal of comfort after all. In fact, she takes great pleasure, I believe, in talking about trouble. It is a mistake with many good people to be constantly wailing and moaning, and speaking as if this were a world of sorrow. It is not true. No doubt there is a great deal of sorrow in the world, but the greater part of it arises from the misconduct of those who suffer. They do that which they know to be wrong—they do that which they know will bring punishment. If they suffer, is it for them to complain?

W. I suppose not; but do not people sometimes suffer when they have done nothing wrong? Does not disease sometimes attack us, when we have not exposed ourselves by imprudence?

S. Certainly. There are events quite beyond our control, and beyond our influence. There is an unseen Providence around us, guiding the course of events, and this may sometimes make us the subject of pain and suffering. But one thing we may safely bear in mind—that Providence is ever kind and benignant. It never uses pain but with a view of some good end. Pleasure is the great har-

vest of life—pain is a tax which we pay for its protection and cultivation. In general, we may say that each individual has it in his power to make that tax heavy or light, as he pleases!



Young Animals—A Dialogue.

Lucy. Oh, John, what is it you have got there?

JOHN. Why, don't you see?

L. Oh, they are little puppies. What nice, fat things they are; they are so soft—so gentle—so full of play!

J. I love little dogs, don't you?

L. Yes, I like all young things.

J. How pretty little kittens are; they are so soft, and so full of frolic! And how beautiful little chickens are, when they have just come out of the shell:

so smooth, and plump, and cunning! and little lambs, so innocent and gentle! But these puppies, what funny faces they've got; they are so fat they can hardly open their eyes!

L. Pray what are their names?

J. Well, I don't know; we can call them what we please.

L. Why, are they yours?

J. Yes; James Baxter gave them to me. And he gave me their mother, too. Here she is.

L. Good old dog! Why how proud she seems to be of her young ones! Does she like to have us play with them?

J. Yes, if we treat them kindly.

L. Why how the good old creature looks in my face: it really seems as though she wanted to speak! What a horrid thing it must be not to be able to talk, and only to say, bow, wow, wow, wow! However, I suppose the old dog does not think a great deal, and bow, wow, expresses all the ideas she has got. I sometimes think I should like to be an animal, just to see how it would seem—to know how they feel, and what they are thinking about.

J. You are a real chatterbox, Lucy, and I imagine, hardly consider what you say. The idea of being a brute for a single moment, strikes me with disgust. Think of having four legs, a long snout, and a tail. Bah!

L. Really, John, you are too bad to laugh at me so; I hardly meant what I said. Perhaps you are right in calling me chatterbox. Never mind, I'll call you Solomon: so now we are even.

J. Very well; be it so. Now what shall we call the two little puppies?

L. Well, I don't know; call them Brutus and Cassius.

J. Brutus and Cassius! Let us see how it will sound. Brute, Brute, Brute! Oh, no; that won't do. Cas, Cas, Cas! Pshaw! that is the name of the man who they say is going to be president. No, no; you must try again.

L. Well, there are a plenty of pretty names. Snip, Trip, Bose, Tray,

Touser, Jowler, Lion, Carlo, and a hundred others. But there—I hear mother calling us. We must go now, and the little puppies must wait for their names till to-morrow.

Cameos.

CAMEO bosom pins are made of conch shells. The art was confined to Rome for nearly half a century, and to Italy until the last twenty years. The first cameo made out of Italy was by an Italian in Paris, and now about two hundred persons are employed in making cameos in that city. The number of shells used annually thirty years ago, was nearly three hundred—the whole of which were sent to England, the value of each in Rome being about seven dollars. The whole number of shells used in France last year was one million five thousand, in value forty-four thousand eight hundred dollars. The value of large cameos made in Paris last year was about two hundred thousand dollars. In England not more than six persons are engaged in the trade. In America about the same number; but Yankee genius has entered the field of cameo art, and soon we shall be provided with republican gems, carved with republican hands, to deck the bosoms of our republican girls.

A good man cares not for the re-proofs of evil men.



The Mocking Bird.

DID you ever see a mocking bird? It is a plain, homespun sort of a creature, dressed in feathers of a Quaker color. It is not quite so large as our robin, and its form is more delicate and slender. It has a spirited look, however, and is exceedingly active and vigorous.

The chief fame of this bird arises from its power as a singer: of all our American wood minstrels, it is the most celebrated. It is called MOCKING BIRD from its habit of imitating various sounds. It has a curious knack at stringing together the songs of other birds, weaving them all into one liquid melody, and introducing, at proper intervals, imitations of barking dogs, squealing pigs, or perhaps a crying boy.

Yet the song of this bird is not wholly made up of imitations; it has strains of its own which are greatly varied, the same notes or airs being seldom repeated. In general its music is more remarkable for vigor than sweetness; but sometimes its notes become soft and tender, and melt into the heart like the cooings of the dove, or the warblings of the nightingale.

The mocking bird is an inhabitant of the south, its chosen haunts seeming to be in the region of Louisiana, or the adjacent country; still it often ventures farther north, and during midsummer, it may be seen building its nest, or rearing its young, amid the thickets of Maryland and Pennsylvania. In truth, I remember to have seen a pair of them in the west.

ern part of Massachusetts, and I have no doubt they had a nest there ; but these must have been very eccentric birds, or perhaps some ill luck had attended them, or perhaps they had got a bad character among their neighbors, and were thus induced to stray so widely from the haunts of their kindred.

Mr. Audubon, who has given us such beautiful books about birds, tells us that the rattlesnake sometimes makes an attack upon the nest of the mocking bird, in the southern country, and he gives us a picture of such a scene, from which our cut is copied. What must be the horror of the poor birds on seeing the approach of the venomous reptile ! Yet we are told that they make a vigorous defence ; flying at the intruder and attacking his eyes with their beaks. In such a contest they frequently come off victorious, and sometimes the serpent is glad to make his retreat with the loss of an eye, if he escape having his skull beaten in.

It is impossible not to feel a sympathy with these poor birds, as we see them in the picture ; but we suppose they would feel quite as badly to have their nest destroyed, or their eggs stolen, or their young ones carried off by a monster called Ben, Bill, or John, as by a monster called rattlesnake !

SATAN is a subtle angler, and uses great cunning in the casting of his net.

About my Dog.

I MUST tell you something about my little dog. He is only ten weeks old, but he is a nice little fellow, and amuses me very much.

He is of the true spaniel breed, and entirely of a deep auburn color, except that he is white beneath the throat. His hair is thick and closely curled. He is fat, yet full of fun. When standing still he has a sober, sensible air, but in his sport he looks as mischievous as a school boy.

I take the little fellow out to walk with me every day ; he follows close at my heels ; and if I get a little before him he whines, and seems to call upon me to wait till he comes up. Sometimes I contrive to get away from him, in the woods, and then hide, to see how he behaves. He first runs this way, and then that, smelling about like an old dog. He soon gets discouraged, and begins to cry. If he does not find me pretty soon, his tones become sad and wailing, and at last it seems really as if his heart would break. I can then hold out no longer ; so I call him to me. He comes along, his ears drooping, and his tail wagging, and he seems to say, "How can you plague me so ?" He then leaps upon me, and buries himself under my coat, and seems to expect to be cuddled and comforted like a very child.

Living much alone, and having nobody to care for me, a great part of the time, I really feel touched by the humors of this little brute, as if he were one of my own kith and kin.

I have told my little readers thus much about my dog, and now I wish to ask a favor of them. Will they assist me in giving him a name? I should like something appropriate—suitable to his character and condition in life. I do not relish big names for little dogs—such as Sampson, Cæsar, Nebuchadnezzar, Boanerges, Napoleon, and the like. Nor do I exactly like such petty titles as Snip, Trip, Dip, etc. No doubt there are forty names quite suited to my little pet, but they do not occur to me, and so I throw myself upon my friends.

I hope it may not be imagined that my dog is any thing uncommon, or out of the way. I hate prodigies of all kinds, and if I found this creature to possess extraordinary genius, I should get rid of him, or keep the matter secret. So far is the little fellow from being prodigious, that he is all dog and nothing else. For the most part he is a mere puppy, soft, simple, and playful; but occasionally he makes me laugh outright, by the way in which he imitates the airs of old dogs. In running, he often throws up his right fore foot with an air of importance; in listening, he lifts his ears significantly; when he gets warm, he lolls ostentatiously with his tongue—and all these things he does with such an air, that it seems like positive pretence and affectation. The creature reminds me very much of a child two or three years old, who may be often caught imitating old people, and seeming to think himself big as the biggest.

Now, I say again, that all this does

not show that my dog is a genius. No doubt he is very much like his daddy. His mother, unhappily, does not bear a pleasant name; but his sire is highly respectable, and the son need not blush for his lineage on that side!

I pray the reader to consider that this article is only addressed to the young—those who can enter into my feelings, and look upon my affection for this little brute without a sneer. My hours of solitude are cheered by his pranks, his sports, and his humors. In the absence of other friends, he seems to bestow upon me something of that affection which all love to excite. He cries and whimpers when I leave him—he wails in my absence—he caresses me when I return; he rejoices in my society, and he leaps, and races, and gambols before me, as if his greatest delight consisted in my presence. Certainly the creature loves me, and why should I not love him.

PETER PARLEY.

Great Bridge.

AT Cologne, France, a suspension bridge is about to be thrown over the Rhine by French engineers, similar to that which crosses the Danube at Offen. It will rest on a single pillar in the middle of the stream; and is to cost one hundred and fifty thousand thalers.

COVET nothing over much.



The White Chamois, or Adventure in the Alps.

THE Alps are the highest mountains in Europe. The tallest peak is called Mount Blanc. Its top is nearly 16,000 feet, or about three miles, above the level of the sea. This is in Switzerland, and if you ever visit that country, you will be delighted and astonished by the scenery you will behold.

Mount Blanc may be seen at the distance of nearly two hundred miles ; it then appears like a white, bluish cloud, just visible above the horizon. You would not imagine it to be a mountain

unless some one were to point it out, and assure you of the fact. From the city of Geneva, a distance of forty miles, this mountain appears like a lofty pyramid of snow, piled up to the sky.

Switzerland is every way a remarkable country. It has some of the most beautiful lakes in the world, and they are still more beautiful because they are surrounded by such wild scenery—lofty rocks, steeping precipices and mountains, whose tops seem to mingle with the clouds. There are deep, quiet

valleys, also, checkered with green meadows, and rich pastures, and golden harvests, in their season. Above these, and seeming almost to hang over them, are mountain-peaks, covered with the everlasting snow.

It might seem that such a wild and rugged country as Switzerland could hardly be inhabited; but it has a considerable population. There are not only large cities, but many villages; and houses are scattered, here and there, over the country, even upon the shaggy sides of the mountains, on the verge of precipices, and along the edge of cliffs, where you would imagine the wild deer alone could find a footing.

Among the mountains of Switzerland, there is a species of wild goat called *chamois*. It is about the size of our common goat. It dwells in the higher parts of the mountains, even where the earth and rocks are covered with snow and ice. It feeds upon moss and the stunted shrubs and grasses that flourish in those dreary regions. Here it may be seen fearlessly leaping from rock to rock, while chasms a thousand feet in depth are yawning at its feet.

The pursuit of these swift-footed mountaineers is dangerous sport, but the Swiss are passionately fond of it. They will go forth in the morning, and spend the whole day in climbing up the mountains, in fording rivers, scrambling over precipices, and traversing ridges, content and even happy if they have secured a single *chamois* in the chase. They seem to think no toil too severe, no danger too great, for this fascinating occupation.

A great many curious adventures have happened to the *chamois* hunters. I must give you an account of one of these, saying, however, before I proceed, that I am not quite sure that it is altogether true.

Some years ago, there was a young man by the name of Stephen Borlis, who lived in the valley of Chamouni. Here is a little village, situated eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, and at no great distance from the top of Mount Blanc. It is a favorite stopping place for travelers who come to visit Mount Blanc, and who usually stay a short time to enjoy the beautiful scenery of this valley.

Our story begins at a period when Stephen had reached his eighteenth year. He had become greatly attached to *chamois* hunting, and was famous for his daring and dexterity in this perilous amusement. He was, therefore, a sort of hero in the little village of Chamouni. It is necessary to state, that there was a maiden in this village, as much renowned for her beauty as Stephen was for success in *chamois* hunting. She was now about sixteen, and bore the name of Marsaline.

Now the beauty of this young lady had drawn around her a great many lovers, and it was said that she was sorely puzzled to choose between them. If she had any preference, it seemed to be for Stephen Borlis; but though the youth pressed his suit warmly, the maiden could never be persuaded to decide in his favor. At length she adopted a strange resolution. There was a famous *chamois* in the mountains,

which had long baffled the skill of the hunters; it was said to be so swift of foot as to seem to fly rather than run. It was extremely wild, always perceiving the approach of the hunter from afar, either by its penetrating sight or its acute scent. It would leap across the most fearful chasms, and bound along the icy sides of the mountains in a manner so wonderful, that many people believed the WHITE GOAT possessed more than earthly powers, and was, in fact, a sort of wizard.

Well, the decision of Marsaline was this. She resolved to marry the hunter who should succeed in taking the white chamois; if no one could accomplish this feat, she declared her resolution to remain a maiden. In her heart she believed that Stephen Borlis would be the successful hunter, and thus win her hand; and it was, perhaps, part of her scheme, to incite him to an achievement which would increase his fame, in the glory of which she would have a share.

A particular day was fixed for the hunt, and about twenty youths set out for the chase. Stephen Borlis was up in the mountains at the first break of day. It was autumn; and though the morning was clear, the air was keen as winter. The route of the youth led him over rocky clefts, masses of ice, rising like castles in the air, and fields of snow, of dazzling whiteness. As the sun rose, he was on the top of Mount Blanc. What an amazing prospect spread around him! All Switzerland was before him, seeming like a sea of mountains and valleys. He could look

down upon numerous towns and villages—could trace the course of rivers, and observe numerous lakes, seeming like mirrors encircled by hills and forests. How gloriously the sun rose on this scene! And how did the young man's heart swell with exultation as he gazed upon it!

Having remained here some time, the youth began to descend the mountains. The early morning had past, and he had not seen the object of his pursuit. A sort of despondence crept over him. And the idea that some person more fortunate than himself might win the hand of the fair Marsaline, occupied him to such a degree that he became inattentive, and was on the point of sliding into one of those enormous chasms, or cracks, which are found in the snow and ice on the mountains.

He recovered himself, however; but while he was yet standing on the edge of the crevice, he heard a sort of whistling and the clatter of feet. Turning in the direction of these sounds, he perceived the white chamois flying along the side of the mountain. The distance was great; but instantly bringing his rifle to his shoulder, he fired. He saw the animal first leap into the air, and then fall into the valley below; but the recoil of Stephen's gun caused his feet to slip, and he was instantly borne forward upon the smooth surface of the snow. For a few moments, he preserved his presence of mind; but soon he became insensible from the rapidity of his descent, and was at last plunged into an immense bed of snow

which had collected between the mountains.

When his senses returned, the youth found himself in a comfortable room, and a woman was at his bedside watching over him. On making inquiries, he learned, that he had broken through the snow which had fallen from the mountains and buried a farm-house beneath it. Here the people were imprisoned for the winter, but as such events were not uncommon, they were well provided against it. Young Borlis soon recovered from the effects of his fall, and was eager to depart; but this was impossible. He was obliged to wait four long months before he could return to Chamouni.

When at last he arrived there, he found the whole village in a great state of excitement. When he inquired the cause of this, he found that the fair Marsaline was going to be married that very day. "And who is she to marry?" said he. "Why, haven't you heard? To Arthur Moleen, the hunchback."

"And why to him?"

"Because he killed the *white chamois*!"

The young man stayed to hear no more; the bells were already ringing; the villagers had gathered into the church. He rushed to the place—the ceremony was begun—the lovely bride and her deformed partner were kneeling at the altar. The sudden appearance of young Borlis struck the assembly with amazement; they had all imagined him dead, for a rumor had gone forth that he had been dashed in pieces in falling over a precipice. But

no one seemed so much affected as the intended bridegroom; he turned pale as ashes, and his teeth chattered as if he had been seized with ague. Stephen soon broke the silence. He told his story to the assembly, and the craven Moleen confessed that he had practiced an imposition. He chanced to be near when Borlis shot the white chamois; he saw him fall, and supposing him dead, laid the game over his shoulder, and returned to Chamouni. He there boasted of his achievement, and claimed the hand of Marsaline as his reward. He now begged ten thousand pardons; and young Borlis, taking his place at the altar by the side of the maiden, clasped her hand in his, and they were speedily united in the bands of wedlock!

Symptoms.

IF a person complains of want of time, you may be sure he wastes a great deal of it foolishly.

If a person promise largely, you will not fail to notice that he seldom performs.

If a person inveighs loudly and frequently against a certain crime, he is, ten to one, himself addicted to it.

If a person fawns on you when *up*, he will most assuredly trample on you when *down*.

If a person boasts of his learning or his money, you will find either his head or purse empty.

If a person insists that his children are particularly good, depend upon it the rogues are half ruined already.



Indian Corn.

INDIAN corn or maize was first produced in America.

It had never been seen in Europe till Columbus carried some from the West Indies to Spain, in the year 1493. It was called Indian corn, from the fact that the Indians of America, having no wheat or rye, used this article for food.

This kind of grain is cultivated in the south of France, where it is called *Torkay wheat*. It is also raised in Italy, in Syria, and in other warm parts of Europe; but nowhere is it produced in such quantities as in the United States. I believe two hundred millions

of bushels are raised here every year. What an immense number of puddings, hoe-cakes, and johnny-cakes are annually made of this grain, to say nothing of the feast of green corn and *succotash*, that comes in its season.

The Indians appeared to have held this vegetable in great estimation. When the green corn came, they had a religious festival called the corn-dance. This was performed with great ceremony, and was regarded as a tribute of respect and thanksgiving to the Great Spirit, for his kindness in supplying the people with this valuable grain.



The Pledge—A Dialogue.

CHILDREN, ALL TOGETHER. Oh! Mr. Peter Parley, is it true—is it true?

PARLEY. Is what true?

ANNE. Why, have you really promised to write a little book called the *Playmate*?

PARLEY. Do you wish me to write such a book?

ANNE. To be sure I do.

JOHN. And so do I.

LITTLE BETTY. And so do I.

PARLEY. Well, to tell you the truth—I have promised to assist Mr. Robert Merry in his Magazine. We are to call it MERRY'S MUSEUM AND PARLEY'S PLAYMATE. We shall try to make it both a *museum* or *store-house of curiosities*, and a *pleasant companion for spare*

hours, which all the boys and girls in the land will be happy to read.

LITTLE BETTY. Oh! I'm so glad! Robert Merry uses too many hard words for me. I like your books, Mr. Parley, for they have so many little short words, such as dig, pig, cat, rat, dog, hog, and the like. And then you have pictures of little boys and girls driving hoops, and all that. Oh, how I shall like Parley's Playmate!

JOHN. Poh! Do you suppose the whole book is to be made for you? Why, you have just learned to read. I don't believe you can spell *crucifix*.

LITTLE BETTY. Yes, I can spell *crucifix*, too—k-r-u kru, s-i si, krusi, f-i-x fix, *krusifix*! There!

ALL LAUGH.

LITTLE BETTY. What do you laugh for? Didn't I spell it right?

PARLEY. Never mind, my little Betty—you did your best—which is more than some grown people do. You are a nice, good child, and Peter Parley loves you. There! (*a smack on the cheek*) take that! The Playmate shall always have some short stories, with short words, for you, and such as you. But we must have fair play. John and Anne must be amused, as well as the little ones. It is a good while since I have written any books, so I hope to collect, from among my old remembrances, some tales, legends, and lessons, suited to the tastes of all.

A Fable.

IT happened once that all the animals—beasts, birds, fishes, and insects—assembled to hear a sermon from one of their number. I have not been informed who was the orator. The subject of the discourse was the duty of living to do good; and the audience seemed much delighted with the number and variety of the motives presented. As they went to their respective homes after the performance, thus they moralized to themselves:

Said the ant, "This sermon is a very good one for some folks, but it has no sort of application to me. What can such a poor, little, crawling thing as I do for the good of the universe? Besides, I have so large a family of my own to provide for, that it requires

all my time and attention. If I had wings like the butterfly, I would not live so useless a life as he does."

Said the butterfly, "I am really ashamed of the ant, who has such stores laid up, that she does no more good with them. I am sure if I were half as rich, I would supply all the poor in the neighborhood. But when I can hardly get enough for myself, how can I help others?"

The little fish complained that he had neither time, nor talents, nor opportunity of doing good; he was also so insignificant that he had no influence; and moreover, he had to get food for himself, and take care that he was not made food for others. If he were only as large and strong as the whale, he might be useful.

The sheep declared that as he had no horns to defend himself, it was absurd for him to think of his doing any thing for others. He hoped his neighbor, the goat, would apply the sermon to himself. Thus each excused himself; and on the whole, the sole result of the discourse so much applauded, was to convince each that himself was most unfortunate and his neighbors without excuse.

MORAL.—People who would not do their duty in the situation in which they are, would not be likely to in another.

☞ Please to take notice—send all communications for the Editor, POST PAID, to care of S. O. Post, 116 Nassau street, New York, or J. E. Hickman, 11½ School street, Boston.

Robert Merry's Chat with his Friends.

IN another part of this number, you will see that Peter Parley has come to my aid. I shall hereafter edit the Museum with his occasional assistance. We add to the work, the pretty name of PLAYMATE, and intend more than ever to be the favorites of the boys and girls; we intend to be not only their guide and counselor in serious matters, but their companions in their walks, their rambles, their scrambles, their sports, and their frolics. We intend to have better pictures, better stories, better songs, better anecdotes, better paper, better print, better every thing. All we ask in return is, that we may have plenty of subscribers, plenty of friends, such as those who have supported me in my labors, for the last seven years.

And now let us see what letters are in our budget this month. Here is one:

Dobbs Ferry, June 12, 1843.

MR. MERRY—

I have for the last six months been taking your Museum, and I like it very much, only it has not got enough adventures to suit my taste. I read in one of your numbers, that you would perhaps have some more of that kind in the July number; the stories of Bill Keeler are very interesting, and Tom Trotter and of the other adventurers are also very amusing. Your friend and subscriber,

J. H. A.

Here is another letter, and a spicy one it is:

Fidgety Vale, June 17, 1843.

MR. MERRY—

I find that sometimes you do print the letters of little folks, and sometimes you don't. I wrote you one containing sixteen pages,

more than six months ago, and I have looked with trembling anxiety into every new number since, in the hope of seeing it inserted. You may guess how I have been disappointed; and this has distressed me the more, that I find you have printed a great many letters from other persons in the mean time.

Now, Mr. Merry, it does appear to me that this needs explanation. I wait your reply with impatience.

DIANA PITCHFORK.

OUR REPLY.

We have to say, in reply to the amiable Miss Pitchfork, that she forgot to pay the postage on her letter. We never insert letters, unless postpaid—and they must be very good, indeed, to get a place in our pages, if they are longer than the story of John Gilpin.

The following letter is but one among many others, informing us of a fact we should rather conceal than publish, were it consistent with our duty:

Lowell, June 7, 1848.

MR. MERRY—

I was very much astonished and delighted, in going into Mr. Bixby's book store yesterday, to see the May number of your Museum. Last January, a man came round and told us that Merry's Museum had ceased, and he persuaded us to take another in its place. This we did. I now find we were deceived. I did not before know that such mean people as this agent must be, could be found in the world. I cannot think that a magazine circulated by such means is fit to be in the hands of young people. I have subscribed for the Museum, and shall take it as long as it is continued, which I hope may be many years.

JANE S—

The following is from our young friend, A. B——t :

I am composed of nineteen letters.

My 7, 12, 19, often causes much alarm in certain countries.

My 3, 6, 19, 10, is a Latin number.

My 10, 17, 14, 14, 4, 11, 6, 9, is much admired on account of its rare qualities, and great beauty.

My 16, 7, 17, 3, 6, 7, 10, is one of Flora's train.

My 12, 16, 15, 10, 10, 5, is a French noun.

My 2, 10, 14, 4, 15, ornamented the crown

of an ancient king, whose name commenced with my eighteenth letter.

My 10, 4, 9, 1, 13, 16, was a Jewish weight.

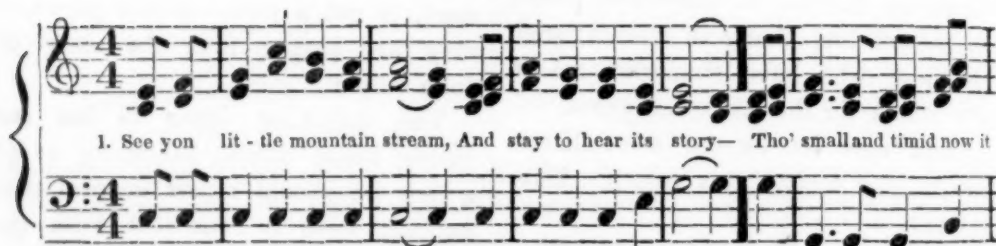
My 17, 8, 3, 4, 19, 6, is a classical division in a very interesting science.

My 4, 9, 13, 6, 19, was an eminent historical painter.

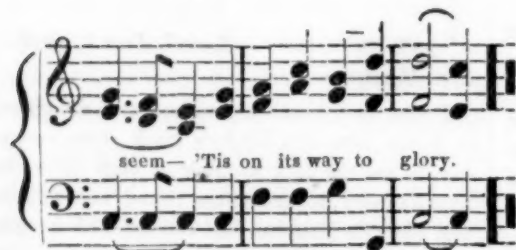
My whole appeared in the eighteenth century; it was never seen before, and it is impossible for any person ever to behold it again. Its brilliancy and magnificence baffled human description; its career was short, and although by all admired, it was almost always found in tears.

The Rivulet.

WORDS AND MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM



1. See you lit - tle mountain stream, And stay to hear its story— Tho' small and timid now it



seem— 'Tis on its way to glory.

2. Like an infant, first it goes—
Trembling, toddling, tumbling—
Now it stops, and now it flows,
O'er rock and breaker grumbling.

3. Now it joins another river,
And the two like lovers twine—
How the joyous waters quiver—
How the dancing bubbles shine !

4. Now the streams are one forever—
Broad and fair the waters glow ;
Storm and tempest cannot sever
Waves that thus united flow.

5. Far away, away 'tis wending,
The *Rivulet*, a *River* now !
Freighted ships are o'er it bending—
Cities shine along its brow.

6. Health and wealth it scatters wide.—
Such the streamlet's simple story—
An infant on the mountain side—
A giant in its glory !



Grand Ratification Meeting of the Boys and Girls,

TO SIGNIFY THEIR APPROBATION OF THE UNION OF MERRY'S MUSEUM AND
PARLEY'S PLAYMATE.

TO THE EDITORS—I have just come from the most enthusiastic meeting ever held in Wide Open Hall. All the boys and girls were there. The following resolutions were offered :

Resolved, As the sense of all the boys and girls of Wide Open, that we heartily approve of the union of Merry's Museum and Parley's Playmate.

Resolved, That we do all in our power to extend the circulation of the new magazine, so as to cheer and encourage our old friends, Merry and Parley, in their labors.

Resolved, That Mr. Billings, of Boston, be desired to execute a design, representing this meeting, and the same to be engraved and printed, as a memorial and pledge of fidelity to the cause we have espoused.

Resolved, That a committee of six be appointed to present the proceedings of this meeting to the Editors of the new magazine.

These resolutions being seconded, various eloquent speeches were made, and then the resolves were passed by acclamation. The proposed committee was appointed, and arrangements made to give the new series of the magazine a great run in Wide Open—a place, by the way, almost as big as all creation. As soon as your first number is out, send us a lot, and we will push it. The further proceedings upon this subject will be sent in season for your August number. The cut executed agreeably to the resolves, is herewith sent.

Wide Open, July 30.

PETER WIDEAWAKE.



August.

THE sun is pouring down its rays with such force and intensity, that the surface of the earth is heated and parched; the leaves are all drooping and withered; the cattle are seen gathered into the brooks and rivulets to cool themselves; the birds hide in the forests; the ox lags lazily in the furrow; the farmer in the field wipes his brow, and frequently lays himself down to rest in the shadow of the trees.

Yet this heat is useful and necessary to bring the harvests to perfection; to ripen the larger and richer fruits;—in short, to crown the labors of the summer. To this heat we are indebted for the delicious flavor of the pear, the peach, and the various melons. It is only in countries where the summer heat is great, that these delicacies can be enjoyed in perfection.

Toward the latter end of summer we

have what are called *dog-days*. This name was given by the ancients, from a vain fancy that a star called *Sirius*, or the dog, exercises a peculiar influence upon the earth at that period. The dog-days are not only hot, but they are what are called *muggy*, which I suppose means that they make one feel as if shut up in a mug; that is, hot, moist, and half suffocated.

It is now the time for going to the sea-side, for it is when the back country is hottest that the sea-shore is most delightful. Those who have leisure, generally go to some watering-place, taking all their children with them; and even the laboring people, within twenty miles of the sea, generally take one or two trips about these days, to the coast, to catch fish and clams, and enjoy a *chowder*. These people have great frolics upon such occasions.

It is not easy to tell the reason why the sea-side is so attractive; but almost every one seems to feel a sort of enchantment in the presence of the sea, as they occasionally visit it. Perhaps the attraction lies partly in novelty: the fisherman, who lives upon the shore and has the ocean always before him, probably has never any of the poetic emotion to which we allude, in gazing upon its surface. He doubtless thinks only of the deep as the theatre of his daily toil—a restless waste of briny water, with here and there a lobster, cod, or tautog, for him to catch.

But it is not so with our little friends, pictured at the head of this article. They are young—and to them the sea-shore is a novelty. With what delight

do they run hither and thither along the sands, gathering curious shells and stones polished by the rubbing of the waves. They are full of excitement; for even trifles give unmingled pleasure, when we are young, when the air is bracing, and when all around fill the senses with enjoyment.

But it is not the young alone, to whom the sea-shore affords pleasure. I remember to have heard the celebrated Daniel Webster describe his feelings at the sea-side. "When I look upon the ocean, and it seems to speak to me and beckon to me, or when I see the surf rolling in upon the beach like a horse foaming from the battle, I cannot stoop down and pick up pebbles and shells."

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll—

* * * * *

Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow;
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest
now."

The sea is not only full of poetic suggestions, but its history is hardly less interesting than that of the land. It has been the scene of innumerable shipwrecks; of sea-battles; of wonderful voyages; of the adventures and exploits of pirates and rovers.

But there is one view of the ocean which I think more interesting than any other, and that is a scientific one. A person who has only taken a general survey of the sea, would be astonished at the minute wonders to be found here by careful observation. Every rock along the shore is encrusted with shells, some scarcely so large as a pin's head, and in each shell is a living creature, with all the organs of life. The kinds

of shell-fish, from the muscle and periwinkle up to the oyster and lobster, are very numerous, and form the subject of a distinct science, called *conchology*.

The swimming fish are still more diversified than those living in shells. They are of a thousand forms, variously colored, and variously endowed. Some are gentle and some fierce; some are little and some are big.

Besides these, there is the little *nautilus*—at once a ship and a sailor. Sometimes, gathering into a heap, he sinks into the wave; then he rises, lifts his sail, and stretches away before the wind. And there is the *sun-fish*, which seems like a mass of mere jelly; yet he has his head, and eyes, and mouth, as well as other fishes. And there are the strange, mysterious little *medusæ*, which are said to throw out the phosphoric lights we see in the waves at night. The science of fishes is extensive and interesting, and is called *ichthyology*.

A careful observer will also notice that every part of the sea-shore is occupied by peculiar kinds of vegetation, and it is supposed that even the bottom of the deep is covered by plants, peculiarly adapted to their situation. The study of the sea-shore not only presents to the mind a mass of curious knowledge, but it serves to impress us strongly with the amazing extent of creation, and the vastness of the plans and power of the CREATOR.

WE should never remember the benefits we have conferred, nor forget the favors received.

Never Praise Yourself.

Boys and girls should never speak of themselves, or of what they have accomplished, unless they are asked to do so by their superiors; or rather unless it is necessary to do so in order to answer questions which are asked by their superiors. Rev. Dr. White, Bishop of the Episcopal Church in Pennsylvania, who was often in company with Washington, frequently dining at his table, says: "I knew no man who so carefully guarded against the discoursing of himself or his acts, or any thing that pertained to him; and it has occasionally occurred to me when in his company, that if a stranger to his person were present, he would never have known from any thing said by the President, that he was conscious of having distinguished himself in the eyes of the world."

Of Chief Justice Jay, one of the greatest men our country has produced, and who for twenty-seven years was constantly engaged in public life, it is said, "A stranger might have resided with him for months together, without discovering from his conversation that he had ever been employed in the service of his country. Whenever the important scenes in which he had been engaged were alluded to, he changed the conversation as soon as politeness would permit."

Here are examples worthy of imitation. Imitate George Washington and John Jay, by never speaking of yourselves and your own exploits.



Religious Ceremonies of the Ancient Romans.

THE ancient Romans were, as a people, remarkably attached to the religion they professed; and scrupulously attentive in discharging the rites and ceremonies which it enjoined.

Their religion was idolatry, in its grossest and widest acceptation. It acknowledged a few general truths, but greatly darkened these by fables and poetical fiction.

All the inhabitants of the invisible world, to which the souls of people departed after death, were indiscriminately called *Inferi*. *Elysium* was that part of hell in which the good spent a spiritual existence of unmingled enjoyment, and *Tartarus* was the terrible prison-house of the damned.

The worship of the gods consisted chiefly in prayers, vows, and sacrifices. No act of religious worship was performed without prayer; while praying, they stood usually with their heads covered, looking toward the east; a priest pronounced the words before them;—they frequently touched the altars or knees of the images of the gods; turning themselves round in a circle toward the right, sometimes

putting their right hand to their mouth, and also prostrating themselves on the ground.

They vowed temples, games, sacrifices, gifts, etc. Sometimes they used to write their vows on paper or waxen tablets, to seal them up, and fasten them with wax to the knees of the images of the gods, that being supposed to be the seat of mercy.

Lustrations were necessary to be made before entrance on any important religious duty, viz.: before setting out to the temples, before the sacrifice, before initiation into the mysteries, and before solemn vows and prayers.

Lustrations were also made after acts by which one might be polluted; as after murder, or after having assisted at a funeral.

In sacrifices it was requisite that those who offered them, should come chaste and pure; that they should bathe themselves, be dressed in white robes, and crowned with the leaves of the tree which was thought to be most acceptable to the god whom they worshiped.

Sacrifices were made of victims whole

and sound. But all victims were not indifferently offered to all gods. A white bull was an acceptable sacrifice to Jupiter; an ewe to Juno; black victims, bulls especially, to Pluto; a bull and a horse to Neptune; the horse to Mars; bulls, oxen and lambs to Apollo, etc. Sheep and goats were offered to various deities.

The victim was led to the altar with a loose rope, that it might not seem to be brought by force, which was reckoned a bad omen. After silence was proclaimed, a salted cake was sprinkled on the head of the beast, and frankincense and wine poured between his horns, the priest having first tasted the wine himself, and given it to be tasted by those that stood next him, which was called *libatio*. The priest then plucked the highest hairs between the horns, and threw them into the fire—the victim was struck with an axe or mall, then stabbed with knives, and the blood, being caught in goblets, was poured on the altar: it was then flayed and dissected; then the entrails were inspected by the aruspices, and if the signs were favorable, they were said to have offered up an acceptable sacrifice, or to have pacified the gods; if not, another victim was offered up, and sometimes several. The parts which fell to the gods were sprinkled with meal, wine, and frankincense, and burnt on the altar. When the sacrifice was finished, the priest, having washed his hands, and uttered certain prayers, again made a libation, and the people were dismissed.

Human sacrifices were also offered among the Romans: persons guilty of

certain crimes, as treachery or sedition, were devoted to Pluto and the infernal gods, and therefore any one might slay them with impunity.

Altars and temples afforded an asylum or place of refuge among the Greeks and Romans, as well as among the Jews, chiefly to slaves from the cruelty of their masters, and to insolvent debtors and criminals, where it was considered impious to touch them; but sometimes they put fire and combustible materials around the place, that the person might appear to be forced away, not by men, but by a god: or shut up the temple and unroofed it, that he might perish in the open air.—*Diloway*.

Guy Fawkes.

GUY Fawkes's day, or the anniversary of the gun-powder plot, is celebrated in England, on the 5th of November, on the following account:

The Roman Catholics of England had been treated with considerable severity during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but when she was succeeded on the throne by James the First, they hoped to see better times, and even had expectations that the king, whose mother had been a Catholic, would restore that religion to its supremacy in England. But in these hopes they were disappointed. James avowed himself a strict Protestant, and this so enraged the Catholics, that a number of the more zealous among them formed a plot to

destroy the king and the Parliament at a single blow. For this purpose they hired the rooms in the basement story of the Parliament house, at London, which had been used for the purpose of storing wood, coals, and bulky materials. Then they deposited in the vaults directly under the hall of Parliament, a large number of barrels of gun-powder, and covered them up with fagots and billets of wood, to avoid suspicion.

Guy Fawkes was the person selected to watch the cellar and fire the powder when all was ready. The time was fixed for the 5th of November, 1605,

when the Parliament was to meet, and the king was to attend in person, to open the session. One of the conspirators, however, being desirous of saving Lord Monteagle, wrote him an anonymous letter, ten days before the time, informing him that "a terrible blow" was about to fall upon the Parliament, and yet that they "should not see who hurt them." He therefore warned him to keep away from the meeting of Parliament, and to burn the letter as soon as he had read it.

Lord Monteagle showed this letter to some persons of his acquaintance, and



THE BOYS OF LONDON ON GUY FAWKES'S DAY.

it was laid before the king in council. All agreed that it denoted some danger by means of gun-powder. In order to make the discovery sure, they decided to keep quiet about the matter till the evening before the assembling of Parliament, and then to search the vaults under the house. Accordingly, on the 4th of November, at midnight, the place was visited, and a man in a cloak and boots was found at the door, who proved to be Guy Fawkes. On removing the wood-pile, thirty-six barrels of gun-powder were discovered. Fawkes was then searched, and a dark-lantern, a tinder-

box, and a bunch of matches, were found concealed under his cloak. Finding it useless to deny the plot, he at once confessed that his design was to blow up the king and Parliament, and he manifested great sorrow at being prevented, saying it was the devil, and no one else, that had made the discovery. He boldly asserted, that if he had not been arrested so quickly, he would have blown up those who seized him and himself together. Fawkes was afterward put to death, with several others of the conspirators, who failed to make their escape.

The "gun-powder treason day" has been kept in England from that time to the present. On these occasions the boys assemble and carry about a "Guy" through the streets. This is a stuffed image, representing Guy Fawkes with a lantern and bunch of matches. The boys hurrah, and sing songs like this :

"Please to remember the fifth of November,
Gun-powder treason and plot!" etc., etc.

Sometimes two parties meet in the street, each with their own Guy ; they then have a regular squabble and fight, just for the entertainment of it ; each party attempting to capture the other's Guy.

The celebration of this festival was one of the many old English customs transplanted hither by the Puritan settlers of New England. It was called Pope's day in this country, and seems to have been kept up with all the grotesque and noisy jollity of the London "Guy" frolics. The latest instance of the kind which we find on record, was at Newburyport, in 1775. It is described in the following terms in Coffin's history of that town :

"This year the celebration went off with a great flourish. In the day-time companies of little boys might be seen in various parts of the town, with their little popes dressed up in the most grotesque and fantastic manner, which they carried about, some on boards and some on little carriages, for their own and others' amusement. But the great exhibition was reserved for the night, in which young men as well as boys participated.

"They first constructed a huge vehicle, varying at times from twenty to forty feet long, eight or ten wide, and five or six high, from the lower to the upper platform, on the front of which they erected a paper lantern, capacious enough to hold, in addition to the lights, five or six persons. Behind that, as large as life, sat the mimic Pope and several other personages—monks, friars, etc. Last, but not least, stood an image of Old Nick himself, with a pair of huge horns, holding in his hand a pitchfork, and otherwise accoutred, with all the frightful ugliness that their ingenuity could devise.

"Their next step, after they had mounted their ponderous vehicle on four wheels, chosen their officers—captain, first lieutenant, purser, etc.—placed a boy under the platform to elevate and move around the head of the Pope, was to take up their line of march through the streets of the town, with dancers, a fiddle, and a large crowd, who made up a long procession. Their custom was to call at the principal houses, ring their bell, cause the Pope to elevate his head and look round upon the audience, and repeat the following lines :

'The fifth of November,
As you well remember,
Was gun-powder treason and plot ;
I know of no reason
Why the gun-powder treason
Should ever be forgot.

'When the first King James the sceptre swayed
This hellish powder-plot was laid ;
Thirty-six barrels of powder placed down below,
All for old England's overthrow.

Happy the man, and happy the day,
That caught Guy Fawkes in the middle of his
play.

You'll hear our bell go "jink, jink, jink,"
Pray, madam—sirs, if you'll something give,
We'll burn the dog, and never let him live.
Match, touch! Catch, prime!

In the good nick of time!

Here is the Pope that we've got,
The whole promoter of the plot.
We'll stick a pitchfork in his back,
And throw him in the fire,' etc., etc., etc.

"After the verses were repeated, the purser stepped forward and took up the collection. They concluded their evening's entertainment with a splendid supper and a bonfire."

Billy Bump in Boston.

IT may perhaps please and instruct our youthful readers, to look over the correspondence of Master Billy Bump with his mother. The boy, it appears, was about fourteen years old when he left home for the first time in his life, and made his way by railroad and steamboat to Boston. His native place was Sundown, the precise situation of which we cannot tell, as it is not laid down on the maps. Somebody asked Bill where he was from. "From Sundown," was the answer. "Sundown?" said the inquirer—"that must be in the western country." "Yes," said Bill, "and five hundred miles beyond!" This description of the place, though not very precise or minute, will be sufficient for all practical purposes. We must add that Bill had been born and brought up in a log hut, away from

the refinements of society, and with no other education than what his mother had given him, which was confined to reading and writing. The only books he had seen were the Bible, Watts' Psalms and Hymns, Burns' Poems, Robinson Crusoe, Parley's America, and a stray number of Merry's Museum. He had also seen two or three newspapers. All these, however, he had read; and it is wonderful how much one may learn from so small a library. We need only say further, that Bill came to Boston to live with his uncle, Benjamin Bump, who had grown rich, and was now dwelling in a fine house in Beacon street.

Billy's first letter we omit, and begin with the second—remarking, by the way, that we shall take the liberty to make some little improvements in the original; though, in the main, the letters will be inserted as they were first written.

From William Bump to his Mother.

BOSTON, November 7, 184-.

MY DEAR MOTHER—I wrote you some days ago a bit of a letter, to say that I had got here, safe and sound, though my ideas were so joggled up by the lokymotys and the steamers, and the one thing and another, that I was not quite sartin that I was me. However, I've found myself out, and though it all seems like a dream, here I am at uncle Ben's—sure enough.

Now I must tell you every thing, as you told me to. Uncle Ben's house is a perfect curiosity. It's six lofts or stories high, and has as many rooms and entries, and turnings and windings, as

a woodchuck's burrow. It's all painted, every mite on't—except what's covered up with paper, figgered and colored in a strange higglety-pigglety sort of way. Whether them figgers mean any thing or not, I don't know. I asked cousin Lucy about it, and she only said, "Bill, I guess you're a quiz!" When you write agin, mother, tell me what a quiz means.

But the most wonderful thing about uncle Ben's house is the stairs, which are a kind of ladder, to go up from one loft to another. These turn round and round like a screw—and why they don't tumble down I can't say—though I've studied 'em for hours together. It always makes me giddy to go up these stairs, for in our log cabin there was no such thing. I can climb a tree, and run along the limbs as well as a squirrel; but there is something to make one's flesh creep in going up stairs, and I think going down is wus.

For the first week I used to get lost every day in this house. If I set out to go into the kitchen I'd find myself blundering into somebody's bedroom, or perhaps fetch up in the cellar. But I've got the geography of the place in my head now, and by counting my fingers, and looking right and left, I get along very well.

Some people may think it very well to live in such a fine, splendid house; but it makes a plaguy deal of trouble. I must tell you, dear mother, how I've been mortified. I ketched cold coming here, and it settled in my head; so I couldn't help hawking and spitting a good deal. Well, all the floors are

covered with fine carpets, and when I spit on them aunt Lizzy rolled up her eyes; uncle Ben looked at me as if I'd been a rattlesnake; and cousin Lucy snickered right out. What it was all for, I couldn't tell. I saw that there was something in the wind. I felt a kind of perspiration all over; and to ease my awkwardness, I blowed my nose with my fingers. I expect I must have done it with considerable force, for every living soul rushed out of the room!

There I was all alone, feeling very queer; yet what the matter was I could not exactly say. I wished myself at Sundown, with all my heart. I wanted to see you, dear mother; and when I thought of you, the tears came down my cheeks. While I sat in the room crying, my aunt came in. She came up to me and sat down, and took my hand; and then she spoke kindly. She told me that she had not come to blame or scold me; but only to tell me something that it was necessary I should know. I thought my aunt a proud woman, and when she is dressed up in her silks and lace, and all that, she looks so. But, really, she is very good and kind; and when you forget her stately appearance, she reminds me of you, mother.

Well, what do you think she said to me? Why, she said that among well-bred people, hawking and spitting are disgusting, and are regarded as a kind of indecency; she said that well-bred people always did these things privately. She told me that blowing the nose with the fingers was really awful. "What

were the fingers made for, then?" said I. At this my aunt laughed, which placed me at my ease; and so I said, "Well, my dear aunt, I dare say I am a very ill-bred, awkward boy; but I hope you will forgive me. I was brought up there in Sundown, away from people like you and cousin Lucy; and though I could shoot wild turkeys, tree opossums, snare partridges, and ketch 'coons, I never heard much of the fine arts. But I desire to learn, and shall be very much obliged if you will tell me what is wrong and what is right."

"That's well said," was aunt's reply; and she added, "it is no fault of yours, Willy, that you are not acquainted with the manners of refined society, since you have not been in a situation to learn them."

"But," said I, "what is the use of these *refined manners*, as you call them? Why is not my simple way as good as yours? Why are not fingers as good to blow the nose with as a pocket-handkerchief?"

"Let me tell you, William," said my aunt, seriously, "that cleanliness is a source of great pleasure. One who has not been used to it can hardly imagine how much pleasure there is in personal neatness. Besides, such is the effect of the habit of keeping one's self neat, clean, tidy, that you generally find a dirty person coarse-minded, low, and vulgar in his tastes; while one who is scrupulously clean and neat, you generally find pure, elevated, and refined in mind and feelings. Neatness is, therefore, called a virtue. It is not a mere point of manners; it is an essen-

tial part of character. If you would be refined and elevated in your mind and heart, practice all those things which belong to personal neatness."

My aunt said a good deal more, which I can't well remember; but the substance of it all was, that my way of hawking and spitting before people was shocking, and would make my presence intolerable to well-bred people; that my way of blowing the nose was out of fashion, and would subject me to ridicule. She said these things showed an ignorance of, or insensibility to that neatness which is essential to refinement of taste and feeling, and essential also in order to qualify any one to associate with well-educated people. I thanked my aunt, and promised to follow her advice as well as I could.

But I had still other troubles. At dinner, the table was all shining with plated castors, and carvers, and platters; and there was such a variety of meats, and soups, and sauces, and fixings, that I couldn't well tell what any thing was, nor indeed what I wanted. For the first day or two, at dinner, my head had a queer buzz in it, and there was a kind of watery mist over my sight. So I got into a heap of accidents. I will try to tell you all about it.

It was the first day, and we had just sat down to dinner. Lucy was next to me. The fellow who waited upon us brought some water to me in a pitcher, and asked me if I'd have some. "Yes," said I; and taking the pitcher, I drank a lot—for I was monstrous dry. When I looked up the servant was trying to suppress a smile; Lucy was red as a

beet ; and every body else had a kind of choking appearance. What it was all about I could not imagine—but I began to feel dreadful hot.

Lucy saw that I was in trouble, and kindly handed me a glass, which they here call a *tumbler*. I then understood that I should hold it to the servant for some water: this I did; but the tumbler was clear as crystal, and not being used to the article, I did not distinguish between the bottom and the top. I held it bottom upward. The servant did not perceive my mistake, but poured the water out, which came all swashing into my lap. I jumped up, and in my leap turned over my chair, and carried away my plate, which was smashed into forty pieces.

It was some time before order was restored; and during the whole dinner, I did not know whether I was in the body or out of the body. The next day my aunt told me that I took salt with my fingers, and that this was esteemed bad manners. She said I should always take salt with the salt-spoon. "But suppose there aint any?" said I. At this she laughed outright, but said, "In such case, Will, I must allow you to do the best thing you can."

My aunt told me various other things; she said it was bad manners to eat fast and ravenously, like a dog; that I must not take meat in my fingers, for it was filthy; that I must not put my food into my mouth with a knife, for I might cut myself, and besides the taste of the steel blade was disagreeable. She said I must not help myself with my own knife and fork, to meat, or vegetables, or but-

ter, or any thing of the kind. She told me all this very kindly; and though I felt humbled at finding myself so ignorant, I thanked her sincerely, and shall try to follow her advice.

I have many more things to say to you, dear mother, but I have filled my sheet. Pray write me soon. I ought to be very happy in this fine house, and among such good friends, and in a way to improve and learn so much; but, strange to say, our log cabin seems to me a thousand times more beautiful than this lofty mansion; and the hills, and woods, and streams of Sundown, are much pleasanter than the streets of Boston.

What would I not give to see you, dear mother! How is Rover? I thought I saw him one day in the streets of Boston; and it made my heart leap. I run up to the dog, and looked in the creature's face; but he did not know me, and turned away. This made me feel as if I was really in a strange land. Pray take good care of Tommy, the little lame duck. He ought to be shut up every night, or the foxes might get him.

Give my love to old Cocky-doodle. I'd give a dollar to hear him crow. It would do me good to see any thing from home—even the old broom-handle. Good-by, dear mother; and give my love to father, and to every body. I forgot to speak of old Trot; I hope his back has got well. Do tell father to have the saddle stuffed, so as not to rub the skin off agin. Farewell.

Your dutiful and affectionate son,
WILLIAM BUMP.

TO BE CONTINUED.



The Pet.

Lucy. Why don't you take it, Bunn?
It's sweet clover. Taste of it, Bunn-ny!

JOHN. Oh, he isn't hungry—he has been running about, nipping here and there, and he's got enough.

L. Pretty creature—let me take him, John. How soft his fur is; and what a bit of a tail he has got. Do you know, John, I saw Rover chase him the other day. Never did I see any thing go so fast. He went at least a couple of yards at every bound, and it was very droll to see his long hind legs stretch out, and to see his little white tail bobbing up and down. I laughed outright. I was frightened at first, lest the old dog should catch him; but Bunn ran twice as fast

as the dog, and soon got out of his way. He was dreadfully scared, however, and came straight up to me, jumped into my lap, and hid his head under my apron. There he sat, and I could feel his little heart beat, just as mine does when I am frightened. I never thought before, John, that these little brutes had hearts.

J. Of course, all creatures have hearts.

L. But what I mean is, they have feelings. They have fear, and suffer from it just as we do. I suppose they have other feelings, too, something like ours.

J. No doubt they have. I have often felt the hearts of birds beat violently, when I have caught them.

L. Well, why do you catch them then, John?

J. Oh, I hardly know. Every body catches birds.

L. But it seems to me that if these little creatures suffer so much, it is hardly right to catch them, at least in mere wanton sport. What a horrid thing it would be if there were giants here among us, who took delight in catching children, carrying them off, shutting them up in cages, and sometimes eating them! Yet I suppose you boys are such giants among the birds.

J. Poh, Lucy! what a lecturer you are. You ought to go to college, and be a professor of divinity. Come, give Bunn to me—it is time to put him in his house.

"Dressed in a Little Brief Authority."

SHAKESPEARE speaks with contempt of a man in office—one "*dressed in a little brief authority*"—who exercises the power conferred upon him with conceit, arrogance, and despotism. The picture we present to our readers, though it only exhibits a group of dogs, forcibly recalls to mind the words of the great moralist.

Look at the cur upon the table! He is either appointed to office by his master, or he has usurped the place, of his own head. There he sits, keeping guard over the good things about the room. What an air of superiority he assumes! What a cold, heartless re-

buff does he give to the pleadings, the whinings, and the yearnings of his fellow brutes! What cares he that they are griped with hunger? His stomach is full; his ribs are lined with fat!

If this dog could speak, we could imagine him to address his auditors much as follows: "Get out, you brutes, you dogs, and don't bother me! I want to go to sleep. I haven't had a nap these two hours. Don't you know better, you low, vulgar blackguards, than to disturb a gentleman like me? Get out, I say!"

Now such a speech would become a cur; but how ill would it seem in a man! Yet there are some men, sad am I to say it, who are very currish in their manners. Even in the exercise of their duties, they are harsh and dogmatical. Let such people come and look at their portrait in the dog upon the table.

The original of this picture is by Landseer, of London, the best painter of animals that has ever lived. He not only paints their bodies accurately, but he gives the air, the character, the mind and soul, of the animals he portrays. And often he goes further, and hits off the follies and vices of society, as in the picture before us. There is thus a meaning and moral in many of his pieces, which renders them as instructive as the fables of Æsop.

Now we wish all our readers, young and old, to study the picture of the proud cur and his hungry brothers. Study the countenance of the former; and remember, my friends, that when you are rude to those placed beneath you in sta-



tion—when you exercise your power harshly and despotically—it is ten to one that you look very much like that fat cur; it is ten to one that your brow has the same malignant leer—that your mouth has the same supercilious twist—that in fact you are, as far as a human being can be, like that very cur.

Now what can be more low, mean, and silly, than for one who belongs to the human family to imitate a dog. My friends, let this be a caution to us all; let us shun low examples, and endeavor to raise ourselves by imitating high examples. How lofty, how beautiful, does the conduct of our Saviour appear, in the exercise of his authority! How gentle was he to the poor and unfortunate—how kind even to children! “Suffer them to come to me,” said he, “and forbid them not.”

And look at the conduct of Washington. How kind, how gentle was he, also, to those beneath him! And so all persons, truly great, are considerate of the feelings of others, and when they see any one suffering from a sense of poverty, or weakness, or misfortune, they do not frown upon him and crush him; but they encourage him, and seek to soothe his pained, irritated mind.

In our country, there are many people who get suddenly rich. These persons are in danger of becoming proud, and haughty—looking down with lofty contempt upon those less wealthy than themselves. Let such persons remember that Mr. Landseer has painted their portrait, and that every body can see the resemblance between them and the fat cur in our picture.

P. P.

The Skunk.

THIS animal is peculiar to America, though the polecat of Europe resembles it. It is about the size of a common cat, but differently shaped; its legs are very short; its head small; its back arched; its tail bushy. Its color is black and white. It lives in the woods, and sometimes takes up its residence beneath a country barn. It feeds upon eggs, insects, young animals, and small quadrupeds.

The skunk and polecat both owe their celebrity to their peculiar mode of defence. They squirt a liquor upon their enemies which has an intolerable smell. It is generally agreed that the odor of the skunk beats that of the polecat, inasmuch as it is more disgusting, pervading, and enduring. A skunk, by a single discharge, will taint the whole atmosphere for a mile in circumference.

The skunk has given rise to a sort of proverb. A person who defends himself by mean, low, and offensive words and speeches, is often called a skunk. If a man deserves this title, he must be a poor creature.

There are some amusing anecdotes of the skunk. A Frenchman, living in Hartford, Ct., was returning from the neighboring town of Weathersfield, about the time of sunset. It must be recollected that Weathersfield raises such a quantity of onions, that you can smell them as soon as you enter the place. Well, as the Frenchman was going along, he saw a pretty little animal before him, wagging its tail and trotting along at a moderate pace. The French-

man immediately gave chase, and in a short time captured the little brute, which in truth was a young skunk. He put him in his pocket, and went home. When he took the animal out, the whole household ran this way and that, holding their noses, and exclaiming, "What on earth have you got!"

"I don't know," says the Frenchman, "but I think by his smell he must be one Weathersfield kitten."

The skunk seldom goes abroad by day, but at dusk he sallies forth in search of food and amusement. One night the celebrated Dr. Beecher was going home, carrying a volume of an encyclopedia under his arm. Before him he saw a small animal standing in his path. The doctor knew him at once, and very imprudently hurled the book at him. The skunk resented this, and the doctor was instantly spattered over with a discharge of the animal's peculiar weapon. He went home, but for some time his friends could hardly come near him; his clothes were so infected he was obliged to bury them.

Some years after this, one of Dr. Beecher's enemies published a pamphlet speaking very abusively of him. "Why don't you publish a book, and put the fellow down?" said some one. "I have learned better," said the doctor: "some years ago, I issued a quarto volume against a skunk, and I got the worst of it. I never mean to try the experiment again."

He that helpeth the wicked, hindereth the righteous.

To Bob Link, in Boston.

HEY Bobby! what are *you* doing there—
You, lover of the flowery mead—
 Sprite of the clover-scented air—

You in the city? Caged! Indeed!

Why thus, poor Bob!—thy chime so sweet,
 And joyous 'mid the meadowy glade,
 Hath but a harsh and jangling beat,
 Here 'mid the din and dust of trade!

Poor parrot Poll, with idle tongue,
 Suits better far this atmosphere—
 The simple airs that thou hast sung,
 Are deemed harsh, rustic jargon here.

Back to thy meadows, minstrel! Sing
 There the songs thy Maker gave,
 And as thou mountest on joyous wing,
 Pour on the air thine artless stave.

The school-boy, with enchanted ear,
 Will pause to catch thy ringing note,
 And the slow ploughman, smiling, hear
 The wondrous warblings of thy throat.

Aye—all the lovers of the true
 And simple melodies that tell
 Of fragrant fields, and skies of blue,
 Will love the bird that sings so well.

And oft the poet, in his lay,
 Shall strive to syllable thy song,
 And with its echoes, sweet and gay,
 The glory of his own prolong.

The sad may shun thee—but the young,
 The joyous—they shall ever love
 Thy strain, at morn and evening flung
 Down from thine azure swing, above.

Thou goest not, Bobby, and I see,
 Alas! that thou art caged. Poor knave,
 I well can give thee sympathy,
 For I am, like thyself, a slave.

Slave to a thousand cares, I stay,
 A captive caged within these walls!
 Oh, could I burst the bonds away,
 And stray 'mid nature's forest halls!

Come, bird, we'll go together. There!
 The latch is lifted—thou art free!—
 Oh, how thou mountest the joyous air,
 And I, as pleased, will follow thee!



Stylography—France.

WE here give a specimen of the new art called *stylography*—a kind of engraving, chiefly used in executing maps, though it is probably capable of being applied to other things. The great advantage of it is, that by this process maps may be made very cheap.

The preceding map represents the form and natural features of France—a country which has 35,000,000 of people, though its territory is but little more extensive than the state of Texas.

France is an interesting country, it being finely cultivated, and the people

polite, witty, sociable, gay, and intelligent. Paris, the capital, is the most agreeable city in the world.

At the present moment, France is exciting a great deal of interest on the account of the revolution in their government, which took place a few months since. The king, Louis Philippe, having been on the throne for seventeen years, became haughty, and oppressed the people. On the 22d of February last, they rose in rebellion; and for three days Paris was the scene of the wildest confusion. The king and queen left their splendid palace, and ran off as fast

as they could go to save their lives. They were so much afraid of being discovered and taken, that they dressed themselves up like common people—the king even shaved off his whiskers, borrowed an old pair of pantaloons and a seaman's coat, and in this pickle he got safely over to England.

The rest of the royal family all scampered away from the palace, and escaped. Scarcely had they gone when thousands of the people, armed with swords, guns, and pistols, came rushing into the palace. It was a magnificent building, almost half a mile in extent, and filled with beautiful furniture, pictures, statues, and other nice things. The people destroyed a greater part of these, because of their anger at the king.

Some of them got his majesty's wine, drank a little too much of it, and cut some wild capers; others dressed themselves up in the fine clothes they found; some of them rolled and tumbled in the soft feather beds; some anointed themselves with nice pomatum. There was no end to the drolleries performed by the mobs. During the three days there was a good deal of fighting between the king's troops and the people, and about two hundred and fifty persons were killed. The government of the king was entirely overthrown, and a new government was formed, consisting of about a dozen persons. As these acted only till some regular government could be established, they were called a *Provisional Government*. These took measures for the election of nine hundred deputies from different parts of

France, who should meet and form a government somewhat like ours.

This body of deputies, styled the *National Assembly*, are now laboring at Paris to form a system of government for the French nation. They have got tired of kings, who are apt to be selfish and tyrannical; and we may hope they will now be able to enjoy the blessings of a free government. There has been a terrible conflict between some of the starving people of Paris and the troops, and other troubles may still happen; but we believe that finally a good republican government will be established.

To the Boys of Boston—A Reward!

THE other morning, as I went to the cars at the Jamaica Plain depot, a boy came up and asked me to give him some money to take him to Providence. The poor fellow was in a sad plight. He had no hat or cap, and the only garments he had on were a shirt, torn and dirty, and a pair of pantaloons, grimed with mud, and rent in several places.

"Pray, how did you come here?" said I.

"I came from Boston," was the answer.

"Why are you in such a condition? Tell me your story."

"My father lives in Providence, and he sent me to sea. I went two months in a vessel, and yesterday we came into Boston. I wanted to go and see my father. The captain gave me a dollar and a half, and while I was going along

the streets, to take the Providence railroad, some boys called me names, and one of 'em pushed me. I struck the boy, and then they all fell upon me. They threw my cap into the dock, tore my jacket to pieces, and tumbled me into the mud. When I tried to find my money, it was gone."

"Well—what did you do then?"

"Why, I came along upon the railroad; but it soon grew dark—and—and——"

Here the boy burst into tears.

"Well, my poor boy," said I, "tell me what happened."

"I went along upon the railroad—and I didn't know what to do. At last I saw a barn, and I went into it, and I slept there all night."

"Have you had any thing to eat?"

"Not to-day—nor yesterday, after I left the sloop."

After a few more inquiries, I was quite satisfied that the boy's tale was true. I gave him a little money, and two or three other persons gave him a trifle also. Mr. ———, who keeps the depot, gave him a cap, and Mr. Smilie, the schoolmaster, who looks as if his name was made to suit his countenance, sent him up to Mrs. Smilie, who gave the boy a good breakfast, a jacket, and a washing. After a time, as I was told, the little fellow came down to the depot, quite regenerated in looks and feelings, and took his departure for Providence.

Now, all ye boys of Boston! pray make inquiries, and tell me who these young rogues were, who made the assault on this youngster, and treated him so ill. What a mean, cowardly thing

it was, for several boys to set upon a poor fellow in this way. I hope I shall find out who they were. I don't intend to scold them. No, no—I never scold. All I intend to do, if I find these rogues, is to send them Merry's Museum, which I hope will teach them better manners, and make them understand that there is more pleasure in doing good than in doing ill!

Theatres in Old Times.

IN early times, even the great nobles thought reading and writing needless accomplishments, and the people were, of course, more ignorant still. As they could not learn their religion by reading books, the priests taught them the principal facts relating to it, and the most important events in the lives of the saints to whom their churches were dedicated, by means of plays, which were called "miracles," or "mysteries."

Thus, about the year 1260, in the reign of Henry III., there were acted by the different trades of Chester, a set of mysteries which made a sort of Bible history. There was the mystery of the creation, of the deluge, the nativity, the resurrection, the day of judgment, and many others. In these plays the devil was frequently introduced; he had a mask which gave him a wide mouth, staring eyes, and a red beard; he had also cloven feet and a tail, and was always accompanied by a character called the Vice, who would frequently beat him with a wooden dagger and make him roar.

These "miracles," or "mysteries," or "moralities," continued to be acted until the reign of Elizabeth. In Catholic times they were often performed in churches; afterward in the yards of inns. Toward the end of the reign of Elizabeth, however, there were many play-houses and companies of players. These houses differed much from our present theatres: there was no roof to the house, and no seats in the pit, and there was no change of scenery.

The Home of the Dead.

ABOUT two miles from the thickly settled part of Roxbury—a city adjoining Boston—is a group of hills covered with trees of various kinds. The place has the name of *Forest Hills*, and it has been purchased by the city of Roxbury, for the purpose of a burial ground, or cemetery.

For such a purpose it is well suited, being diversified with hill, valley, and lake, and presenting that aspect of loveliness and loneliness which seems to fit it peculiarly to be the *home of the dead*. The place has been tastefully laid out with walks and avenues, which give it an air of elegance, without disturbing that appearance of tranquillity which nature bestows upon her sequestered and lonely retreats.

On the 2d of June last, this cemetery was *consecrated* or set apart by solemn ceremonies, to the sacred purpose to which it is hereafter to be devoted. Many thousands of people were present; hymns were sung, and a very

animated discourse was pronounced by the Rev. George Putnam, of Roxbury.

The following beautiful hymn was among those sung on the occasion:

When rose the Saviour from the tomb,
He robbed it of its deepest gloom;
Sealed hopeless grief's complaining lips,
And death became but life's eclipse.

Let Hope then beam around the dead,
And Faith her holy influence shed;
Where nature doth her charms disclose,
There give their cherished dust repose.

Calm woodland shade! we here would lay
The ashes of our loved away;
And come at length ourselves to sleep,
Where thou wilt peaceful vigil keep.

And when around our graves shall bend,
In bitter grief, the faithful friend,
Oh, let thy peace sink on the soul,
And soothe it to thy sweet control.

It was a solemn yet interesting sight to look upon these thousands of people in the midst of the green forest—preparing and consecrating a place for the dead. It was soothing to hear their anthems, soft and sad, pealing through the air. It was natural to ask, Why is all this? What is the meaning of such a scene? The answer is easy; mankind look upon the dead as still, in some sense, connected with the living. We desire to cherish the forms of those we have loved; we seek to break the force of our sorrow at their departure, by rites and ceremonies, significant of our emotions; we wish to consider their remains as safely housed, cared for, and preserved. We believe in a future existence, a resurrection, and we fulfill the dictates of our religion in thus giv-

ing a resting place to the bodies of the departed, against the great day, when the mortal shall put on immortality.

And it coincides with all these ideas, to give to our departed friends a place that is at once adorned by nature and art; one that bespeaks both security and repose, and while it is the residence of the dead, still rather allures than repels the living. The ancient notions of a burial place seemed to require it to be ghostly, desolate, horrible. It was a spot to be feared and shunned, especially at night, when it was imagined the restless spirits or ghosts of the tenants of the sod might be seen walking forth, in white garments, usually bent on some errand of mischief and misery. Happily such vulgar error and folly have passed away, and the cemeteries of Mount Auburn, near Boston, and Greenwood, near New York, and others of the kind, in different parts of the country, are pleasing proofs of the higher taste and intelligence of the present day.

The subject which we have here noticed, in the preceding article, seems to have quickened the heart of our associate, Peter Parley, who has handed us the following lines, and which he entitles,

INSCRIPTION FOR A RURAL CEMETERY.

PEACE to the dead! The forest weaves
Around your couch its shroud of leaves;
While shadows dim and silence deep
Bespeak the quiet of your sleep.

Rest, pilgrim, here! Your journey o'er,
Life's weary cares ye heed no more;
Time's sun has set, in yonder west—
Your work is done—rest, pilgrim, rest!

Rest till the morning hour; wait
Here, at eternity's dread gate,
Safe in the keeping of the sod,
And the sure promises of God.

Dark is your home—yet round the tomb,
Tokens of hope, sweet flowerets bloom;
And cherished memories, soft and dear,
Sweet as their fragrance, linger here!

We speak, yet ye are dumb! How dread
This deep, stern silence of the dead!
The whispers of the grave, severe,
The listening soul alone can hear!

A Terrible Crash.

IN Federal street, Boston, there are beautiful ranges of warehouses faced with granite, and occupied by some of the largest mercantile firms in the city. These structures look as if built to stand for ages, but through a defect in the foundation, two of the stores have become a scene of utter ruin and devastation.

On Saturday, June 24th, in the forenoon, the floors of the two stores alluded to, from top to bottom, gave way, and the greater part fell, with an immense quantity of boxes, bales, and packages of goods, into the cellar. The police were soon summoned by the city marshal, who closed up the street to keep out the crowds of curious people who would have gathered in great masses in front of the block, which was in danger of falling, as the walls were badly sprung and cracked in several places. They were, however, propped up in many places to make them secure, in order to remove the goods. About four o'clock, as several persons

were at work in various parts of the ruins, and several looking on from curiosity, a second fall took place, carrying down six or eight persons, amidst a mass of bale goods. Several persons were severely injured, but none killed. After the excitement had subsided, it was recollected that Carlos Pierce, brother of one of the firm of Dutton, Richardson & Co., who occupied one of the ruined stores, was in the building when the wall fell down, and had not been seen afterward. About this time, Isaac Brooks, hand-cartman, said that he heard a groan, and called for assistance from the people around.

The scene that followed was intensely exciting. A portion of the west wall remained standing, but so loosely that it vibrated at the least jar. On the east side, a portion of the flooring and partitions hung suspended over the confused mass of broken flooring, beams, laths, and ceiling below. Notwithstanding the extreme peril to which they exposed themselves, eighteen brave men, in company with Marshal Tukey, Colonel Jabez Pratt, and E. W. Pike, master carpenter, ascended by a ladder, to the third story, and began to work, throwing the bales up from the centre, and piling them so that they would not roll back. This was all guess work, yet the men worked nobly, without regard to concerted effort, but not wholly in vain.

In the course of an hour another groan was heard, and their exertions were continued with increased energy. By six o'clock a part of the last fallen flooring was visible. Axes and saws

were now procured. The excitement of the men was extreme. It was soon perceived that order was necessary to the accomplishment of the purpose in view; and Marshal Tukey was unanimously requested to take command. He divided the men into two parties, to relieve each other. The work now went surely on, under a sense of apprehension that the cutting of the beams was as likely to cause the fragments to fall upon the youth as to open access to him. He was heard to speak, and it was quite clear that he was in the possession of his senses.

The first hole that was made was within three feet of his legs, on one of which a box of goods was jammed. Then it was necessary to enlarge the hole so as to get at the box. This done, the work to be completed seemed to be easy, but the fragments of the western wall began to show signs of increasing unsteadiness. Still the saws and axes were applied, till a sufficient opening had been made, and at a quarter past eight the youth was drawn out from his prison, and laid upon some bales, exhausted but not insensible.

Dr. George H. Gay, who was present, after a short examination, reported that the pulse had nearly ceased, but that there were no bones broken. A road to the corner window in the third story had next to be cut through the ruins. This done, the lad was taken out, and brought down on two ladders, placed on a litter, and conveyed to his residence in Harrison Avenue.

After reaching home, he said he was sitting on a bale in the attic when

crash occurred, and that he slid down gently with it, receiving no hard blow. His coat, or sack, was drawn up over his head, and came near strangling him. He found his back resting on a case, his left hand bent back under his head, and his left leg pinned by a box; but he had the use of his right hand, with which he got a pair of scissors out of his pocket, and cut off his sack from his neck. He poked a stick up between the bales to show where he was, and called out when he heard voices. He was quite sensible of the efforts making to extricate him, and repeatedly called out to the people not to be in too much haste, and that they were getting along very well. He proved to be not seriously injured or bruised.

Before he was taken out, water and brandy had been provided for him, but when Dr. Gay, believing that it would produce some reviving effect, earnestly advised him to taste some of the latter, he firmly refused, saying that he never had drank spirituous liquors, and never would! He had some comfortable sleep during the night, and, we are happy to add, that he was soon as well as ever.

The great difficulty in getting him arose from the manner in which the bales were jammed and pressed together, in all sorts of ways. Some it was impossible to pull out, and they had to be ripped open, and the pieces taken out separately. Altogether, the preservation of this youth, and the manner in which he was extricated, present one of the most extraordinary cases of the kind on record.

Parley and his Friends—A Dialogue.

PARLEY. Come, girls and boys, I've a question to ask you.

ALL THE CHILDREN. Oh, what is it—what is it?

P. What do you consider the most beautiful word in our language? Think! Come, Lucy, you are apt to be quick in your thoughts.

LUCY. Why, really—I hardly know what word is the most beautiful. There are a great many that are beautiful. Do you mean to ask what word gives us the most pleasure by its sound, or by the thought it suggests?

P. Both—for both the sound and sense of words are so associated together in the mind, that we can hardly distinguish the effect of one from the effect of the other. You may perhaps say that *silver* is a beautiful word, as to its sound alone, but I suspect that its beauty depends quite as much upon the idea of the shining and costly metal which it brings to the mind. Come, John, what is your opinion?

JOHN. Well, I think *gunpowder* is the finest word I know of.

LITTLE JAMES. Well, the sweetest word I can think of is *molasses*—*candy*!

ELLEN. I think *honey* is a pretty word.

LETT. And I think *money* is a pretty word.

ALL THE CHILDREN. Oh, yes, money is a beautiful word!

P. Cannot you think of one that is still pleasanter—one that always falls with a soft and endearing sound upon the ear?

LUCY. Why, Mr. Parley, your question is new—I never thought of it before. I can think of a great many words that are pleasing—but that which pleases me most is *mother*.

ALL THE CHILDREN. Oh, yes—yes—mother is the most beautiful of all words!

P. Well, Lucy, perhaps you are right; but pray tell me why you think *mother* the most beautiful of words.

L. Because it suits the ear and pleases the heart. The word always brings the image of my mother herself to mind. Now I love my father, and my sisters, and my brothers; but there is something still deeper—more tender—in the love I bear to my mother. And—and—

P. Go on, Lucy.

L. I do not find it easy to express what I think and feel. It seems to me, however, that the word *mother* not only brings the image of my mother before me, but that it wakes up those peculiar feelings of love which are exercised toward her alone. I do not know *why* it is so, but there is a kind of music in the word, and, like music, it seems to suggest thoughts and feelings which one loves to exercise and experience, but which no words can well explain.

P. You have expressed yourself very well, Lucy—I perfectly agree with all you have said. The word *mother* is, in my opinion, the most beautiful word in our language—chiefly, however, because of the beautiful idea it suggests. I think there are no feelings so pure, so unselfish, and at the same time so pleasing, as those we exercise toward a beloved mother. These feelings begin

in infancy and endure to the end of life. My mother has long slept in her tomb—but whenever I think of her, a glow passes over my whole soul. I sometimes have a mournful feeling at the thought that I can hear her voice no more; that I can see her no more; that I can no more enjoy her sympathy—her prayers—her counsel; but this mourning is turned to joy when I think of her above, and the humble hope of meeting her there springs up in my bosom.

Influence of Young Men.

THROW a stone into the water and mark the circles widening until they are lost. Such is your influence, young man. On which side will you throw it—virtue or vice? You have the power of partially redeeming the world, or making it ten times more wicked. Which will you do?

When the Roman liberties were attempted to be destroyed, Cataline, knowing the influence of young men, began his work by corrupting their minds, and leading them to the commission of daring crimes. This shows that he understood human nature. With the support of young men we could govern the world. Without their support, comparatively futile would be all our efforts. If such is your influence, beware where you throw it. Live to elevate and bless, and not curse and destroy. Feel that you are living for other worlds, and that your destiny, as well as that of others, depends upon how you live, move, and act.

What is it to be a Gentleman?

THERE are few words in our language more frequently used in an improper sense, than that of *gentleman*. Every body has a notion that it means something good, but different persons, if called upon to define it, would give very different answers.

Some persons think to be a gentleman is to be rich, or to wear fine clothes, or kid gloves; or, perhaps, to be arrogant, or supercilious, or proud, or pretentious. This is a great mistake. A man may be a gentleman who is poor, or who is poorly clad, or who is meek, and humble, and condescending: but no one can be a gentleman who is rude, haughty, or sneering to those beneath him! Such a one is only a pretender.

The following definition of a gentleman, furnished by Bishop Doane, is excellent, and we beg all our boy-readers to study it well, and commit it to memory, so as never to forget it. Perhaps it may be well for our girl-readers to study it likewise, so that they may be able to distinguish the true gentleman from the pretended and false ones.

When you have found a man you have not far to go to find a gentleman. You cannot make a gold ring out of brass. You cannot change a Cape May crystal to a diamond. You cannot make a gentleman till you have first a man. To be a gentleman, it will not be sufficient to have had a grandfather. To be a gentleman, does not depend upon the tailor, or the toilet. Blood will degenerate. Good clothes

are not good habits. The Prince Lee Boo concluded that the hog, in England, was the only gentleman, as being the only thing that did not labor. A gentleman is just a *gentle-man*; no more, no less; a diamond polished that was first a diamond in the rough. A gentleman is gentle. A gentleman is modest. A gentleman is courteous. A gentleman is generous. A gentleman is slow to take offence, as being one that never gives it. A gentleman is slow to surmise evil, as being one that never thinks it. A gentleman goes armed in consciousness of right. A gentleman subjects his appetites. A gentleman refines his taste. A gentleman subdues his feelings. A gentleman controls his speech. A gentleman deems every other better than himself. Sir Philip Sidney was never so much a gentleman—mirror though he was of England's knighthood—as when, upon the field of Zutphen, as he lay in his own blood, he waived the draught of cool spring water, that was brought to quench his mortal thirst, in favor of a dying soldier. St. Paul described a gentleman when he exhorted the Philippian Christian, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." And Dr. Isaac Barrow, in his admirable sermon on the calling of a gentleman, pointedly says, "He should labor and study to be a leader unto virtue, and a notable promoter thereof; direct-

ing and exciting men thereto, by his exemplary conversation; encouraging them by his countenance and authority, rewarding the goodness of meaner people by his bounty and favor; he should be such a gentleman as Noah, who preached righteousness, by his words and works, before a profane world."

Economy.

THE extreme economy practiced in many countries of Europe, shows the poverty to which the people are reduced. Nobody here would think of getting a living by picking up the cast-away ends of cigars, but we are told that in Naples this is done by the children of the poorer classes.

A traveler says, that at six or eight years of age, these little unfortunates are expected to gain a livelihood for themselves. Then begins the gradual estrangement of mother and child, and the hard lesson of effort and self-support. The children thus cast off, soon learn to be industrious in their way, and, instructed by the mother of invention, necessity, are often enterprising and ingenious. They will carry about little articles to sell, matches, fruit, and flowers, roast chestnuts, sometimes bonbons of their own compounding; offer their services to carry parcels; attach themselves to hack-drivers, to open and close carriages for passengers; *pick up the ends of smoked cigars or rejected quids, which they sell to dealers in that sort of tobacco, of whom*

there are several in Naples. Often they form little partnerships among themselves, and put their wits and means together. If, with all their pains, they succeed in getting a grain or two a day, they are happy. If they fail entirely, they are not left to starve absolutely; the mother scolds them, and, in their extremity, gives them something for their present hunger.

A Hint to War-Makers

WHEN two nations go to war, whatever may be the general result, they both suffer, in many ways. We recollect an incident which ought to furnish a useful hint to war-makers. It is as follows:

"Near the Barbadoes islands is a huge white rock, which, from its resemblance to a ship under full sail, is called the 'Ship-rock.' Many years ago, a French frigate, falling in with this rock in the night-time, mistook it for an English vessel, and commenced firing into it. The echoes of the cannonade were repeated so perfectly that they were also mistaken for the returning fire. The action continued until morning, when, each party having received an equal amount of damage, it was thought best to discontinue the fight."

Now, the moral of this historical event which we suggest, is this: That all the noise, smoke, smell, and glory of war, may be enjoyed and realized, without bloodshed, by letting the epau-

letted heroes go and fire at some "ship-rock," to which they may attach the name of their adversary, in order to stimulate the bravery of the fighters.

Death of an Elephant.

A SHORT time since (June, 1848), a dreadful occurrence took place at the Zoological Gardens, near Liverpool. As one of the keepers was engaged in his usual office of cleaning out the den of the elephant "Rajah," he struck the animal a blow with the broom to make him move. The animal took no notice, and the blow was repeated with severity, which so infuriated Rajah that he forced the keeper with his tusks against the timbers which form the den, hurting him so severely, that as the elephant retired he fell on the ground. The elephant had not done with him, but again approached, and placing his great foot, which measures four feet around it, upon his body, crushed him to death.

The proprietor, who was in the garden at the time, determined upon having the animal destroyed, and upon presenting the case at the barracks, obtained the services of thirty-six riflemen, and to prepare for the worst, for it was alleged that the elephant was mad, two field pieces, also, two captains accompanying the men. A dose of two ounces of prussic acid was administered to the animal, which scarcely produced any effect, and at least he soon overcame it. Twelve of the sol-

diers then fired, but without effect; and upon twelve additional shots being discharged, only one took effect. It entered under the fore-shoulder—the animal reeled, and fell dead.

Rajah was a noble animal—the largest elephant in Great Britain, and cost the proprietor of the gardens £600, eleven years ago. He was thirty-five years old, was ten feet high, and weighed nearly four tons. This was the second keeper he had killed.

The Sense of Pain.

AN English writer says, "There can be little doubt that the sense of pain is of the first importance to man, to guard and warn him from injury.

"Thus, if a man had not the sense of pain, he might sit by a fire, and in his absence of mind, put his foot upon it, and soon find himself *minus* that useful member; he might have lime blown into his eyes, and thus lose his sight, if not warned by the pain; in fact, there would be no end to his dangers, if not possessed of that useful monitor, which guards him from injury, and is a check to his excesses. There may be pains and sufferings, the use of which it may be difficult to see; but I would rather attribute this to a want of knowledge, than believe that the rule which holds good in so many cases does not hold good in all. In fact, the beneficial use of the sense of pain to man is evident, and has been pointed out long since."

Merry's Monthly Dialogue.

(Merry and John.)

MERRY. Dear me, how hot it is! Put up the window there, John. That's right! August is a very hot month, and it's very queer that musketoos should come just at this time, buz—buz—buz—z-z-z—in our ear, making it seem hotter still. There's one now! See him—he's settled on my wooden leg! Whew—how he bites!

JOHN. Why, you can't feel him bite on your wooden leg, can you?

M. To be sure I can, just as well as on the other; and when he has had his bite I'm obliged to scratch it, just as if it was a real leg.

J. That's very strange!

M. Why, don't you know, John, that when a person has had a limb taken off, he feels (or, more properly, *seems to feel*) the same aches and pains that he was accustomed to do when it was on?

J. No—I never knew that.

M. Nevertheless, it is quite true. And now for the Museum. What do the girls and boys say about its being united with Parley's Playmate?

J. Oh, they all like it! Shall I tell you really what they say?

M. To be sure.

J. Well—they say that you are sometimes dull and prosy, and tell a story as if you were half asleep; but they think now you will wake up, and try to tell as good stories as Peter Parley. So they all expect the magazine to be greatly improved.

M. Well done! The young rogues

think me dull and prosy, do they? Now, John, I think I can tell you who said that. It was that little Paul Pry—let's see—what's his name? I can't recollect his name—but he always keeps working and fidgeting, like a pair of knitting needles. Oh, I have it! James Dust.

J. No—it wasn't he.

M. Well, perhaps it was Anne Flare?

J. No—it wasn't she, and I don't think I ought to tell you who it was, Mr. Merry.

M. Well, well, John, you are quite right; keep your secret. I find no fault with the little rogues; no doubt I am prosy enough, sometimes. Why shouldn't I be—I, an old, worn-out, jaded story-teller—and if it wasn't for the interest I feel in my young readers—if it were not for the inspiration I derive from their looks—their smiles—their constant demand is, "*Pray, Mr. Merry, tell us some more stories*"—were it not for all this, I should write "*finis*" at the end of the Museum, and close the volume forever. But hark! some one knocks. Go to the door, John. (*Peter Parley enters.*) Ah, Mr. Peter Parley! how do you do, sir?

PARLEY. So, so—pretty well.

M. Take a chair; I'm glad to see you. I was just winding off the Museum for the month. Have you any thing to add?

P. Here's a little piece—a few simple lines.

M. Let me see it. (*Reads.*) "*I've lost*

my way." Rather an old subject, and eight verses of it; too much for this number. It will go into the next. Haven't you something funny? Among my readers I've got a monstrous lot of girls and boys, who love fun. It seems as if they'd like to keep their mouths stretched all the time. Why, the rogues have been telling John, here, that I'm getting prosy, dull, sleepy. Did you ever hear any thing like that?

P. Let me tell you, Mr. Merry, if these young chits say you are dull, it's ten to one you are so. They are pretty shrewd judges; and one thing you may be sure of, what they say, in such a case as this, they believe.

M. A pretty comforter you, Mr. Parley! But to business. Haven't you a line or two, just to spice this finishing article with?

P. Let me see—I don't think of any. The printers of newspapers keep a box, which is sometimes called *Balaam*. This is filled with scraps, cut out from other papers. When they desire to fill up a vacant nook, they take out one of these and put it in.

M. Dear me—I've emptied my Balaam-box forty times! I'm tired of these old hack anecdotes, which have gone the rounds of the newspapers ever since I was a boy. I remember old Deacon Becket, who dwelt here a century ago, at a place they used to call *Latterend*, said one day, that "*he had lived so long upon woodchucks, he couldn't bear the sight of a burrow.*" I feel the same in regard to the newspaper scraps you speak of.

P. Well, perhaps you are right. I

remember to have heard of one of these Balaam scraps, given out by an editor whose name, I think, was James Carpenter. On one side of this was the extract he intended to have inserted, but the scrap was cut from the paper of a rival, and on the opposite side chanced to be the following passage: "We have come deliberately to the conclusion, that James Carpenter is either a knave or a fool; perhaps both." The printer, by mistake, set up this side of the scrap, and the next day it appeared in the paper edited by this same James Carpenter! And now I've told my story, I must bid you "good night." (*Exit Parley.*)

M. Good-night—good-night. A queer fellow, that Peter Parley! He don't know more than some other people, but he always has a story to tell; and a good story is like small change at a turnpike gate—small as it is, it is very handy. But here we are, rattling away, when we sat down to finish our monthly number. These dialogues are like Betty Gab's story of her goose—"plaguy hard to wind off." Hand me that parcel of letters, John. So—so—

Here is a letter from R. U., of Middlebury. Very good—writes a neat, plain hand. I should think he was a good, handsome, round-faced, intelligent boy. Here is one from C—D—R—x, dated Greene, June 27. His "*geographical enigma*" is ingenious, but a puzzle:

I am composed of 30 letters. My 22, 27, 9, 25, 18, 21, is a river in South Carolina. My 20, 18, 10, 5, 14, 13, 25, is a city in Michigan. My 17, 6, 5, 8, 3, 30, is a river in Buenos Ayres. My 20, 24, 13, 21, 17, 18, 5, is a river in Prus-

asia. My 20, 14, 9, is a river in Russia. My 15, 11 13, 5, 2, is a river in France. My 17, 16, is a river in Italy. My 23, 20, 20, 26, is a river in Italy. My 16, 20, 18, 5, is a river in Prussia. My 7, 4, 28, 26, is a river in Siberia. My 22, 6, 15, 19, 27, is a river in Austria. My 1, 6, 5, 16, 12, 29, 18, is a river in France. My whole is a distinguished general of the Mexican war.

Here's a letter from our friend J. S., who's a bit of a wag. Let's see what he says:

Boston, July 10th, 1848.

MR. MERRY:—You seem never to say any thing about politics. This is very strange, for every body else is talking about who is to be president, Cass or Taylor? The boys in the streets are discussing the matter, and the other day I heard an argument upon the subject between two colored "gemmen," which I have tried to put into rhyme. Here it is, and I give it, on account of the importance of the conclusion, the title of,

THE QUESTION SETTLED.

Cuff Loco said to Cuffy Whig,

"Your Taylor, I allow, is great,

But Cass, they say, 's a *grater*!"

"Poh!" Cuffy said, "you talk too big;

Cass is no more than just first rate,

While Taylor—he's *first rater*!"

You may print this, which is the first attempt at poetry, by Yours, J. S.

Here is a letter from our friend E. R. C—u; one from J. S., of Steubenville; one from R. E. E., of Cincinnati, etc., etc. But we have no more room.

There, John, look over this copy—my eyes are so blurred I can hardly see. You'll dot the t's and cross the i's.

J. I guess you mean *cross* the t's and *dot* the i's.

M. What did I say?

J. You said dot the t's and cross the i's.

M. Did I? Well, I must be getting old. Never mind, John, give the copy to the printer early in the morning.

Questions Begging for Answers.

1. CAN any of our readers tell us what very pretty word there is in our language which has no rhyme to it?

2. Can any body tell us the distance and direction of the following places from Boston, viz., city of Mexico, Litchtenfel, Mt. Hecla, Rome, Cape Blanco, St. Helena, Melville Islands, city of Lima?

3. Will any one put the following into neat rhymes for us?

Louis Philippe became king of the French. He signed a charter which he promised to sustain; he engaged to rule for the good of the nation; but he forgot his promises, he broke his pledges, and the people drove him from his throne. He fled to England, where he is now living in exile and comparative poverty. His history teaches us that even a king cannot do wrong with impunity.

Biographical Riddle.

A KING—yet not a king. Famous—yet infamous. A man—yet not a man. Great—yet little. High—yet low. Rich—yet poor.

"Pray, who can this be?"

Ah! you must tell me!

Charade No. 1.

A LETTER you take from my name

And you turn me at once into air;

A letter you change, and behold,

A single one now is a pair.

Who Can Tell Me?—A Song.

WORDS BY PETER PARLEY.—MUSIC BY E. L. WHITE.



I.

Who can tell me,
 Who can tell me,
 Whence the morning dawn comes peeping,
 Whence the shadowy eve comes creeping,
 Whence the gentle dew comes weeping?
 Who can tell me,
 Who can tell me?

II.

Who can tell me,
 Who can tell me,
 Whence the lightning's ruddy flash,
 Whence the thunder with its crash,
 Whence the shower with its flash?
 Who can tell me,
 Who can tell me?

III.

Who can tell me,
 Who can tell me,
 Where the passing zephyr goes,
 Where the breath of dying rose,
 Where the river, as it flows?
 Who can tell me,
 Who can tell me?

IV.

Who can tell me,
 Who can tell me?
 Where the sunbeam makes its bed,
 Where the echo lays its head,
 Where the shadow's couch is spread?
 Who can tell me,
 Who can tell me?



September.

EVERY month is so full of pleasure to the young and happy, that each seems, in its turn, the pleasantest.

The spelling book used to have a story of a boy who thought spring was the most delightful season, till it came summer, when he preferred that. When autumn came, he liked that best; when it was winter, he deemed that the most delightful. During each season, he was so occupied with its pleasures, that

it seemed to him the pleasantest of all; and therefore he wished it might be always spring, or summer, or autumn, or winter, as the case might be.

But this, in part, arises from that rainbow-light which dwells in the heart of youth, and which is consequently imparted to every object and every scene. Old age cannot always see this light, even when it is obvious to all the boys and girls. There is, in

fact, a difference in the seasons, and one is more gloomy or more gay than another. Mankind, generally, sympathize with nature, and the human heart has its twelve months, or its four seasons, as well as the out-door world of plants, and trees, and insects, and quadrupeds. In spring, when the vegetable kingdom is rising from its winter sleep, and all animated nature is endowed with new life and vigor, the soul springs upon its wings, and fancy, hope, love, bound up and away, carrying us with them in their joyous career. Then new and bright thoughts come to us from every quarter of the heavens; then the song of the birds is musical; then landscapes are lovely; then long-forgotten scraps of poetry come to mind, and ask to be repeated; then are old snatches of song recalled, and insist upon being hummed over and over again. Then the poets are our favorite authors; then we love the open air, the walk, the ride, the scamper; then all our senses, refreshed and quickened—ear, eye, taste, smell, and touch—take a wider range of perception, and seem to bring to the seat of sense only the culled sweets of life. Such is the charm which nature can spread over us; such are we in the hands of Him who made us.

The influence of summer is less marked, though hardly less positive. The physical system is more relaxed, and the wing of the imagination droops. Time itself seems to slacken his progress, and the very hours to creep forward with a reluctant and snail-like pace. Yet there is a voluptuous re-

pose in the veins; a contentment which the cares of life—toilsome though they be—do not easily disturb. Nature's lap is seen full of flowers, while the golden harvest is ready for the sickle; the trees stand rounded out upon the landscape, as if they were sculptures; the winds are lulled; the waters of lake, and river, and bay are asleep; the animals doze in the shade, or saunter idly in the vale. Now the cheek of the maiden is softest; now the aspect of nature is most tranquil; now the heart of man is most at ease.

And autumn, too, has its peculiar character and influence. It is the crowning season of the year, as it respects the fruits of the earth. The toil and sweat of summer are now repaid by the ripened and gathered harvests. Yet this fruition is associated with signs and signals which give a mournful and boding cast to our thoughts. Even September—so lovely in its temperature, so rich in its bounteous gifts of grapes and peaches, pears and plums, apples and melons—a season in which it might seem that Bacchus himself would revel and rejoice—September comes to us in the gorgeous tiara of crimson and purple; but the crimson and purple of decay and death.

This gaudy decoration of the forest, as autumn advances, is peculiar to our climate; though something of the same kind takes place in all northern countries. Nothing can exceed the splendor of a mountain side, here in New England, toward the close of September and beginning of autumn. The leaves of the ash, the maple, the oak,

the sumach, are changed into every possible shade of purple, red, and yellow—and often in a single night. This is supposed to be the work of the early frost. The rhymer, taking advantage of this idea, has given us a description of the “first frost of autumn,” in its flirtations among the leaves and flowers, during the still watches of the night.

“It flew, yet its dallying finger played,
With a thrilling touch, through the maple’s
shade ;

It toyed with the leaves of the sturdy oak—
It sighed o’er the aspen, and whispering spoke
To the bending sumach, that stooped to throw
Its checkering shade o’er a brook below ;
It kissed the leaves of the beech, and breathed
O’er the arching elm, with its ivy wreathed :
It climbed to the ash on the mountain’s height,
It flew to the meadow, and hovering light
O’er leafy forest and fragrant dell,
It bound them all in its icy spell.

Each spreading bough heard the whispered
bliss,

And gave its cheek to the gallant’s kiss—
Though giving, the leaves disdainingly shook,
As if refusing the boon they took.

Who dreamed that the morning light would
speak,

And show that kiss on the blushing cheek ?
For in silence the fairy work went through,
And no crowing owl of the scandal knew—
No watch-dog woke from his slumbers light,
To tell the tale to the listening night.

But that which in secret is darkly done,
Is oft displayed by the morrow’s sun ;
And thus the leaves in the light revealed,
With their glowing hues, what the night con-
cealed.

The sweet, frail flowers, that welcomed the
morn,
Now drooped in their bowers, all shriveled and
lorn ;

But the hardier trees shook their leaves in the
blast,

Though tell-tale colors were over them cast.
The maple blushed deep as a maiden’s cheek,

And the oak confessed what it would not speak.
The beech stood mute, but a purple hue
O’er its glossy robe, was a witness true ;
The elm and the ivy with varying dyes,
Protesting their innocence, looked to the skies ;
And the sumach rouged deeper, as stooping to
look,

It glanced at the colors that flared in the
brook.

The delicate aspen grew nervous and pale,
As the tittering forest seemed full of the tale ;
And the lofty ash, though it tossed up its bough,
With a puritan air, on the mountain’s brow,
Bore a purple tinge o’er its leafy fold,
And the hidden revel was gayly told !”

A Curious Auction.

FEW weeks since, there was, at Washington, a sale of the contents of what are called *dead letters* : that is, letters which have not been taken out of the post-offices in different parts of the country. By the list of these articles, we are able to judge of the great variety of different things which are distributed over the country, through the mails.

The government, it seems, wait some months before they open the letters not called for : on opening them, if they find them to contain articles of value, they seek to send them to the proper owners. If, after all, they cannot find the owners, the articles are sold at public auction.

On the occasion above referred to, there was at least a cart-load of letters and bundles disposed of. Among the many articles were a beautiful badge made of cassia seed, fish-hooks and lines, stockings, gloves, nightcaps, hats,

razors and straps, paints in bottles and boxes, sacking for beds, aprons, spectacles, suspenders, vest buttons, bead bags and purses, miniatures, gold and brass breastpins and rings, a pack of cards, a box of tools (rather small), silver crucifixes, handkerchiefs, book-markers; calicoes, from a yard to a frock pattern; medicines, from a box of "golden pills" to a box of castor oil and a bottle of Bull's sarsaparilla; books, including two copies of "Mother Goose," and a dozen Bibles and Testaments, in German and in English; prayer books, Graham's Magazine, grammars, sheet music, etc.

A Dutchman's pipe was in the collection of curiosities; also, a garment similar to a robe de chambre, with a black velvet belt, sewed fast, and trimmed at the edges with gold paper. It was, doubtless, a theatrical costume, intended for an amateur.

We are glad to find that not a copy of Merry's Museum was in the *dead letter* collection. No! no! all our numbers are doubtless too much sought after to be left to perish with Mother Goose's Melodies.

Ready-made Sausages.

AN English writer, in an interesting essay on the sense of pain in animals, says, "It is curious to observe the apparent indifference with which some animals will devour parts of their own bodies. I once kept tame dormice, and, in shutting the cage door, accidentally caught the tail of

one of them, when it squeaked out, and left the skin of about two thirds of its tail sticking to the door. Whether the cry was caused by pain or fear, I cannot decide; but it went about the cage for a few minutes, apparently rather uneasy. It then took hold of its tail with its paws, and eat all the injured part, and then seemed as well as ever.

"Rats will often eat their tails when in confinement, if kept short of food; and the habit of eating their own tails is not uncommon among the monkey tribe. I know a person who used to dip the end of his monkey's tail in tobacco water, to keep it from being eaten, and some of the monkeys in the London Zoological Garden may at times be seen enjoying themselves in this way."

It is well known that the *Coati*, of South America, is accustomed to eat its tail, but it has been supposed merely a mode of getting rid of an uncomfortable itching in that member: in short, the best and most effectual mode of scratching the tail. The editor of the Boston Courier places this subject in an amusing light. He says—

"This tail-eating is certainly a most interesting feature in the animal economy. What a convenience for a hungry creature to be born with an eatable ell, a *ready-made sausage*, attached to his individual personality! When it is gone, however, he may be said to be *short of provision*, truly."

THE best society is that in which the heart has a greater share than the head.



The Swing.

IT would seem by this picture that not children only, but those of a somewhat larger growth, are fond of the swing. I think I have heard of a youth who could think of no greater bliss than swinging on a gate, and at the same time eating molasses candy. He was a happy fellow who could be contented so easily. But we are not, cannot always be children. The time comes when we have duties and cares which demand all our attention.

But, gentle reader, do not let these higher and more responsible cares and duties of life make you forget or despise the day of small things. Do your duty—do it earnestly, thoroughly; but keep your youth and your youthful feelings as long as you can. I know some people would give you different advice: they would tell you that life is

short, and its business pressing, and they would counsel you to be careful of wasting a thing so precious as time. I would say the same thing, but it is not waste of time to refresh, enliven, and cheer the heart and faculties by a little innocent amusement, and especially by catching the breath of joyous, running, laughing childhood! So do not frown upon this gay group in the picture, but let your heart sympathize with it. Think how you, in your young days, rejoiced in such things; and even now, make it your principle and your practice to smile upon such cheerful scenes, and if you can find yourself amused therewith, jump into the seat! Let the boys or girls, as the case may be, give you a good push, and have a good laugh, to see how papa or mama looks in the swing!

The Marvels of History.

THERE are a great many wonderful stories in history, which it will not do to set down as sheer fables.

Some are doubtless wholesale fabrications, but, in general, we may conclude, when we find a marvelous tale related as having occurred in the olden days, that it has a basis of truth. The following account, which is well authenticated, will show how a very simple and natural occurrence might become a mysterious and portentous legend, to puzzle all future historians:

On a dark, dismal night, in the month of July, A. D. 1758, the inhabitants of Windham, a small town in the eastern part of Connecticut, had retired, as usual, to rest. For several hours, all had been wrapped in profound repose, when suddenly, soon after midnight, the slumbers of the inhabitants were disturbed by the most terrific noises, seeming to come from the sky. To many, these appeared to be the yells and screeches of infuriated Indians; others had no way of accounting for the awful sounds, which still kept increasing, but by supposing the day of judgment had certainly arrived. To their terrified imaginations, the awful uproar in the air seemed the very clangor of the last trumpet.

At intervals many supposed they could distinguish the calling out of particular names, as "Colonel Dyer," "Colonel Dyer," and "Elderkin, too," "Elderkin, too"—these being the names of two eminent lawyers. This increased the general terror—for it seemed to show

particular knowledge and intelligence on the part of the awful visitation. At last there was a rush from every house—old and young, male and female, poured forth into the streets, seeming, in their simple night-gear, like so many disturbed ghosts. With eyes upturned they tried to pierce the almost palpable darkness, but none could solve the mystery. Some prepared themselves, by prayer, for the judgment; some loaded their guns to fight the Indians; some shivered in silent horror; some groaned—some screamed. Thus passed away this night of terror.

Toward morning, the sounds in the air seemed to die away, and when it was day, the whole cause of alarm was apparent to all who took the trouble to go to a certain mill-pond, situated about three fourths of a mile east of the village. This pond—ever since bearing the historical title of the "Frog Pond,"—in consequence of a severe drought, which had prevailed many weeks, had become nearly dry, and the bull-frogs (with which it was densely populated) at the mill, fought a pitched battle on the sides of the ditch which ran through it, for the possession and enjoyment of the fluid that remained.

Long and obstinately was the conflict maintained; and many thousands of the combatants were found dead, on both sides of the ditch, the next morning. It had been uncommonly still for several hours before the battle commenced, but suddenly, as if by a preconcerted agreement, every frog on one side of the ditch raised the war-cry,

"Colonel Dyer—Colonel Dyer!" and at the same instant, from the opposite side, resounded the adverse shout of "Elderkin, too—Elderkin, too!" Owing to some peculiar state of the atmosphere, the awful noises and cries appeared to the distressed Windhamites, to be directly over their heads.



Constantinople

THIS famous city, called *Stamboul* by the Turks, was called *Byzantium*, in very ancient times. Constantine, one of the Roman Emperors, restored it and rendered it very splendid, in the fourth century of the Christian era. He also made it the capital of his empire, since which time it has been a great and splendid city.

The history of this place would fill a volume, for here many interesting events have happened. It was taken by the Turks in the year 1453, and since that time has been the capital of the Ottoman or Turkish empire.

It is situated on a number of small hills, and is partly encircled by the sea, a beautiful harbor spreading out before

it, called the *Golden Horn*. At a distance this city seems almost like a scene of fairy-land, so beautiful is the effect of its splendid minarets, cupolas, seraglios, bazars, palaces, mosques, and other public edifices, seen in the midst of the dark-green cypress trees. But when you enter the city, you will be disappointed to find that you have seen all the best of it, and that its streets are narrow, dark, dirty, crooked, ill-paved, and often so steep as to make it difficult to pass along.

The population of Constantinople is about 600,000; it is, therefore, nearly as large as New York and Boston put together. It has a great deal of commerce, and the harbor is crowded with shipping. The inhabitants are Turks, but people may be seen here from all countries. Perhaps there is no place in the world where so great a variety of costumes may be seen as in the streets of Constantinople.

Curiosity Contented.

WE are told that Lady Jekyll asked the eccentric and learned William Whiston, one day at her husband's table, to resolve a difficulty which occurred to her in the Mosaic account of the creation. "Since it pleased God, sir," said she, "to create the woman out of the man, why did he form her out of the rib rather than any other part?"

Whiston scratched his head, and at length answered:

"Indeed, madam, I do not know, un-

less it be that the rib is the most crooked part of the body."

"There!" said her husband, "you have it now. I hope you are satisfied!"

A Dream of Life.

WHEN I was young—long, long ago—
I dreamed myself among the flowers;
And fancy drew the picture so,
They seemed like fairies in their bowers.

The rose was still a rose, you know—
But yet a maid. What could I do?
You surely would not have me go,
When rosy maidens seem to woo?

My heart was gay, and mid the throng
I sported for an hour or two;
We danced the flowery paths along,
And did as youthful lovers do.

But sports must cease, and so I dreamed
To part with these, my fairy flowers—
But oh, how very hard it seemed
To say good-by mid such sweet bowers!

And one fair maid of modest air
Gazed on me with her eye of blue;
I saw the tear-drop gathering there—
How could I say to her, Adieu!

I fondly gave my hand and heart,
And we were wed. Bright hour of youth!
How little did I think to part
With my sweet bride, whose name was
Truth!

But time passed on, and Truth grew gray,
And chided, tho' with gentlest art—
I loved her, though I went astray,
And almost broke her faithful heart.

And then I left her, and in tears—
These could not move my hardened breast!
I wandered, and for weary years
I sought for bliss, but found no rest.

I sought—yet ever sought in vain—
To find the peace, the joy of youth—
At last I turned me back again,
And found them with my faithful Truth.

The Death of Washington.

WASHINGTON died December 14th, 1799. The emotion created by this event throughout the length and breadth of our country may be estimated from the following account of the funeral services, which took place at Hartford, Connecticut—this being a sample of the general mourning. The account is from the Connecticut Courant, of December 30, 1799.

"In consequence of the afflicting intelligence of the death of General Washington, divine services were performed at the North Meeting-house in this town, on Friday last. The town never exhibited a more solemn and interesting appearance. Notice having been given to the inhabitants of this and the neighboring towns, the concourse of people was greater than almost ever was known on any former occasion. The stores and shops were shut through the day—all business was suspended; the bells were muffled, and tolled at intervals from nine in the morning until services commenced. The meeting-house was greatly crowded, and still a large proportion of the people could not get in at the doors. The services were appropriate, solemn, and impressive.

"A very eloquent and impressive sermon was delivered by the Rev. Nathan Strong, to a most attentive, devout, and mourning audience, from Exodus xi. 3: 'And the man Moses was very great,' etc. The music was solemn and sublime, and the whole scene exhibited, in the strongest of all possible colors, the

deep affliction of the people at a loss utterly irreparable. The floods of tears, the badges of mourning which were universally worn, the church hung in black, a procession of many hundreds of persons, composed of men of all classes, and the solemn grief pictured on every countenance, made impressions on the minds of the beholders which many years will not efface.

"We presume that the sentiments and feelings which inspired the persons present, pervaded the country, on the distressing event which called them together. However divided into parties on political subjects, with respect to the character of this great man, we trust there is but one opinion in the United States. As he lived beloved and admired, he has died truly lamented; and his memory will be honored as long as wisdom, virtue, and piety shall be esteemed among men. 'The beauty of Israel is slain upon the high places; how are the mighty fallen.'

"The following Hymn was sung on the melancholy occasion:

"What solemn sounds the ear invade?

What wraps the land in sorrow's shade
From Heaven the awful mandate flies,
The Father of his Country dies.

"Let every heart be filled with woe,

Let every eye with tears o'erflow,
Each form, oppressed with deepest gloom,
Be clad in vestments of the tomb.

"Behold that venerable band,

The rulers of our mourning land,
With grief proclaim from shore to shore,
'Our guide, our Washington's no more!'

"Where shall our country turn its eye?

What help remains beneath the sky?
Our Friend, Protector, Strength, and Trust,
Lies low and mouldering in the dust.

"Almighty God, to thee we fly—
Before thy throne above the sky,
In deep prostration humbly bow,
And pour the penitential vow.

"Hear! O Most High! our earnest prayer—
'Our country take beneath thy care;
When dangers press, and foes draw near,
May future Washington's appear.'"

It is about half a century since the event here commemorated took place, yet from that time, the character of Washington has constantly risen, not only in the estimation of his countrymen, but in that of the world at large. In foreign lands, even where the political opinions which Washington upheld are repudiated, his name and fame as a "*great and good man*," are placed before all others.

At the present day, no voice in the wide world is lifted up against Washington—against his honesty, his patriotism, his virtue, his honor, or his talents. Yet during his life-time, and especially during his presidency, he was the theme of the most bitter and unrelenting abuse. Parties and presses, headed by men of high talent, were unceasing in their attacks; his notions, his actions, his policy—all were impugned, condemned, denounced.

Those days have passed away; the actors in these scenes are dead. Time has cleared away the mist which passion and prejudice had raised. The truth is made plain. The solemn verdict of mankind has been pronounced upon Washington and his accusers. How great and noble does he now appear! How mean and how wicked his enemies!

This subject suggests some serious thoughts. It should be remembered by those now on the stage of action, that truth is a reality, however they may seek to disguise it; that all are to be tried by an impartial tribunal; and that retribution is as sure to come as Time itself to march forward in its career.

How happy is the man who bases his actions upon truth, honor, honesty, patriotism! how miserable those who are seeking only for office, fame, power—and trampling truth under feet to gain their ends!

An Extraordinary City

THE country lying west of New Mexico has been little explored, and it is very likely that towns, cities, and tribes of people exist there of which we have hardly heard the names. Colonel Doniphan, with whose extraordinary exploits all our readers are of course acquainted, tells us of a city and people in this quarter, of which he gives the following account:

"This place is called Sumai. It is divided into four solid squares, having two streets only, and these cross its centre at right angles. All the buildings are two stories high, composed of sun-burnt brick. The first story presents a solid wall to the street, and is so constructed that each house joins, until one fourth of the city may be said to be one building. The second stories rise from this vast, solid structure, so as to designate each house, leaving room to walk

upon the roof of the first story between each building.

"The inhabitants of Sumai enter the second story of their buildings by ladders, which they draw up at night, as a defence against any enemy that might be prowling about. In this city were seen some thirty Albino Indians, who have, no doubt, given rise to the story that there is living in the Rocky Mountains a tribe of white aborigines.

"The discovery of this city of the Sumai will afford the most curious speculations among those who have so long searched in vain for a city of the Indians, who possessed the manners and habits of the Aztecs—the original Mexican. No doubt we have here a race living as did that people, when Cortez entered Mexico. It is a remarkable fact that the Sumaians have, since the Spaniards left the country, refused to have any intercourse with the modern Mexicans, looking upon them as an inferior people. They have also driven from among them the priests and other dignitaries, who formerly had power over them, and resumed habits and manners of their own, their Great Chief or Governor being the civil and religious head. The country around the city of Sumai is cultivated with a great deal of care, and affords food not only for the inhabitants, but for large flocks of cattle and sheep."

FRANKLIN, in the midst of all his labors, found time to dive into the depths of philosophy, and explore untrodden paths of science.

I'm too Busy.

A MERCHANT sat at his office desk; various letters were spread before him; his whole being was absorbed in the intricacies of his business.

A zealous friend of mankind entered the office. "Mr. —, I want to interest you a little in a new effort for the temperance cause," said the good man.

The merchant cut him off by replying—

"Sir, you must excuse me, but really I'm too busy to attend to that subject now."

"But, sir, intemperance is on the increase among us," said his friend.

"Is it? I'm sorry; but I'm too busy at present to do any thing."

"When shall I call again, sir?"

"I cannot tell. I'm very busy. I'm busy every day. Excuse me, sir. I wish you a good morning." Then, bowing the intruder out of the office, he resumed the study of his papers.

The merchant had often repulsed the friends of humanity in this manner. No matter what was their object, he was always too busy to listen to their claims. He had even told his minister that he was too busy for any thing but to make money.

But one morning a disagreeable stranger stepped very softly to his side, laying a cold, moist hand upon his brow, and saying, "Go home with me!"

The merchant laid down his pen; his head grew dizzy; his stomach felt faint and sick; he left the counting-room, went home, and retired to his bed-chamber.

His unwelcome visitor had followed him, and now took his place by the bedside, whispering ever and anon, "You must go with me."

A cold chill settled on the merchant's heart; dim spectres of ships, notes, houses, and lands flitted before his excited mind. Still, his pulse beat slower, his heart heaved heavily, thick films gathered over his eyes, his tongue refused to speak. Then the merchant knew that the name of his visitor was Death!

All other claimants on his attention, except the friends of Mammon, had always found a quick dismissal in the magic phrase, "I'm too busy." Humanity, Mercy, Religion, had alike begged his influence, means, and attention in vain. But when Death came, the excuse was powerless; he was compelled to have leisure to die.

Let us beware how we make ourselves too busy to secure life's great end. When the excuse rises to our lips, and we are about to say we are too busy to do good, let us remember we cannot be too busy to die.—*Selected.*

What's in a Name.

THE Court of Record of the Cherokee Nation contains the following item of intelligence, announced through the medium of the Cherokee Advocate:

"The son of Buzzard Flopper was acquitted of the charge of the murder of Tom Going Snake, in Going Snake District, on last Monday."

London.

THIS city, the largest and richest in the world, is ten miles long by seven miles broad. The number of houses is upward of 200,000, and it has a population of not less than 2,000,000 of souls. Its leviathan body is composed of nearly 10,000 streets, lanes, alleys, squares, places, terraces, etc. It consumes upward of 4,369,400 pounds of animal food weekly, which is washed down by 1,400,000 barrels of beer annually, exclusive of other liquids. Its rental is at least £7,000,000 a year, and it pays for luxuries it imports at least £12,000,000 a year duty alone. It has 537 churches, 207 dissenting places of worship, upward of 5,000 public houses, and 16 theatres.

A Lesson Taught by an Insect.

I WAS one day watching and admiring a quantity of wild flowers on a bank, when I saw a bee flying from blossom to blossom, pausing a moment upon each, diving down into the cup or into the bell, and flying around with its load; and I said to myself, all flowers have their honey, but he must search who would find it.

This taught me a lesson. If we look only at the surface, we lose the most precious of the gifts of Heaven. The gold lies down deep in the mine; the diamond veils its well of light till it is cut; and the mind of man, if it would discover the richness or the brightness of any thing throughout the universe, must dig deep and labor hard.—*James.*

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Italy.

WE insert another stylographic map, and as it relates to a country which is now the theatre of important events, we hope it will gratify our readers. We add a few particulars, which may be acceptable to those who are interested in reading the accounts given, from time to time, in the newspapers respecting the agitations in Naples, Lombardy, etc.

The following table shows the politi-

cal divisions of Italy, with their population, as they stood before the revolutions which have taken place within the last six months.

	Sq.M.	Pop.	Capital.
Lombardy and Venice,	18,290	4,400,000	Milan.
Sardinia,	28,730	4,600,000	Turin.
Parma,	2,180	450,000	Parma.
Modena,	2,060	390,000	Modena.
Lucca,	410	145,000	Lucca.
States of the Church,	17,050	2,600,000	Rome.
San Marino,	21	7,500	San Marino.
Naples, or Two Sicilies,	41,521	7,800,000	Naples.
Tuscany,	8,300	1,400,000	Florence.

Italy is alike renowned for its fertile soil, its delightful climate, and its wonderful history. Its chief *products* are wheat, corn, rice, olive oil, wines, and silks. It produces delicious fruits, and among its trees is that which yields the *manna* of the shops. The principal mountains in Italy are the *Apennines*.

The Catholic religion is established in all the Italian states. In every part of the country are magnificent churches, and other costly edifices. Here architecture, sculpture, and painting have reached their height; and here the finest specimens in these are to be found. The governments have been generally despotic, and Austria has had a predominant influence in Italian affairs; but it is expected the governments will hereafter be more liberal; that the Austrian dominion will be terminated; and that all Italy will be united in one nation.

Lombardy and *Venice* form the north-eastern part of Italy, and border on Austria. They are fertile regions, and have been called the *Granary of Europe*. *Venice*, the ancient capital, is one of the most remarkable cities in Europe, being built on seventy islands, and having five hundred bridges. It has *canals* for streets, and *gondolas*, or boats, in lieu of carriages. *Milan*, the seat of government for the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, is a splendid city, famed for its cathedral.

Sardinia embraces the large island of Sardinia, and the portion of Italy contiguous to Switzerland. The adjacent island of *Corsica* belongs to France. *Turin*, the capital, is a fine city, with a beautiful view of the Alps. *Genoa*,

Nice, and *Marengo*, are celebrated places; the latter is noted for one of the most brilliant of Napoleon's victories.

Parma, *Modena*, and *Lucca*, are small states, south of Lombardy and Venice. *Tuscany* is the most flourishing and best-governed part of Italy. *Florence*, the capital, named the *Beautiful*, well deserves its title. *Leghorn* is the chief seaport. *Pisa* is famed for its curious *leaning tower*.

The *Popedom*, sometimes called the *States of the Church*, occupies the centre of Italy, and is ruled by the Pope. Here is *Rome*, the most celebrated spot on the face of the globe. It was once twenty-five miles in circumference, and though now reduced, it is still a great city, and interesting on account of its majestic ruins. Here is *St. Peter's Church*, the noblest of cathedrals; the *Vatican*, or the Pope's palace; and a gallery of the fine arts, which attracts artists from all parts of the world.

San Marino is a small republic under the protection of the Pope.

The *kingdom of Naples* embraces the southern part of Italy and the fine island of Sicily. The *climate* is warm, and tropical fruits abound; yet the cities are filled with beggars. The city of *Naples* has twenty thousand *lazzaroni*, or idlers and vagabonds; yet they are a gay and cheerful race, though mostly without homes or other lodgings than the pavement.

Near Naples are the *volcano* of *Vesuvius*, and the ruins of *Herculaneum* and *Pompeii*, two cities buried by an eruption 1800 years ago. On the island of *Sicily* is *Etna*, a volcanic

mountain, whose base is surrounded with villages and clothed with vineyards. *Palermo, Messina, and Syracuse*, are the chief towns in Sicily.

Though the *Italians* are indolent and imbecile, yet such are the advantages of the country, that it furnishes many valuable articles of export. The people are full of genius, excelling in the fine arts, and endowed with a capacity for vocal music beyond any other nation. This country is the depository of the great works of *Raphael, Michael Angelo, Canova*, and other artists, who have filled the world with their fame. The common people are judges of music, painting, and sculpture. All classes are more fond of cheerful amusements than thrifty toil. Music, dancing, and lively conversation, are leading sources of pleasure.

The city of Rome was founded 752 B. C., and was long the centre of the great Roman empire. It was taken by the Goths about 450 A. D., which put an end to the Roman empire; and it has been the seat of the Popes for fourteen centuries. It is sometimes called the *Eternal City*, from its great antiquity.

The Pure in Heart

A GENTLEMAN, in one of his visits among the poor, met with one of his Sabbath school scholars, a little girl not six years old, who had just begun to read the New Testament. This child, being fond of singing, was anxious to possess one of the school hymn-books,

which the gentleman kindly promised to give her, on condition that she would learn to read the fifth and sixth chapters of St. Matthew's Gospel within the space of a fortnight. The little girl immediately undertook this task, and having brought her two chapters to the gentleman, began to read: but when she finished the first twelve verses, he caused her to stop, in order to inquire of her which of the qualities described in the beatitudes she would desire most to possess. She paused a little while, and then replied, with a modest smile, "I would rather be pure in heart."

The gentleman asked her wherefore she should choose this blessed quality above all the rest. In reply to which, she answered to this purpose: "Sir, if I had a pure heart, I should then possess all the other good qualities spoken of in this chapter."

Song.

I've roamed through many a weary round,
I've wandered east and west;
Pleasure in every clime I found,
But sought in vain for rest.

While glory sighs for other spheres,
I feel that *ONE'S* too wide,
And think the home which love endears
Worth all the world beside.

The needle thus, too rudely moved,
Wanders, unconscious where,
Till having found the place it loved,
It trembling settles there. T. Moore.

If a person sports with other's infirmities, you will observe that he is totally blind to his own.



The Royal Oak.

WHEN I was a boy, there was a primer in use which had some queer little rhymes in it, among which were the following :

" The royal oak,
It was the tree
That saved his
Royal majesty."

Perhaps our young readers have not seen this book, and perhaps they have not all heard the story which gave rise to the preceding verse. I cannot show them the book, for I suspect a copy is not to be found, even at Burnham's, in

Cornhill—that vast and interesting depository of books old, and books new—but I can tell the story of the royal oak.

About two hundred years ago, Charles I. was king of England. He fancied that a king might rule his people pretty much as he pleased, and so he did many harsh and improper things. In consequence of this, he was tried by the Parliament, and finally beheaded.

His eldest son, named Charles, had fled to Holland, but he was now proclaimed king, under the title of Charles

II. The people of Scotland took his part, and so he went there; and putting himself at the head of an army, marched into England.

He proceeded first to Carlisle, and then to the large town of Worcester, where his forces amounted to several thousand, Scotch and English. Oliver Cromwell was then at the head of the British government; he was a great commander, and knew well what to do. He came with his troops against Charles, and fell, pell mell, upon the young king and his forces. There was no resisting the terrible shock. The combined forces fled or ran away, and King Charles himself scampered off on horseback, being hotly pursued.

About four thousand of the Scottish forces kept together, under General Leslie, and Charles joined them, and remained with them till night. He then departed, and took refuge in a wood, at a place called Bascobel. Being very weary, he laid down, and had a good nap. He then met a friend who had also fled from the fight, and who had concealed himself in a thick, bushy oak tree. This man's name was Careless, but he took good care of Charles. He told his majesty that it was best for him to get up into the tree and hide there. So the king got up, his friend Careless giving him a boost. Charles was a waggish fellow, and I guess he had a good laugh at this part of the adventure.

When the king had mounted, he pulled his friend after him, and there they both lay concealed all day. They saw several people go by, hunting for

the king; but his majesty snuggled close, and they did not see him. When it came night the two got down, and went to a poor man near by. He took the king and hid him in his barn, and then got him some bread and buttermilk. A king gets hungry as well as other people, and Charles relished his supper very much.

He remained in the barn two days and two nights, living upon bread and buttermilk. At length he made his escape, and after a variety of adventures reached France, where he remained till his return to England, in 1660, when he was welcomed as king by the nation.

This story will explain the old rhymes, and show the reason why the oak, to this day, is sometimes called the royal oak, in England.

A Thrifty Wife.

A YOUNG English traveler in Valencia, in Spain, became attached to a pretty Gipsy girl. The mother wished that he should marry her, but the Englishman declared that he was not rich enough to keep a wife. "What," said the Gipsy, laughing, "not rich enough? In the land of guineas, with so renowned a thief as my daughter, you will in a year be worth a million."

A MAN in Louisiana (it is waggishly said) plants cucumbers, and *waters* them with *vinegar*. The vines produce excellent pickles.

Billy Bump in Boston.*

Letter from Billy to his mother in Sundown.

Boston, December, 184—.

MY DEAR MOTHER—

I wrote you a long letter more than a month ago, and hoped before this to have had one from you. I am really very hungry for a letter. There's a great deal going on here, and every day I see thousands of people—but still, I want to hear the news at Sundown. How is old Trot? How are all the hens? How is the little lame duck? Is Rover well? Have the wolves caught any more of the sheep? Has any thing been seen of the black fox since I left. Has father shot any deer, wild turkies, or coons lately? Has the fire in the woods gone out? Do write me, mother, and tell me all these things. I am contented here, but if you do not send me a letter, I shall start, and try to find my way to you.

I must now tell you what has happened since I wrote. The funniest thing was this. One night I was suddenly awoke by a strange sound which seemed to come from my pillow. It went—dz-z-z-z—dz-z-z-z—dz-z-z-z!—At first I thought myself in the woods, and imagined that I heard a rattlesnake. I fumbled about for a stick—but getting hold of the pillow, I knew I was in bed. Then I thought, "it is only a dream!"—and so I lay down again. But pretty soon I heard the same sound—dz-z-z-z—dz-z-z-z-z! "This is very droll," said I; "what in nater can it be?" It was dark as pitch, and after straining

my eyes and feeling all round, I could discover nothing.

Well, I lay down again, and soon dropped to sleep. But suddenly I felt a terrible pain in my leg. I jumped out of bed and screamed like a wild-cat. I was half asleep, or I should not have made such a noise. The cry started the servants near by. Up they jumped, and rushed, pell mell, into my room. Two or three of them brought lights—and there we were altogether, cutting a pretty figure, I assure you. "What's the matter! what's the matter!" they exclaimed, all at once. "Why," says I, "there's a rattlesnake, or a snapping turtle, or some other varmint, there in my bed. It's half bit my leg off!"

At this, the women lifted up their eyes and hands—and the men began to look into the bed. They did this gingerly, and as if they really expected a rattlesnake to jump out of the sheets, and give 'em a mortal bite. It was a very droll sight, altogether; and frightened and bewildered as I was, I couldn't help smiling. John, the boldest of the men, after seeking about for some time, exclaimed, "There he is! there he is!" At this awful moment the women scampered away; but John courageously proceeded to attack the monster who had caused the row. Taking up a hearth-brush, he made three or four furious plunges into the bed, and finally succeeded in subduing the viper. It was no great things after all—being merely a *wasp*; but the fellow made a considerable stir, for all that!

I get along very well at uncle Ben's.

* Continued from page 44.

I like Lucy very much, tho' I'm half afraid of her, she knows so much. She can tell all about geography, and grammar, and history, and every thing else. She makes a terrible racket on a big thing in the parlor, called a *piano*. This, they say, is music, and perhaps it is—but it sounds to me as if all the bull-frogs, and all the cat-birds, and all the wild-cats, and all the king-fishers in creation had got together in a box, and every one was trying to see which could make the most noise.

Lucy is trying to teach me a curious game, called *chess*. It is played on a board, nicely painted in squares. On these we put a parcel of queer things, beautifully carved in ivory. Some of them are called *bishops*; these have a sly, sideways motion, and do great execution, if you don't look out. Some are called *knights*; these have horses' heads, and go leaping, and jumping, and *gambading* right and left over every body. Its a droll game, and I am getting to like it.

Well, we have other games and dances, and all sorts of things, to make time pass away. Here, in a big house, all this is quite necessary, else every body would be weary and unhappy. In Sundown, we can go into the woods, and there no one can ever fail of amusement. There are so many things to see there—so many things that set one a-thinking—that time runs rapidly away; and we have no regret, except that the days are so short.

I must now tell you about the *library*. This consists of at least five hundred books; and Lucy says they tell

about every thing under the sun. She says there is one book there that gives a description of the manner in which the world was made! I hardly dared to look at it, but I took a peep just to see what it was called, and saw on the back of it, the word *Geology*. Now, would you believe it, mother, Lucy has read that book thro' from A to &!

I'm going to school soon, and I mean to know as much as Lucy in time. For the present, I read Merry's Museum and Parley's Tales. You remember that I had Parley's America at home, and in this you taught me to read. I love it better than any other book in the world. And I must tell you, mother, one very interesting thing—I believe I have seen Peter Parley!

The other day I was going along in Beacon street, and I met an old man walking with a cane. He was very handsome, and appeared so pleasant, that I stopped and looked at him. He stopped too, and though he was very richly dressed and seemed a fine gentleman, he spoke to me. "Good morning, sir!" said he, in a mild voice, and bowing to me. "Good morning, sir," said I—and just at that moment it flashed into my mind that he must be Peter Parley, for nobody else could be so gentle and kind to a poor boy like me. So, said I, "Are you Peter Parley?" At this the old gentleman laughed very heartily, and after a few more words, went along. I followed to see where he went. He entered a very splendid house, and I could see *Olis* on the door. I have no doubt it was Peter Parley,

though some of the boys told me his name was *Harrison Gray Otis* !

I have a great deal to write, mother, but I have not time now. It takes me a great while to write a letter, and I am afraid you can hardly make it out, after all. But do write to me very soon. I send my love to every body. Give my thanks to the old Indian, Bottle Nose, for the coon-skin cap he sent me, just before I left. It got me into a scrape here—but I can't tell you about it now. I will do so in my next, if I can. Farewell, dear mother ! From your affectionate son,

WILLIAM BUMP.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Touching Story.

THE following scene occurs in the tale entitled "*Jane Eyre*." It represents Jane, at the time she was about ten years old, as going to see one of her school mates, Helen Burns, who was sick of consumption. Having found the room of her companion, she entered and saw her lying in a crib, a light piece of muslin thrown over her. The account then proceeds as follows :

"Helen," I whispered softly, "are you awake?" She stirred herself, put back the curtain, and I saw her face, pale, wasted, but quite composed; she looked so little changed that my fear of her speedy death was instantly dissipated.

"Can it be you, Jane?" she asked, in her own gentle voice. "Oh!" I thought, "she is not going to die; they

are mistaken: she could not speak and look so calmly if she were."

I got into her crib and kissed her: her forehead was cold, and her cheek both cold and thin, and so were her hand and wrist; but she smiled as of old.

"Why are you come here, Jane? It is past eleven o'clock; I heard it strike some minutes since."

"I come to see you, Helen; I heard you were very ill, and I could not sleep till I had spoken to you."

"You come to bid me good-bye, then; you are just in time, probably."

"Are you going somewhere, Helen? Are you going home?"

"Yes, to my long home—my last home!"

"No, no, Helen." I stopped, distressed, while I tried to devour my tears; a fit of coughing seized Helen: it did not, however, wake the nurse. When it was over, she lay some minutes exhausted; then she whispered—

"Jane, your little feet are bare; lie down and cover yourself with my quilt."

I did so; she put her arm over me, and I nestled close to her. After a long silence, she resumed, still whispering—

"I am very happy, Jane; and when you hear that I am dead you must be sure and not grieve; there is nothing to grieve about. We must all die one day, and the illness which is removing me is not painful; it is gentle and gradual; my mind is at rest. I leave no one to regret me much. By dying young, I shall escape great sufferings. I had not qualities or talents to make

my way very well in the world ; I should have been continually at fault."

"But where are you going to, Helen ? Can you see ? Do you know ?"

"I believe ; I have faith ; I am going to God."

"Where is God ? What is God ?"

"My maker and yours ; who will never destroy what he has created. I rely implicitly in his power, and confide wholly in his goodness ; I count the hours till that eventful one arrives which shall restore me to him, reveal him to me."

"You are sure then, Helen, that there is such a place as heaven ; and that our souls can get to it when we die ?"

"I am sure there is a future state ; I believe God is good ; I can resign my immortal part to him without any misgiving. God is my Father ; God is my Friend ; I love him ; I believe he loves me."

"And shall I see you again, Helen, when I die ?"

"You will come to the same region of happiness ; be received by the same mighty, universal Parent, no doubt, dear Jane."

Again I questioned ; but this time only in thought. "Where is that region ? Does it exist ?" And I clasped my arms closer round Helen ; she seemed dearer to me than ever ; I felt as if I could not let her go ; I lay with my face hidden on her neck. Presently she said, in her sweetest tone—

"How comfortable I am ! That last fit of coughing has tired me a little ; I feel as if I could sleep ; but don't leave

me, Jane ; I like to have you near me."

"I'll stay with you, dear Helen ; no one shall take me away."

"Are you warm, darling ?"

"Yes."

"Good night, Jane."

"Good night, Helen."

She kissed me, and I her ; and we both soon slumbered.

When I woke it was day : an unusual movement roused me ; I looked up ; I was in somebody's arms ; the nurse held me ; she was carrying me through the passage back to the dormitory. I was not reprimanded for leaving my bed ; people had something else to think about : no explanation was afforded them to my many questions ; but a day or two afterward I learned that Miss Temple, on returning to her own room at dawn, had found me laid in the little crib ; my face against Helen Burns' shoulder, my arms round her neck. I was asleep, and Helen was—dead.

A WORD.—Say not a word you had better leave unsaid. A word is a little thing, we know, but it has stirred up a world of strife. Suppressing a word has saved many a character—many a life. A word not uttered, and Hamilton would have lived, the pride of his country.

Who can tell the good and bad effects of a single word ! Be careful what you say. Think before you speak, and you will never be mortified with yourself, or cause a thrill of pain to flash through the heart of a friend.



The Beaver.

THIS animal is one of those creatures that is by no means permitted to live according to its taste and humor. It loves solitude and seclusion ; it chooses as its haunts the far-off and unfrequented river-banks and lake-shores—and if permitted to have its way, would no doubt be glad never to see a human face. But it happens to have a very nice soft fur, and for this it is hunted and trapped, and carried to all the great markets in the four quarters of the globe. It is pursued from one retreat to another, and no matter how remote its abode, or how concealed its hiding place—wherever

it may be—there comes the hunter and the trapper, eager and certain to secure his prey.

Some people might think it a great thing for one born and brought up in the wilds of the west, with nothing but a log cabin of mud and sticks to live in, to have his skin taken off and transported to the city of Pekin, and there to become a favorite with the little-footed wife of Taou Kwang, the celestial emperor of the Celestial Empire ! Such has been the fate of many a beaver's hide, and however honorable and glorious it may seem, we suspect that the beavers, one and all, would be glad to

be let alone, and to enjoy in quiet the humble station which nature assigned them.

The beaver has been so often described that we can say little about it that is new. It is a gnawing animal, and its teeth constitute a chisel that surpasses that of the carpenter; for while the latter wears out, the former grows as fast as it is worn away. Such indeed is the admirable adaptation of the teeth of the beaver to his purposes, as to excite admiration. A learned writer, after examining this subject, and others of a similar kind, says—"it shows that, anterior to creation itself, the Maker must have known intimately every property of every substance, every law of every combination, and every principle of every science, mechanical, chemical or whatever else." The same writer adds, that "the structure of the beaver's teeth gives us the models of some of our mechanical instruments, in their best forms." Thus it appears that a careful study of even the beaver's teeth, suggests the most interesting and important reflections.

The curious form and habits of the beaver have given rise to many extravagant tales: we shall endeavor to confine what we have to say, to the simple truth. This we hope will not be without its interest.

This animal is low and squat in his body; he has a waddling gait; his hind legs are wide apart, and he is knock-kneed. He is therefore neither a graceful nor a nimble walker—yet he makes up for this, inasmuch as he swims admirably, and while he swims is able

to carry sticks and stones in his fore paws. He has a blunt nose, a divided upper lip, and small, squinting eyes. Were it not for his beautiful coat of fur, the beaver could hardly be called a beauty.

The tail of the beaver has given rise to many strange stories. It is oval shaped, nearly half as large as the body of the animal, flattened above and below, and covered with a kind of horny scales. As he builds houses of sticks, stones, and mortar, his tail has been said to serve him as a trowel for plastering, a spade for digging, a hammer for pounding, and we know not what else. All this is sheer fiction, and the beaver's tail, divested of romance, is merely a rudder to guide its owner's course in the water, and occasionally a sort of balance pole to help him along in walking on the land.

The beaver usually makes his house in the water, of sticks, stones, and mortar, in which he shows some skill and great industry. Sometimes several unite, and build a kind of village. They have one opening above through the ground, and one below in the water. The united labor of these animals sometimes excites admiration; but it must be admitted that the tales of their wonderful intelligence and ingenuity are exaggerations. The beaver is excelled in these respects by the common mole, and some other animals.

HONESTY is never gained or lost by accident.



The Monkey Beggar.

MOST of our readers would not understand this picture, without explanation. In the great cities of Europe, there are many people who are very poor, and these resort to a variety of means to get a living. Some pick up old bits of rags, papers, bones, etc., and sell them; some go about vending pins, needles, and other trifles; some sit on the sidewalks and play upon violins; some carry about marmots and monkeys, and some sweep the crosswalks in the streets, begging of the passers-by, for a penny or two.

The picture represents a man who has put a jacket on a monkey, and taught him to stand on his hind legs and appear to take a broom and sweep the streets,

while his master stands by and begs for a little money. Such arts as these are often adopted by the beggars in Paris.

WHEN the celebrated actor, Foote, was one day lamenting his growing old, a pert young fellow asked him what he would give to be as young as he.

"I would almost consent," said Foote, to be as foolish as you are."

FREDERICK THE GREAT, with an empire at his direction, in the midst of war, and on the eve of battle, found time to converse with philosophers, and to feast himself on the pleasures of learning.

The Richest Family in the World.

THE following account of the *Rothschilds* will be found interesting, as showing what may be done by industry and talent.

In the year 1740, in a little Jewish settlement in Frankfort-on-the-Maine, in Germany, dwelt a family of poor but respectable Jew pedlers, and in that year they were blessed with a son, whom they called Moyer Anselm Rothschild. They gave him what education their small means would permit, but, dying when he was at the age of eleven, they left him to his own resources. He then earned a scanty living by writing, which he soon abandoned for a trade. But his ambition was to be a priest of his religion.

Fortunately for the tottering dynasties of the present day, this was not accomplished. His trade required him to travel; and after some years he returned to his native place, and established a small business. He soon, however, gained considerable notoriety as a collector of old and curious coins, which brought him much in contact with persons of rank, among whom it was fashionable to make such collections; and finally he went to Hanover as a clerk in a large house. Subsequently, with a few years' savings, he returned to Frankfort, married, and commenced a little exchange business. His great sagacity, strict punctuality, and rectitude of conduct pushed him rapidly forward, and toward the close of the century the Frankfort banking house of the Rothschilds had become famous.

The banker in the mean time brought up ten children, of whom five sons were "after his own heart;" and when he died, he left them his vast wealth and extensive business, with the injunction to dwell in strict and unbroken unity. And the injunction then bestowed has been faithfully carried out. The five sons conducted as many banking houses at the leading capitals of Europe. They were as follows: the eldest, Anselm, was born in 1773, and was the most substantial citizen of Frankfort, and, representing the father, was the head of the whole operations of the house. The second, Solomon, born in 1774, became a citizen of Vienna, where he is held in high estimation as a man, as well as a member of the most stupendous banking house in the world. The fourth son, Charles, was born in 1788, and has, since 1821, conducted the house at Naples, where his popularity is equal to any of his brothers. The youngest son, Jacob, was born in 1792, and is the banker for Paris, where he maintains a splendor that eclipses most of the princes of Europe. The third son we have yet to mention. Nathan, who was born in 1777, and became the head of the London house in 1798, was, in every intellectual respect, a giant. It was observed of him, that should he share in the chase, it would only be to hunt elephants.

These five houses, combining all the financial resources of Europe in their movements, which are always simultaneous, have exercised for fifty years a power unseen but overwhelming. Near

ly all the government debts of Europe are of their contracting. Through the wars of Buonaparte, their information was always correct, and always in advance of the British government, which was often a dependant upon them for information as well as for means of action.

Although their residences were always widely separated, each controlling all means of information, no important transaction was entered into without consultation and strict harmony of opinion among them all. Commercial exchanges, and all movements of business, were often known to and controlled by the old Jew in Frankfort, who could, in the exercise of his great power, look with contempt upon feeble despots crying to him for help; and the aid asked depended upon the assent of the five brothers. Accordingly, they were courted in every possible way. In 1813 they were made private commercial counselors to the Hessian government; also to the Austrian emperor, who conferred on them the rank of barons.

In 1836 Nathan died, leaving £6,300,000, and seven children, of whom four were sons. The eldest, Lionel, who had been made Knight of Isabella by the Catholics at Madrid, and who is a Baron of Austria in right of his father, appeared, in 1836, on the London Change, in the place his father had occupied for thirty-eight years. This gentleman it is who has become a member of Parliament at the expense of a change in the English constitution.

Immortality.

I CANNOT believe that the earth is my abiding place. It cannot be that we are cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves and sink into nothingness!

Else why is it that the aspirations which leap like angels, from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars who hold their festival around the midnight throne are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our heart?

We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth; there is a realm where rainbows never fade; where the stars will be out before us, like islets that slumber on the ocean; and where the beings that pass before us like shadows, will stay in our presence forever.—
Bulwer.

IF a person is continually complaining of the town in which he lives, it only proves that he is not fit to live in it.

HE who eats till he is sick, must fast till he is well.

National Debt of Great Britain.

THIS debt amounts to about eight hundred millions of pounds sterling, or nearly four thousand millions of dollars. It is not imagined that it is ever to be paid, and all that can be done is to pay the interest, which amounts to about one hundred and fifty millions of dollars yearly. To pay this, the government is obliged to tax the people severely. This is one of the causes why the people of England, Scotland, and Ireland, suffer so much misery.

To show the enormous amount of the British debt, some one has made the following calculation :

"Its weight in gold would be 6,282 tons ; in silver, 120,000 tons ; its transportation in gold would require 26 ships of 250 tons each ; 12,581 horse carts, each carrying half a ton, and forming a procession of 25 miles in length, or 281,769 soldiers, each carrying 50 lbs. In sovereigns, piled one upon another, they would be 710 miles in height ; laying them side by side, and touching each other, they would form a chain of gold of 11,048 miles in length, or nearly twice the circumference of the moon. The same amount in one pound notes, sewed together, would carpet a turnpike road 40 feet broad and 1040 miles long, or from Land's End to John O'Groat's and half way back again ; if sewed together end to end, they would form a bandage reaching four times round the world, or sixteen times round the moon. Divide the debt equally among the inhabitants of the world, and each person, man, woman, or child, of every

color, would receive as their share 16s. ; it would require 476 ships of 250 tons each to transport it in silver from Mexico (provided the mines in that country could furnish it), and after reaching England, 240,000 one-horse carts, carrying half a ton each, making a procession 677 miles long, or 5,000,000 of men carrying 50 lbs. each, to deposit it in the vaults, prior to its use for the redemption of outstanding pledges !

A Roman Philosopher.

PICTETUS, a noted philosopher, lived at Rome in a little cottage, with not so much as a door to it. His attendant was an old woman ; he had no furniture but an earthen lamp, to the light of which we owe some beautiful and divine thoughts. A person hoping to acquire the same wisdom as the philosopher, foolishly bought the lamp and paid an enormous price for it, thinking thereby he should acquire great wisdom. But the light of the lamp did not do : the light of the mind, whence these thoughts sprung, was still wanting.

We laugh at the folly of this silly act ; but do we not something allied to it every day, when we foolishly hope to raise ourselves without any personal effort ? In vain is the lamp lighted without the torch of wisdom, which is the product of labor, to feed the flame. Every one who would be truly great, must make himself so by his own exertions. Wealth may be transmitted, but talent cannot be bequeathed.—*Selected.*

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

I AM in excellent humor, Boys and Girls; and what do you think is the reason? Just read the three following letters, and you will know the answer, at least in part.

Lynn, August 12, 1848.

MR. MERRY—

I have received the numbers of the *Museum* and *Playmate* for July and August, and like them exceedingly. I have spoken to some of my friends, and ten of them have agreed to give their names to the agent here as subscribers. I think if you keep the work as interesting as it is now, you will soon have twenty thousand subscribers, which you say you want. I am your friend,

JANE S—.

Utica, August 9, 1848.

MESSRS. MERRY & PARLEY—

The numbers of the *Museum* and *Playmate* for July and August have come very late, and this was a disappointment; but when I got them, they were so interesting as to make up for it. I think that you have hit upon a good plan to unite your labors, and I assure you that all your friends here will take pains to increase the circulation of the work. I think the picture, in the August number, of Guy Fawkes' Day in London, is very funny; but what I like best is, the Lines to a Bob Link in Boston. Excuse me for writing to you, for I am, sir, one of your blue-eyed friends and admirers.

S. S. P.

Waterbury, Ct., July 24, 1848.

MR. MERRY—

We are twin brothers, with "black eyes and blue," and have taken your *Museum* for the last three years; and so great has been the pleasure afforded us from its perusal, that we have been induced, for two years past, to try our hands at obtaining subscribers for it, among our playmates, which we are happy to say has been attended with pretty good success.

We hope to get more this year, as it is likely to be more interesting than ever, since Peter Parley has consented to assist you. We are but nine years old, and have written but little; but we intend to "put *our* heads together" before long, and give you a description of *something*—perhaps of the beautiful and flourishing town in which we reside, where pins and buttons are made in sufficient quantities "to pin up" and "button up" all the black-eyed and the blue-eyed boys and girls in the United States.

Respectfully,

EDWARD AND ALLAN.

Such letters as these assure me that our *Museum* and *Playmate* is becoming a favorite, and nothing gratifies me more than to be successful in pleasing my young friends. I have lots of letters this month, only a few of which I can insert. Here is a very pleasant one, and the *Museum* shall be sent for six months to pay for it:

Manse of Smithfield, July 18, 1848.

MR. MERRY—

We are three of your little readers who live back of the Blue Mountain, and about eight miles from the Delaware Water Gap.

Your beautiful Museum was a present from dear grandma, and we were delighted with it.

We waited some time after the year expired, thinking that we could get a dollar so as to take it another year; but our papa takes several periodicals, and, like many country ministers, is obliged to economize—and he thinks that he cannot afford it.

I send you a dollar for the past year, and regret that we can no more hail the Museum in its monthly visits.

We could bear the disappointment, was there one family besides our own that take it in Monroe County, Penn.

Please accept this, my first enigma, from your friend, Susan H. J., for herself and two others:

ENIGMA.

I am composed of sixteen letters.

My 16, 2, 4, and 7, is a delightful fruit.

My 1, 2, 8, and 13, is a fleet animal.

My 7, 12, and 1, is a river in the western part of the United States.

My 14, 15, and 16, is a town in France.

My 4, 14, 7, and 10, is a town in Hindoostan.

My 7, 6, and 11, is a troublesome quadruped.

My 3, 4, and 5, is a profession which abounds in every county town.

My 9, 10, 11, 12, and 13, is what we cannot live without.

My whole is one of God's stupendous works.

I was once visiting about fifty miles from home, when a little cousin requested me to tell him a story. I complied. He was very attentive, but when I had finished, said that he did not understand me, and could not unless it was printed. I happened to think of this to-day as I was writing to you, and as the family of my cousin take the Museum he can have the pleasure of seeing it in print, if you think it worthy of it.

About two miles from our house there is a thick forest, which covers a large tract of land. In this forest dwells a tribe of people, degraded in the extreme. They are descended from one family, and though descendants of whites, betray no small affinity to the African race by their tawny color. They live in wretched huts, lighted only by the door, or crevices in the roofs for chimneys. They sometimes go without eating for two days, and it is only when starvation stares them in the face that they work at all. They then make a few splinter brooms for sale. They eat at every house they stop at, and so get enough to live on for the next two days.

When whortleberry time comes, they are all bestirring themselves to get them for sale. In exchange for berries they will take flour, pork, money, or clothes.

It is seldom or never that they go to meeting, and when they do, it is because they have lost one of their num-

ber, and then their appearance is really painful. There, is a man whose hair is so long that it conceals his neck—here, a man who has a hole in both his elbows, and a hat too large for him—there, a woman whose cheeks are nothing but skin and bone. The whole tribe is a picture of wretchedness. And why? Because they are too idle to improve the talents which God has given them.

They are compelled to go without eating, because they will not work.

They cannot read the Bible—indeed, most of them do not know their letters. They have an opportunity to go to Sabbath school, but they reject it. You may well think that such a people can have no religion, or else they would be industrious, and try to learn to read.

Truly we might say, “Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise.”

Your youthful friend, S. H. J.

Hartford, July, 1848.

MR. MERRY—

I suppose you do not despise the day of small things; therefore, I will tell you a little of myself.

This is now the second year that I have taken your magazine. The way I happened to take it was this. I was getting quite fond of sipping tea and coffee. I was told that it was not good for me, but I still kept asking for it. One day one of my friends told me, if I would not drink tea nor coffee for one year, he would give me a dollar. I was quite pleased with the idea; and, contrary to my friend's expectation, I kept my promise to the end of the year,

and completely weaned myself from the habit.

I then was advised to spend my dollar for your magazine. I did so; and it has added much to my happiness and improvement. When December came, I felt extremely anxious to raise money enough to subscribe for another year. I saved my pennies, which were given me, and did little jobs of work until I had collected fifty cents. I was quite perplexed to know how I should get the remainder. Yet I was not so much troubled as to prevent me from bounding out of bed with joy on the morning of New Year's day, 1848, and running about the house, which is a large hotel in the goodly city of Hartford, wishing every one I met a happy new year.

I eagerly picked up the pennies which were thrown me. And occasionally a white piece of money was dropped into my hand. Before the close of the day, I had gained enough to make up my dollar. I then went to the agent for your magazine, subscribed, and brought home the January number, and a happy boy was I. If you please to make known to any of your young readers my plan, you are welcome to do so. Your friend,

T. H. R.

Boston, July 26, 1848.

MR. S. ORLANDO POST—

DEAR SIR—Seeing that your many black-eyed and blue-eyed subscribers sometimes send you puzzles, I have sent you the following. If you think it worthy, please give it a place in your

Museum, and you will confer a favor upon me.

Yours truly,

ALONZO G. C—T.

PUZZLE.

My 13, 20, and 12, is a foreign article of commerce.

My 14, 22, and 21, is a part of my whole.

My 23, 16, 7, 7, 16, and 5, is a plant peculiar to the south.

My 6, 21, 16, and 5, is a metal.

My 2, 6, and 19, is a pronoun.

My 9, 24, 11, 8, and 15, is a foreign fruit.

My 17, 16, 4, and 21, is one of the nine digits.

My 5, 3, and 9, is a nickname.

My 18, 22, and 21, is what we could not well do without.

My 17, 4, 21, 5, 12, 23, and 3, is used for warming houses.

My 5, 20, 10, and 1, is the habitation of birds.

My whole is a confederacy.

Old Church, Va., July 8, 1848.

MR. EDITOR—

I am a new subscriber to the Museum, and I like it very much indeed. I send inclosed a puzzle, together with the answer to one in the June number of the Museum. It is "*Haroun Al Raschid*."

Please see that my Museum is sent as soon as you can. You will much oblige me by inserting the puzzle.

Yours truly, TEMPLE E.

PUZZLE.

I am composed of twenty letters.

My 1, 2, 19, 20, 1, 4, is a name.

My 2, 20, 4, is an adverb.

My 3, 6, 14, is an answer sometimes given to a question.

My 4, 17, 2, is the organ of sight.

My 5, 12, 14, is a kind of fish.

My 6, 18, 4, is a kind of liquor.

My 7, 9, 8, 14, is an adjective.

My 8, 2, 20, 19, is an arithmetical figure.

My 9, 3, is a grammatical article.

My 10, 11, 16, 5, 18, 4, 17, is a boy's name.

My 11, 2, 2, 18, is a part of the foot.

My 12, 13, 4, is a neuter verb.

My 13, 19, 2, is an animal.

My 14, 19, 3, is an adverb.

My 15, 17, 18, 4, 20, was a president of the United States.

My 16, 15, is a proposition.

My 17, 16, 10, 11, 15, is a small ship.

My 18, 19, 19, is a game with cards.

My 19, 16, 15, is a kind of grain.

My 20, 9, 15, is a small animal.

My whole is a distinguished American officer.

New York, August 5.

MR. MERRY—

I am delighted with Merry's Museum and Parley's Playmate, and especially with the enigmas and riddles. I believe I have guessed out the answers to them all, except that in the July number, which is too difficult. The answer to the biographical riddle in the August number is, I think, *Louis Philippe*. The answer to the charade is *hair*. Am I right?

JAMES K. E—.

Ans. Yes, you are right.—R. M.

Song of the Yellow Bird.

WORDS BY PETER PARLEY—MUSIC BY E. L. WHITE.

1. I am a lit - tle Yel - low Bird, And blithe as blithe can
be My jack - et, it is black and gold, My
song is hack - a - per - nee; Weet, weet, Hack - a - per - nee!

2. You see me on the thistle top—
You see me on the tree—
You see a merry yellow bird,
A-singing hack-a-per-nee—
Weet, weet,
Hack-a-per-nee!

3. I do not love the forest wild,
But choose the cultured lea;
And where the seeds are plentiest
I sing my hack-a-per-nee—
Weet, weet,
Hack-a-per-nee!

4. High up in air, with tossing wing,
You may me often see;
And if you list, are sure to hear
My song of hack-a-per-nee—
Weet, weet,
Hack-a-per-nee!

5. Who would not be a yellow bird,
So happy and so free;
All gayly drest in golden vest,
And singing hack-a-per-nee—
Weet, weet,
Hack-a-per-nee!

6. And would ye know the song I sing,
And what its thought may be?
'Tis love and joy to me and mine—
My simple hack-a-per-nee—
Weet, weet,
Hack-a-per-nee!

7. And would ye be as blithe as I,
Why, then as gentle be;
As innocent as yellow bird,
A-singing hack-a-per-nee—
Weet, weet,
Hack-a-per-nee!

11

11

11



I'VE gathered flowers 'mid meadowy dew ;
I bring them all, fair friend, to you.
The blushing rose, sweet columbine,
Lily, carnation, all are thine :
Take them, fair friend, and let them be
Tokens of love 'twixt me and thee.



Autumn.

IN the early ages of the world, it was the custom of mankind to give effect to their abstract ideas by visible and substantial images. Thus *love* was represented as a rosy boy ; *beauty*, as a lovely woman ; *spring*, as a maiden moving over the land and scattering flowers along her track ; *winter*, as an aged man, bent and shivering, though clad in furs, and having icicles hanging tremulous from his nose and beard.

But these fancies of mankind became at last impious, for they made gods of mere pictures of the imagination. Yet we have gained some advantages from the vain mythology of antiquity ; we have derived from it a thousand poetical ideas and beautiful expressions. Our every-day forms of speech and modes of thinking are very much influenced by the ideas that have floated down to us from ages long gone by.

According to the ancient Romans, the goddess of flowers was *Flora*. They really believed that such a being existed, and they offered her sacrifices, paid her divine worship, built temples, and reared statues in honor of her. The poets described her as the daughter of the West Wind, and as a blooming and beautiful female, with a wreath of flowers in her left hand. The people believed that they could actually see this lovely being at mid-summer morn, floating along upon some sunlit cloud, or glancing like a wreath of light over the meadows and gardens.

Now, although we know that this was a vain belief, yet we cannot deny that it was very beautiful; and to this day it is common for poets and others, in order to give life and reality to abstract ideas, to speak of *Flora*, a beautiful spirit, imagined still to preside over the roses, and lilies, and camelias, and columbines—and all the numerous sisterhood of blossoms.

In the same way it is still customary to speak of *autumn* as a spirit—a being that presides over the ripening fruits, and bringing to perfection the peaches, the pears, the apples, the walnuts, chestnuts, and butternuts. And, inasmuch as this gives life and beauty to thought and speech, it is a custom to be commended. And now, gentle reader, it is October—it is autumn—and we have a few words to say about it; and in view of the custom above alluded to, we beg leave to introduce to you this goodly season, under the idea of a maiden, with black eyes, the very image of That *Handsome Subscriber of ours* in

the town of ———. Here she comes! She speaks in rhyme, as is the custom with persons of her rank and condition.

See, the gaudy flowers are fled—
Rose and lily, all are dead;
The forest leaf is sere and yellow,
But the fruit is ripe and mellow.

Flora comes with rosy bloom,
Breathing incense and perfume;
But she leaves the field to me—
Gentle friends, come here and see!

There hangs the plum, and there the pear,
The apple swings abundant there,
And hark! in yonder wood I hear
The rattling nut, to childhood dear.

You say, perchance, that I am sober—
A melancholy, gray October,
But still you eat my fruit, I see,
And thus, methinks, *make love to me!*

Friction Matches.

FIRE is said to be a good servant, but a bad master. It is indeed most convenient and necessary, but what awful consequences sometimes ensue from its getting the upper hand of us!

Among savages, it is a great operation to get fire, which is usually produced by rubbing dry sticks together. With us, friction matches give us fire in an instant. The use of them is common in all civilized countries. It has been recently estimated that about 5,000,000,000 are annually consumed in Great Britain alone.

The commonness of these little conveniences ought not to make us insensible of the danger of using them carelessly.

The White Dress;

OR IMPATIENCE PUNISHED.

ONE of our young friends has sent us the following interesting and instructive story, to which we give a willing place:

Lizzie Percival had accepted, for the first time, an invitation to tea. She was now eight years old, and felt at least four years older since this important affair had been decided in her favor. Her kind mother had hesitated some time before she consented to let her go; but little Ellen Gray, who was to give the tea-party, was as gentle and as good a child as Mrs. Percival could wish as a companion for her daughter.

Lizzie was as gay and as happy as an uncaged bird. She lived in a small town on the banks of the Connecticut river, with a mother devoted to her, and a little sister of two years old.

She had a dog and kitten, two white doves, several rabbits, and a great many hens and chickens. Mrs. Percival had a swing put up, a tilt made, a seat built in a large apple tree—in short, in and around the house there were all sorts of games for the little girl's amusement.

Lizzie awoke early on the morning of the day assigned for the tea-party, and wished to begin her toilet immediately. Her mother told her that she would soil her white frock long before five o'clock, the time that she was to go, and that having torn one the day before, she would have none other to wear.

Why will not little children think that their mothers know best? Why did Lizzie persist in having on her white dress and little kid slippers? You would perhaps think that Mrs. Percival should not have allowed her child to *persist*, and should not have yielded to her importunity; but she wished to impress upon her little daughter's mind the folly of impatience, and how wrong it is to be obstinate; and so she was dressed according to her desire.

At nine o'clock, Lizzie went to her lessons. Her governess asked her why she was so gayly dressed. Lizzie informed her, with a very important air, that she was going to drink tea with Ellen Gray!

Miss Weston could not help smiling, and tried to persuade Lizzie to take off her white frock. But she replied to her governess very rudely, and sat down, in a sulky mood, to her writing lesson. Instead of writing *try*, she wrote *tea*; and instead of *pretty*, she wrote *party*. She saw her mistakes, and hastily taking some ink to correct them, let a large drop fall on her dress. Poor Lizzie! This was only the beginning of what she had imagined would prove her happy day.

She seized her handkerchief, and in trying to wipe out the ink, only made matters worse. She then took Miss Weston's penknife, which had been left on Lizzie's desk, thinking she would erase the ink; but not being used to such an operation, she cut a large jagged hole in the thin muslin.

Miss Weston now came to look at

the writing-book, and poor Lizzie, with tears in her eyes, showed her the unfortunate dress. Her governess felt sorry for her, and with a little salts of lemon, took out nearly all the ink, and then carefully darned the rent made by the penknife.

Now, if Lizzie Percival had been as careful as some little girls of my acquaintance, all might have yet gone pretty well; but after her lessons, she ran out to see her chickens, and forgetting that it had rained the night before, dashed through the wet grass, and her thin bronze slippers were soaked through in a moment.

She reached the poultry-yard, and ran in among her feathered friends. She fed them, and then went to see her bunnies. These, however, were not to be found in the yard, and she went after them into a field, where she dabbled her pretty pantalets in the long wet grass.

Her search after the rabbits was vain, and she went into the house, ashamed to show herself to her mama. She stayed some time in her room, and then mustering up all her courage, went down into the parlor where Mrs. Percival was seated, occupied with her needle. Her mother looked up as she entered the room, and then went on with her work.

It was at last four o'clock, and Lizzie asked her mother if she might get ready to go. Mrs. Percival now called her daughter to her, and directed her attention to a zig-zag rent in her dress which poor Lizzie had not noticed; nor did the hole cut in the morn-

ing with a penknife, though skilfully darned, escape the mother's vigilant eye.

Lizzie had been trained in the habit of telling the truth, and when her mother inquired how this had happened, she gave a correct account of the unfortunate accident. By the time Mrs. Percival remarked her ruined shoes and her soiled pantalets, poor Lizzie's hopes had vanished, and she stood with tears in her eyes awaiting her mother's decision; Mrs. Percival, however, did not speak, and Lizzie again asked—"Mother, may I go?" The reply was, "Yes, my child." Lizzie's tears were now replaced by smiles, and she ran to kiss her mother, who rung the bell, and ordered Lizzie's clean dress, the only one she had, and her new shoes.

Meantime Lizzie was dancing round the room, forming plans for the pleasures of the afternoon, and saying how glad all her little friends would be to see her, and how like a little lady she would behave. She heard the maid on the stairs, and ran to receive her precious dress and shoes. Alas! one was made of calico, and the others were thick leather shoes, such as she was accustomed to wear in muddy weather.

If she had been surprised when her mother said she might go, she now understood her real meaning. It was of course impossible for her to make the visit in a calico dress and thick shoes. She went into tears, and as she sat in her room the remainder of the afternoon, she had leisure to think

over her want of sense, her obstinacy, and her unreasonableness. Oh, how differently had every thing turned out from what she had hoped and expected! She had ruined a new dress and a pair of shoes, had lost the much longed-for tea-party, and above all, had been obstinate and grieved her mother.

Lizzie did not see her mother again that night, and the next morning she was not happy until she had sought and obtained her mother's forgiveness. Some of her little acquaintances called and asked her why she did not go to Ellen Gray's, telling how delightfully the time passed away. They described the beautiful table set out on the lawn, the dancing, the lottery, the games and amusements. We need not say that Lizzie's eyes were filled with tears, at the thought of what she had lost. She however replied to the question as to why she was absent, by saying that she had been obstinate, and had merited the punishment she received.

From that day, Lizzie rapidly improved. The lesson she had received was a severe one, but it was nevertheless wholesome, and she never forgot it. She is now remarkable for her discretion, her patience, and the care she takes of her things.

If, my dear reader, you ever should make her acquaintance, ask her to show you a little soiled white frock, and a pair of ruined slippers, that she keeps as memorials of her childish folly, in days gone by.

MEENA.

HASTE makes waste.

Newburgh.

NEWBURGH, August 12, 1848.

MY DEAR MR. MERRY—During the few days I have spent in this place, I have enjoyed such a variety of sights and scenes, that I fear any account I may give must appear to you desultory. Still, as you would hardly expect of me the method of a sermonizer, I trust you will be indulgent.

A person's first sail up the Hudson river must be an era in his life, inasmuch as the impression of so much beauty and sublimity is necessarily graven in lasting *daguerreotype* on the mind. And in after scenes, even mid the turmoil and din of the crowded, artificial city, one can close his weary eyes, and through "eyelids shut" see and be refreshed with the lovely panorama of palisade and highland, valley and summit, light and shade, clouds and water, till one offers to nature a kind of involuntary worship, and is almost constrained to say with Goethe, "The beautiful is higher than the good."

The first afternoon of my excursion was one of those radiant, midsummer days, when, the clear waters reflecting blue sky, fleecy clouds, and dark highlands, the river seemed imbued with the beauty of sky, earth, and water. I thought, while the noble boat "Hendrick Hudson" was bearing us so gallantly on, how delightful to have been with the Adventurer himself in his first exploring of these glorious waters. The utter solitude, the stillness, the awful absence of civilized life, the fearful neighborhood of savage and animal

life, the blending of sublimity without horror, and beauty without sameness, must have been almost too much for mortal man, and strained his finite powers almost to grasp the infinite. Now art seems at strife with nature, and the hewing hand of utility is writing on the river margin, "*Death to the picturesque,*" while the force of enterprise displayed in stately barges and swift boats on its surface, proclaim that the days of dreaming are over, and that "cui bono" is the query in every mouth.

One is sometimes painfully recalled from the contemplation of the sublime, and plunged down that fatal step to the ridiculous, which, for the time, is irremediable. Such was my misfortune, when, withdrawing my eyes from the summit of a lofty highland, I noticed below a sort of entrenchment, projecting into the water, laden with pumps, machines for raising heavy weights, steam engines, and workmen busily intent upon some labor, the object of which was to me not altogether apparent. Upon inquiry, I was told that this was the site of the famous humbug regarding Captain Kidd's money. On this spot speculators pretend to have ascertained that the pirate sunk his ship, laden with gold; and here, for three or four years, have been at work engines, and diving bells, and steam, to bring up the lost treasure—a labor about as fruitful as drawing water in a sieve. I could but smile and sigh for the credulity of human nature, which seems to grasp at, and swallow an absurdity, just in proportion as it is monstrous.

But it was not my purpose to give you a description of the points of interest on the Hudson, which have so often received their due from the pens of travelers. I sat down to tell you something of this goodly town of Newburgh, which, I must say, is like persons we sometimes meet with—it improves upon acquaintance. The impression one receives on approaching it from the river, is the opposite of favorable; for, situated upon a steep side-hill, the houses seemed piled without method one above the other, and the churches, facing in a contrary direction, look as if the temples of worship were turning their backs upon the wickedness of the private houses. Then the ascent from the landing to Grand street deviates very little from the perpendicular, and, both from the difficulty and narrowness of the way, reminds one of the path to Heaven. I noticed here an exceedingly fat Dutch woman perspiring up the hill, and the expression of her face seemed to say, "Ah, who can tell how hard it is to climb the steep!" However, a paradise proved the goal of my labors, and I realized once that the desirable is sometimes obtained by a scramble.

As a large portion of the Newburghers are persons who have retired from the dusty bustle of New York life, they appreciate the natural beauties they find among "the green pastures" and beside the "still waters" out of town, and take great pleasure in making strangers acquainted with all points of interest. Among the first objects that greet the visitor, is the Headquarter

House, consecrated by the sojourn of Washington during the encampment of his army in Newburgh. The house enjoys a noble site. From the front piazza, the view up the river is superb, and down the river it is sublime. Of course, the house is very rude and antique in its appearance, although in the olden time it was considered extremely elegant. Built in Dutch style, of cemented stones, the exterior is peculiar enough; but the interior, to one accustomed to modern improvements, seems absurd in the extreme. The principal room, in which Washington received his guests and transacted business, is an ample, low apartment, with only one window, and that smaller than those we are accustomed to in our attics; and nine doors, five of them communicating with adjacent apartments, one in the ceiling, and two in the floor. The object was, that in case of emergency the commander-in-chief should be able to communicate with every part of the house. His bed-room, adjoining this, was small, and seemed a lowly place for the repose of greatness; but the exhibitor of the house, who seemed to take great pride in it, assured me it was luxurious for a soldier of those times. The garret, independent of association, is interesting as a curiosity, from the astonishing collection of timbers, arranged, I should think, on the principle of defying skill with strength. There surely were beams enough to form a block of modern houses. The building seemed to me about as clumsy for a house as the "Chinese Junk" did for a ship. They point to a crack at one corner, facing

down the river, which they say was made by the striking of a cannon ball from an enemy's ship on the river, but I do not know that the story is authentic.

These antiquities of the revolution, and especially such as are nearly connected with Washington, are becoming yearly more interesting, and this place, which has been in past years valueless in market, now rendered precious by historical associations, commands a large price, and, it is thought, will be purchased by the town of Newburgh, and the grounds inclosed as a public park.

Although the *élite* of this town, as their names indicate, are principally descended from Dutch ancestors, there are a great number of Scotch descendants resident here; and here they have a Scottish church, whose services I was very glad to attend. I presume you will be amused to hear a description of the performances there.

In the first place, the version of Psalms that was used is heavy, quaint, and defective in rhyme and measure; to a stranger, it seems calculated to provoke mirth rather than to inspire solemnity. The lines are meted out so, that in order to give the measure, *spirit* is almost always sung *sprit*, which sometimes seems like a nickname and a mockery. Then sometimes a word has to be unduly stretched, as *sal-va-ti-on*. I have heard of a person not accustomed to the version, singing Jacob at the end of a line thus—*Ja-dee-dee-dee-cob*.

Yet these good people, accustomed from childhood to this method, are so far from perceiving its peculiarities,

that the strict portion refuse to invite to their communion any one who sings any other version of the Psalms of David than theirs. Even Watts is cast out as heretical, and the spiritual songs of Cowper, Montgomery, and Kirk White, are regarded as heathenish when used in the service of the sanctuary.

Strange as all this appears to us, these good people have progressed many steps since the days of their ancestors, the Covenanters.

I believe, Mr. Merry, that even in New England, there was a bitter controversy, some fifty years ago, about Psalm books in the churches; and so we have only to consider the Scotch church of Newburgh about fifty years behind. And even if they are so, perhaps they have old-fashioned virtues enough to make up for their peculiarities. At any rate, I find myself very happy among them, and should be glad to tell you many other pleasant things about them, if I had not written too much already. I am yours, truly,

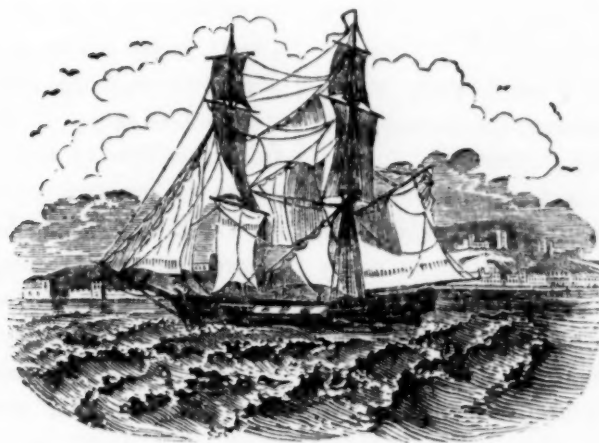
MEETA.

Curious Facts in Natural History.

THE rattlesnake finds a superior foe in the deer and the blacksnake. Whenever a buck discovers a rattlesnake in a situation which invites attack, he loses no time in preparing for battle. He approaches within ten or twelve feet of the snake—then leaps forward and aims to sever the body of his enemy with his sharp bicipitated hoofs. The first onset is most

commonly successful; but if otherwise, the buck repeats the trial until he cuts the snake in twain. The rapidity and fatality of his skilful manœuvres leave but a slight chance for its victim either to escape or to inject his poison into his more alert antagonist. The blacksnake is also more than an equal competitor against the rattlesnake. Such is its celerity of motion, not only in running, but in entwining its victim, that the rattlesnake has no way of escaping from its fatal embrace. When the blacksnake and rattlesnake are about to meet for battle, the former darts forward at the height of his speed, and strikes at the neck of the latter with unerring certainty, leaving a foot or two of the upper part of his own body at liberty. In an instant he encircles him with five or six folds; he then stops and looks the strangled and gasping foe in the face, to ascertain the effect produced upon his corseted body. If he shows signs of life, the coils are multiplied and the screws tightened—the operator all the while narrowly watching the countenance of the helpless victim. Thus the two remain thirty or forty minutes—the executioner then slackens one coil, noticing at the same time if any signs of life appear; if so, the coil is resumed, and retained until the incarcerated wretch is completely dead. The moccasin snake is destroyed in the same way by the blacksnake.

EVERY thing great is not always good, but all good things are great.



A Scene at Sea.

THERE was a ship sailing over the dark blue sea. Slowly it passed on through the waves, for the wind from the northwest, though not absolutely contrary, favored its progress but little. There were no stormy billows around it, though the large, heavy swell of the Atlantic, where it meets the waters of St. George's Channel, heaved it up and down as if it had been a feather on the bosom of the waters. Yet it was a goodly bark, of many hundred tons burden, nearly new from the ship-builder's hands, and laden with a precious freight of human life. With every sail set to catch the light breeze, she ploughed her way onward toward the far West.

The moon was still far below the horizon, for she rose very late, and there was a heavy mass of low clouds overhead; the feathery fringe of that dark veil, sometimes descending in mist till it swept the sea beneath, and made the lamps over the compass glow like a hazy meteor. Yet if the heavens denied its stars, the ocean seemed to have

its lights: for ever and anon, as the waves broke upon the vessel's side, flashes of fire, as they seemed, would spangle the foamy tide, and suddenly disappear. But still all was black, and solemn, and silent around; and there was something strange, and dream-like, and unreal in finding one's self borne thus stilly onward in the midst of that inscrutable darkness, over that wide and gloomy swell of waters. The rush, and the ripple, and the faint whisper of the wind amid the rigging, were the only sounds; and the lights were but the phosphorescent sparkle of the waves, the glare of the lamp, and a phantom-like form walking here and there upon the deck.

JAMES.

 Epitaph on an Infant.

ERE sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
 Death came with friendly care,
 The opening bud to Heaven conveyed,
 And bade it blossom there.

Effect of Pictures.

THE celebrated French poet, traveler, and statesman, Lamartine, tells us the following story.

"When I was a child, my mother taught me to read in a Bible which had engravings on sacred subjects on every page. They depicted Sarah, Joseph, and Samuel; and, above all, those beautiful patriarchal scenes, in which the solemn and primitive nature of the East was blended with all the acts of the simple and wonderful lives of the fathers of mankind. When I had repeated my lesson well, and read with only a fault or two the half page of historical matter, my mother uncovered the engraving, and holding the book open in her lap, showed and explained it to me as my recompense.

"She was endowed by nature with a mind as pious as it was tender, and with the most sensitive and vivid imagination. All her thoughts were sentiments, and every sentiment was an image. Her beautiful, noble, and benignant countenance reflected, in its radiant physiognomy, all that glowed in her heart, and all that was painted in her thoughts; and the silvery, affectionate, solemn, and impassioned tone of her voice added to all that she said an accent of strength, grace, and love, which still sounds in my ear after six years of absence.

"The sight of these engravings, the explanations, and the poetical commentaries of my mother, inspired me, from the most tender infancy with a taste and inclination for biblical lore.

"From the love of the things themselves, to the desire of seeing the places where these things had occurred, there was but a step. I burned, therefore, from the age of eight years, with a desire to go and visit those mountains on which God descended; those deserts where the angel pointed out to Hagar the hidden spring, whence her famished child, dying with thirst, might derive refreshment; those rivers flowed from the terrestrial paradise; the spot in the firmament at which the angels were ascending and descending Jacob's ladder. The desire grew with my growth, and strengthened with my strength. I was always dreaming of traveling in the East. I never ceased arranging in my mind a vast and religious epopee, of which these beautiful spots should be the principal scene."

The Lost Child.

THE following story, furnished by a Young Correspondent, is cheerfully admitted to our columns.

Some years ago, there lived in Paris a widow lady by the name of Beauchamp. Her husband had been dead two or three years, and she had laid three little children in the grave; one only remained to her, and on this child her whole happiness seemed to depend. Little Louise was a beautiful girl of four years old, loving her mother, as *all children should*, with the most ardent affection.

One could scarcely see any thing more lovely than she. Her bright black eyes, and silky, black hair falling in waving curls on her neck, her full, red cheeks, her ruby lips, ever inviting a kiss, her graceful little form, and her tiny hands and feet, excited the admiration of all who saw her. She was too young to be vain of her beauty, and she only made use of the glass to see what queer faces she could make.

Besides her mother, her only real friend was her dog Bijou, a sprightly little fellow, just fit to be her companion. Never were they separated. Even when Louise was learning to read, Bijou must be at her side. During the long summer nights, he slept at her feet, and in winter upon them.

It was a pretty sight to see their gambols on a summer eve. Louise would sit down upon the grass, lift her little arm, and over it would go Bijou, as easily as may be. His only reward was a kiss from his little mistress, which he seemed to appreciate highly. He would give his paw, when told, stand upon his hind legs, take his tail in his mouth and whirl round, jump through a hoop—indeed, perform almost as many tricks as a showman's dog, and much more gracefully.

Mrs. Beauchamp never trusted Louise out of her sight, except for two hours each day, when she went with her *bonne*, or nurse, to play in the gardens of the Tuilleries. These gardens belong to the palace of that name, and are the favorite resort of children and nurses.

One bright summer day, Louise and

her nurse set out, Bijou, as usual, scampering by the side of his little mistress, who held him by a chain attached to a silver collar. They were both in great spirits, and when they arrived at the gardens, the nurse was obliged to have her eyes every where, so as not to lose sight of the wild little playmates.

While Louise was skipping her rope,—which is a favorite amusement among the French children—Bijou must needs try the same, and three times he stopped the rope by catching his feet in it, until it was given up in despair, and a race was decided upon between Louise and three other pretty little girls. Away they went, and Bijou after them, as fast as his little short legs could carry him—for he would on no account have been left behind. He tumbled on his nose twice; but what is that to him, when he is racing with his darling mistress?

Now the nurse was having a very interesting conversation with one of her friends she had met, and for a moment she forgot her charge. Oh! that she could recall that one moment! For during that time Louise had been enticed away by a decent, respectable-looking man, under the promise of having sugar-plums, and she was now nowhere to be seen. The little dog had gone too, and what was the nurse's anguish, when, after looking for them a long time, they were nowhere to be found. The little girls who had seen the race, told Marie the nurse that Louise had gone with a kind man to get sugar-plums. Marie now remembered how often Mrs. Beauchamp had warned

her that there were always in these gardens, persons ready to sieze upon pretty, well-dressed children, carry them off, and train them as beggars, or for the circus, and as opera dancers.

For two hours more she searched, although she knew it would be in vain. But how could she go back to a fond, devoted mother, and tell her that her darling, her only child, was lost—gone, she knew not where? She, however, mustered all her courage, and started on her way home. As she neared the house, she saw Mrs. Beauchamp looking anxiously out of the window, for she was already two hours behind her time.

Mrs. Beauchamp now appeared at the door, and when she saw not her child, and noticed Marie's eyes red with weeping, she divined the cause, and fell fainting on the floor. She was borne to a sofa. But when she recovered from her fainting fit, her reason had fled. She spoke only to call her child, and when Marie approached her bedside, a shudder seemed to pass over her, and she motioned her away.

A year passed, and still nothing had been heard of the lost Louise. Every thing had been done to find her, but in vain. Her mother now began to recover, but from that time she was a broken-hearted woman. The sight of a child would make her weep, for with it came the thought of where her own might be.

Time fled rapidly on, and three years passed. Mrs. Beauchamp, though still young, looked quite old, and her hair, before so black, had now turned gray. She rarely went abroad; but one day,

being obliged to go on some charitable mission, she set out in her curricie, accompanied by poor Marie, who now never left her.

As they crossed the Pont Neuf, one of the numerous bridges over the Seine, which runs through the city of Paris, a little girl with flowers ran by the side of the carriage, and begged her to buy a bouquet for two sous. The little girl was about seven or eight years old, and was dressed in rags.

Why does Mrs. Beauchamp start at the sound of that voice? Why does she examine so eagerly the features of that dirty little face? Reader, you have divined. Four years had not so changed Louise's face that the sharp eye of a mother could not recognize her. And now Louise begins to remember, and Bijou, who guards her little table of flowers at one end of the bridge, has not forgotten either, and wild is the delight of the faithful little fellow, at again seeing his old friends. Louise and her dog were alone at the time, the man to whom they belonged having left them for the day. Mrs. Beauchamp took them into her carriage, and the now rejoicing family rode home.

Louise's tale called the tears into her mother's eyes, when she related the rough treatment of her master. Many a time had she gone supperless to her pile of straw, for not having sold enough flowers. Each day she was threatened with punishment if she did not bring home a certain amount of money. She had at first an indistinct recollection of her home, but she soon began to recall every thing to mind. As to Bijou, one

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would have thought he was going to eat every body up.

A few days after Louise's return, an advertisement appeared in the papers, to this effect: "Any one who will bring back to No. —, Rue du Temple, a little girl with black hair and black eyes, with No. 6 marked on her gown, will be suitably rewarded." What was Mrs. Beauchamp's surprise, when Louise showed the "No. 6" upon her gown, according to the advertisement. She said that the man who stole her, had eight children employed in begging for him, each with a number marked like that of Louise.

Some of Mrs. Beauchamp's friends went to the number mentioned, in Rue du Temple, and finding the man with the children, as Louise had said, he was arrested, tried, and condemned to death.

The children were all restored to their parents, except one, whose mother had died from grief at her loss. Louise's kind mother took her to live with her, and there is now no happier family than that of the Beauchamp's.

The Doom of our World.

WHAT this change is to be, we do not even conjecture; but we see in the heavens themselves some traces of destructive elements, and some indications of their power. The fragments of broken planets—the descent of meteoric stones upon our globe—the wheeling comets welding their loose materials at the solar surface—the volcanic eruptions on our

own satellite—the appearance of new stars, and the disappearance of others—are all foreshadowers of that impending convulsion to which the system of the world is doomed. Thus placed on a planet which is to be burnt up, and under heavens which are to pass away; thus treading, as it were, on the cemeteries, and dwelling on the mausoleums of former worlds, let us learn the lesson of humility and wisdom, if we have not already been taught it in the school of revelation.—*Selected.*

Arrival from Above.

A REMARKABLE fall of *aerolites* occurred in the neighborhood of Seckertstown, Pa., on the 9th of July. In one instance, a large stone, some six feet in diameter, and resembling a mass of sulphur in appearance, went through a large tree in its descent, crushing it to atoms, and entered the earth to the depth of about twelve feet, from whence it was afterward recovered by those who witnessed its fall.

The traces of several small bodies of the same nature have been discovered in the vicinity, within a short time, and created considerable alarm. It appears that the Hon. Judge Reid has obtained permission from Joseph Drite, Esq., the proprietor of the farm where the stones fell, to remove the large one to his residence in York, where it will be exhibited for a while, after which he contemplates taking it to Baltimore for the purpose of placing it in the Museum.



The Voice Among the Leaves.

ONE of our young friends who signs herself ALMIRA, sends us the following clever allegory.

Along the green fields and over the little bridge which the old servant had flung across a tumbling stream for the tiny foot passenger, was the nearest way to the Bower of Content. It was a rosy spot, and all summer long you might gather flowers of varied tints without the toil of cultivating them. Honeysuckles twined gracefully around the rude arbors formed by the interlacing branches of the spreading trees. Clusters of birch and fir here and there interlocked their brawny arms in loving embraces, while there on the mossy green which sloped gently down to the rill, all fringed with wild flowers, did the sunbeams revel. This lovely retreat belonged by right of possession to the feathered tribe, who tripped like fairies over the velvet grass. Every spring they would bring tow, flax, wool,

and straw, to build their nests among the leaves.

One beautiful morning, just as the sun was tinging the clouds with rosy hue, a Happy Child tripped over the fields sprinkled with dew to the bower he loved so much. Flinging himself upon a mossy bank, he listened with joy to the little songsters sheltered among the green leaves. First, one sang a solo; then another strained his little throat, and tried to outdo his companion; then both mingled their voices in a duet. Presently the whole choir caught up the strain, and awoke the drowsy glen with a rich chorus. The merry boy peeped with laughing eye into their leaf-embroidered homes, watching their sports until he almost wished himself a bird.

"What makes you so happy?" asked the little boy. "Pretty bird, can you tell me?" There was a slight rustling among the leaves, and then a mellow, flute-like voice came gently floating on

the air. "*If you will always do right, little boy, you will be as happy as the little birds.*"

The gentle child started, and looked around to see from whence the voice came; but seeing no one near, he sank again upon the bank, wondering what it could mean. Just at that instant he remembered he had been very disobedient to his governess, the day before; then he remembered hearing his mama tell about a little monitor, called conscience, which always keeps near, and in the quiet hours of reflection reproves us if we have done wrong, and commends us if we have done right.

"It was conscience—I know it was! I will obey you, little monitor, and always do right. Never again will I offend or displease you by my wicked actions; you shall be my guardian angel, and then I shall be happy." So thought the little child, and in the fullness of delight derived from a discovery, he bounded over the fields.

For many days the child remembered his resolution, and was so gentle in his behaviour that he gained the good will of all around him. But one day, as he was wandering abroad in search of amusement, he met some wicked companions, who urged him to do wrong. At this moment he forgot his resolution, and yielded to their entreaties. No sooner was he left to himself, than he began to think upon what he had done; tears started in his eyes, and sorrow filled his heart. Now, although the boy was very much grieved for his fault, he did not repent, neither did he ask to be forgiven, but hugged his sin

up in his bosom, as though it was something very precious.

Soon another temptation came. So he said within himself, "My sin didn't find me out, and where will be the harm in my trying again?" He did try again. This time also he eluded detection. So the boy went on, from bad to worse.

When he had grown a young man, he went to visit his woodland home. The sun was high in the heavens, as he strolled over the fields, in search of his favorite bower. The day was sultry; so he flung himself down on the mossy bank, under the same shade that had screened him in other days. Early recollections now came rushing to his mind. At this moment a little bird alighted upon a twig beside the youth. The beautiful creature fluttered its glossy plumage, then poured forth its notes of praise to heaven, which echoed from the neighboring hills along the silent glen, in answering melody.

"Ah!" sighed the youth, "you are in possession of what I have long sought, but have not yet found. Tell me, little bird, the way to happiness."

There came a soft voice upon the air, "*If you would always do right, young man, you would be happy as the little birds.*" The voice touched a hidden string.

"I have heard notes like those before," said he, mournfully. "I then fancied it to be the voice of the good spirit whispering among the leaves, and is not this the same?" At this thought he buried his face in his hands and wept.

Hark! the distant sound of music strikes his ear. It is a pleasure party consisting of his gay companions. He dashes the tears from his eyes, bathes his fevered temples in the liquid stream, and hurries away to join the revelers. Again he mingles in thoughtless or vicious merriment, until at last his senses are intoxicated with excess.

When he arrived at the meridian of life, he said to himself, "I have been all this time in search of happiness, but have only found trouble and sorrow. Surely, life is made up of vanity. I will quit a chase in which I have gained nothing but disappointment."

At this favorable moment he thought of his woodland home, and the sweet Bower of Content. He immediately set out, and soon approached the spot. Nature looked more beautiful than ever, to his weary eye. The evening breeze stirred the leaves, and the flowers quivered upon their stems; the brook flowed smoothly over the pebbles, and laved the green bank with its ripples. The sheep were tranquilly grazing upon a distant hill-side; the cattle were feeding, or standing under the lengthening shadows, as if in mute contemplation. All was in strange contrast with the disturbed feelings of the man of care. Yielding to the influence of habit, he pursued the little foot-path leading to the bower, and flung himself upon the same mossy bank where he had reveled in the careless days of youth.

At the very moment a little bird was balanced upon a sprig, and about to carol forth his evening hymn. Again

the thoughts of childhood and youth rushed to our hero's mind, and again he inquired the way to happiness. Alas! most despairing of an answer, he was surprised to hear once more the same silvery voice, "*If you would always do right, you would be happy as the birds.*"

"And is this ever to be the reply to my inquiry?" said the man.

"*It is,*" said the voice among the leaves.

"And is there no other course?" was the reply.

"None," said the voice.

"Alas!" said the aged man, "my time is short, but happiness is still within my reach. I will do right; I will consecrate my days to virtue." The man spoke with sincerity, the resolve was written upon his heart; and though he is marked with threescore years and ten, peace shines like a sweet sunset upon his brow.

Curiosity.

SOME English people were visiting an elegant private garden at Palermo, in Sicily, and among the little ornamental buildings, they came to one upon which was written, "*Non aperite,*" that is, "Don't open." This prohibition only served to excite their curiosity, and they uncivilly proceeded to disobey the hospitable owner's injunction. On opening the door, a forcible jet of water was squirted full in their faces—a just though not a very severe retribution.

I've Lost My Way.

'Tis night! the clouds are dark—
Alone 'mid wilds I stray
No pathway can I mark;
Alas! I've lost my way!

Strange sounds are in mine ear;
Dark shapes before me play;
No gentle voice I hear;
Alas! I've lost my way!

No star lights up the sky—
No cheerful cottage ray
Falls on my straining eye;
Alas! I've lost my way.

In agony I call
For help—for help I cry!
The hollow echoes all
In wailing tones reply.

But, hark! I hear a voice
Familiar to mine ear;
Oh, let my heart rejoice;
My Father—he is here!

'Tis thus, kind Heaven, with thee:
When thy poor children stray,
'Mid sin and misery,
Losing, alas! their way—

And when for help they cry,
And ask to be forgiven,
A SAVIOUR—he is nigh,
And points their way to heaven!

PETER PARLEY.

Mr. Barber.

SOME dozen years ago, I was traveling somewhere in the beautiful county of Fairfield, in Connecticut, when I had occasion to ask my way. A person on foot, with a bundle upon his back, came along at the moment, and of him I obtained the information I desired. The man was about thirty years

of age, middle stature, plain features, ordinary dress, and common expression. There was nothing remarkable about his appearance; not a word, wink, nod, bow, or gesture, betokened genius, yet he was a genius, after all. It was neither more nor less than *John Warner Barber*, who is a poor engraver and a dull writer, yet a valuable artist and a most useful author.

I have before me the result of his travels over his native State, entitled "*Connecticut Historical Collections*." It is a capital book, full of queer epitaphs, which this second "Old Mortality" has himself gathered from tombstones; full of scraps of history, full of anecdotes and memorials of celebrated men and women, and full of very stiff but faithful pictures of villages, curiosities, and oddities. Surely, a man who could undertake and carry through such a work as this—so original in design, and so Herculean in the labor, toil, research, and travel required for its completion—is a genius. And what is more to the purpose, his genius is of the useful kind. It is not dashing, rushing, or crushing, like a spring torrent, carrying away saw-mills, bridges, roads, barns, stacks of hay, stray cattle, little children, and lonely travelers. A genius of this kind sallies forth in sonorous verse, or transcendental essay, or magniloquent romance. Mr. Barber's genius is like the gentle mizzling, drizzling rain, that makes very little noise, and is sometimes called fog, or Scotch mist, but which, nevertheless, is at once beneficial and harmless. If a temple be ever erected to ANTIQUITY, John Warner

Barber surely must have a niche and a statue. His epitaph may be as follows, in default of a better :

O stranger, stop and gaze at me !
 John Barber's image here you see.
 If on his spirit you would look,
 Why you must go and read his book ;
 You then will see, from first to last,
 He chiefly loved the *mighty past*.
 Whate'er was old was his delight,
 Whate'er was dark he brought to light ;
 He sought the dim, the quaint, the dusty,
 The strange, the lost, the odd, the musty ;
 He delved 'mid records of old times,
 From mouldy tombs rescued quaint rhymes,
 Collected tales of murrain 'mid cattle,
 Of fighting, plague, and Indian battle.
 He loved, especially, to tell
 Of Salem witches foul and fell,
 And make your hair stand straight as stick,
 With grisly legends of Old Nick.
 Such was John Barber—honest, good,
 And plain as one of his *cuts in wood*.

When I am weary of all other reading, I take up the volume above referred to, and never fail to find myself amused and refreshed. I cannot forego the temptation to give my readers a sample of John's collection. The following relates to the early writers of New Haven, one of the loveliest towns in the world, and John's abiding place. It seems that in the year 1638, sundry wealthy Puritans who had come from England, and had heard of the beautiful country around New Haven Bay, went thither, and determined upon a settlement there. The extract relates to the purchase of lands of the small tribe of Indians then resident there, and which, although bought for a few coats, porringers, knives, etc., are the very lands upon which New Haven now stands. We

shall give the extract, and a fac simile of the engraving connected therewith.

"On the 14th November, 1738, Theophilus Eaton, Esq., Mr. Davenport, and other English planters, entered into an agreement with Momauguin, sachem of that part of the country, and his councillors, respecting the lands. The articles of agreement are to this effect :

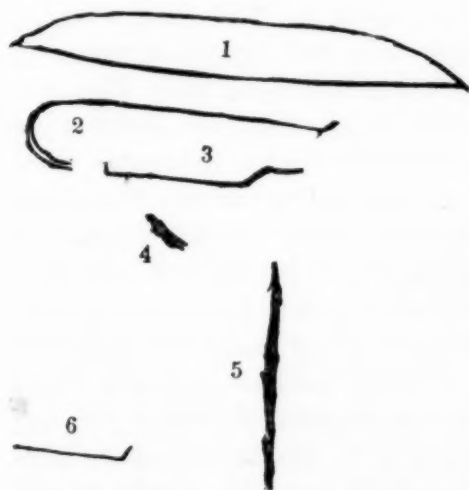
" 'That Momauguin is the sole sachem of Quinnipiac, and had absolute power to aliene and dispose of the same ; that in consequence of the protection he had tasted by the English from the Pequots and Mohawks, he yielded up all his right, title, and interest to all the land, rivers, ponds, and trees, with all the liberties and appurtenances belonging to the same, unto Theophilus Eaton, John Davenport, and others, their heirs and assigns, forever. He covenanted that neither he nor his Indians would terrify or disturb the English, or injure them in any of their interests, but that in every respect they would keep true faith with them.

" 'The English covenanted to protect Momauguin and his Indians, when unreasonably assaulted and terrified by either of the other Indians ; and that they should always have a sufficient quantity of land to plant on, upon the east side of the harbor, between that and Saybrook fort. They also covenanted that, by way of free and thankful retribution, they gave unto the said sachem and his council and company, twelve coats of English cloth, twelve alchymy spoons, twelve hatchets, twelve hoes, two dozen of knives, twelve por-

ringers, and four cases of pouch knives and scissors.'

"This agreement was signed and legally executed by Momauguin and his council, on one part, and Theophilus Eaton and John Davenport on the other. Thomas Stanton, who was the interpreter, declared in the presence of God that he had faithfully acquainted the Indians with the said articles, and returned their answer.

"The following signatures are marks of Momauguin and his councillors to the above agreement, and are copied from the ancient records of New Haven, nearly in the position in which they now stand:



1. Momauguin—his mark.

2. Sugcogisin. do.

3. Quosaquash. do.

4. Carroughood. do.

5. Woosauruck. do.

6. The mark of Shaumpi-Thuh, the sister of Momauguin, called, in the agreement, *Square Sachem*, who, it appears, had some interest in parts of the land.

This will do as a specimen of Mr. Barber's curious collections and cuts.

Curious Incidents of Memory.

I KNEW a young man who, having been seized with typhus fever at one of the universities, not long before the appointed time for his examination for academical honors, found, when sense and consciousness returned, that he had totally forgotten every word of Latin and Greek; and in a still more extraordinary instance, a lady, born in India, and brought up till she was sixteen years old by a Hindoo nurse, during an attack of fever, when she was twenty-seven, forgot entirely the English language, and for several days could speak nothing but Hindostanee, of which she had previously forgotten the very sound. Truly, we are fearfully and wonderfully made!

JAMES.

A Ride, Gratis.

As the freight train on the Rochester and Auburn Railroad stopped at the several way stations, a strange mewling was heard, and on reaching Fisher's, an investigation was made, which resulted in the discovery that a cat was within one of the plate wheels, which were hollow, and having three openings about the size of a man's fist! Poor puss had made her way into one of these holes before the starting of the train, and being unable to escape, had been carried fifteen miles; making in that distance fourteen thousand six hundred and sixty-six revolutions! On being relieved from her uncomfortable position, she manifested no particular uneasiness, but took it very coolly.



The Regicide Judges.

THE fickleness of fortune is not often more strongly exemplified, than in the lives of "Goffe and Whalley." These were both men of high standing, and during Cromwell's time they were generals. They were also among the seventy judges who formed the court which tried and condemned Charles I., in consequence of which he was executed in 1648.

Some time after Cromwell's death, Charles II., son of Charles I., came to the throne of England; and he took measures to punish, very severely, the persons who had been concerned in his father's death, and whom he considered guilty of murder. The judges who decreed his execution, and who, from being considered *king-killers*, were called *regicides*, were the especial objects of the king's vengeance. Some of them escaped by flight, some were imprisoned for life, and some were executed, by being hung at Tyburn Hill, in London.

Among the regicides who escaped, were Generals Goffe and Whalley. These took their way to America, and arrived at Boston in 1660. They were kindly received by Gov. Endicott, and resided for a time at Cambridge. The next year, finding that they were among those that King Charles designed to punish, they went to New Haven, where they were secreted by different persons. But as they had reason still to fear that they would be discovered and carried back to England to be executed, they retired to a cave in a mountain, called *West Rock*. The place is still to be seen, and is called the "*Judges' Cave*." The picture of it, at the head of this article, is copied from Barber's Connecticut Historical Collections.

In this dismal retreat the two judges lived for a long time, being supplied with food by a man living in the vicinity. He did not go to the cave, but left the food on a stump, where they came and took it. They sometimes went to

the city, and they had many narrow escapes. In one instance, they defended themselves from the sheriff, who was about to seize them, by their swords, both being expert fencers.

The dexterity of the judges in this art, is certified by the following legend, which we give in the quaint language in which it has come to us.

"While the judges were at Boston, there appeared a fencing-master, who, on a stage erected for the purpose, walked it for several days, challenging and defying any one to play with him at swords. At length one of the judges, disguised in a rustic dress, holding in one hand a cheese, wrapped in a napkin, for a shield, with a broomstick, whose mop he had besmeared with dirty puddle water as he passed along: thus equipped, he mounted the stage. The fencing-master railed at him for his impudence, asked him what business he had there, and bid him begone. The judge stood his ground, upon which the gladiator made a pass at him with his sword, to drive him off. A encounter ensued: the judge received the sword of the fencer into the cheese, and held it until he drew the mop gently over his mouth, and gave the gentleman a pair of whiskers. He made another pass, and plunging his sword a second time, it was caught and held in the cheese until the judge had rubbed the broom all over his face. Upon this, the gentleman let fall his small sword and took up his broad-sword. The judge then said, 'Stop, sir; hitherto, you see I have only played with you, and not attempted to harm you; but if you

come at me now with the broad-sword, know that I will certainly take your life.' The firmness with which he spoke struck the master, who, desisting, exclaimed, 'Who can you be? You must be either Goffe, Whalley, or the devil, for there was no other men in England that could beat me.'"

It appeared that the outcasts could not enjoy even their solitary cave in peace, for after a time, a terrible event happened. One night, as they lay upon their bed in the cavern, a panther put his head in, and gazed at them in such a frightful manner, that they deemed it advisable to find some other abode.

They left New Haven in October, 1664, and went to Hadley, in Massachusetts, where they lived in seclusion till their death. During their residence here, the Indian war of King Philip took place. It was a period of desolation and mourning throughout New England. Many of the villages had been laid in ashes; hundreds of the people had been slain; and scenes of terror and agony were occurring on all sides. In this sad state of things, the people of Hadley assembled, September 1, 1675, for the purpose of holding a solemn fast, on account of the war with which the country was afflicted.

While they were in the meeting-house, and engaged in worship, the terrific war-whoop of the Indians was suddenly heard, near at hand. Some of the men had taken their guns to the church, and then immediately went forth to meet the enemy. Others rallied, and preparations for the strife were hastily made. The attack, however,

was so sudden, that the people were in a state of the utmost panic and confusion. At this critical moment, there appeared among them, as if from heaven, a man of venerable aspect, and strange attire. His locks, thin and white, flowed over his shoulders, and though his face was pale as ashes, his eye glittered with the fire of youth. Placing himself at the head of the people, he spoke in a voice of command, marshaled the little band, and led them to battle. The fight was fierce; and the aged warrior was in the very front, his sword glittering in the face of the foe. Inspired by aid so unexpected and so wonderful, and feeling as if heaven had answered their prayers, and sent them an angel to fight at their side, the whole people fought with courage and effect. The Indians fled, and the settlers of Hadley were victorious. When the battle was done, the stranger was gone, and never did he again appear. Time passed on, and the story that an angel had delivered the people of Hadley from the Indians, passed into an established tradition. But some years after, it was found that the hoary warrior was no other than the regicide Goffe, who, hearing of the danger of the people, seized his sword, and, issuing from his retreat, rushed to their deliverance.

A few years after this event, both Goffe and Whalley died, and were buried in the cellar of the minister of Hadley, at whose house they had lived in concealment for several years.

IN childhood be modest.

Railroad Accident.

WHOEVER has traveled on the Western Railroad, has seen great droves of cattle carried along in the cars. I remember one day to have seen one of the baggage trains go by, all closed up, but such a bellowing of calves came out of them, as to show what sort of passengers were within.

A short time since (July, 1848), a car containing ninety-nine young sheep destined for Brighton, attached to a freight train on the Connecticut River Railroad, took fire. The train was in full progress, near Ireland depot, and was consumed, and all the animals burnt or suffocated to death.

Time for Study.

BONAPARTE, with Europe at his disposal, with kings at his ante-chamber begging for vacant thrones, and at the head of thousands of men whose destinies were suspended on his arbitrary pleasure, had time to study books.

And young men who are confined to labor or business even twelve hours a day, may take an hour and a half of what is left for study, and which will amount to two months in a year.

Is that nothing! Ask Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith. Ask Simpson, the great mathematician. Ask Herschel, the first of astronomers. Simpson worked at the weaver's loom, and Herschel was a poor fifer boy in the army. Ask them if busy men have not time for study.

Billy Bump in Boston.*

Letter from Mrs. Bump to her son.

SUNDOWN, January, 18—.

MY DEAR SON—I have received your three first letters, and they have given me both pleasure and pain. I am pleased to know that you have reached Boston, and are safely at your uncle's house. I am also pleased that you find yourself comfortable there, and that you like your uncle and aunt, and cousin Lucy. I cannot but hope that it will all go well with you. At the same time, I have been pained at the mortifications you have experienced, in consequence of your ignorance of the manners and customs of genteel and refined people.

You must know, Willy, that your father and myself started in life with as fair prospects as your uncle and aunt. We lived in Boston, and for ten years we knew nothing but prosperity. But in consequence of a bad turn in business, your father lost his property, and became what is called a *bankrupt*; that is, he could not pay his debts. He owed a proud, rich man, by the name of Quincy, some money; and this man threw him into prison. Now your father had been a kind and generous man, and had done nothing but good in the world; and to be shut up in prison as if he was too bad and wicked to see the light and breathe the fresh air, and go abroad among his fellow-creatures, made him sick at heart.

He was in prison for a whole year, and when he came out he was sadly changed. He spoke bitterly of the

state of things in Boston; for, he said, a hard, cruel man, like this Mr. Quincy, because he was rich and bore a great name, could do a very wicked thing, and nobody thought of blaming him. Your father said he would not live among people who were mere worshipers of riches and power; and so he prepared to go to a new country, where he could forget his troubles.

Well, I had saved a little money by hard work, and I got more by selling a watch that my grandmother gave me. With this we set off; but our troubles had only begun. When we reached the town of Worcester, your father was arrested for a debt to a bank. He was carried back to Boston, and again shut up in prison. I went to the president of the bank, whose name was M—t. He was a wicked-looking man; but he pretended to be very righteous. I begged him to let my poor husband out of prison; but he replied, "It is impossible." "And why?" said I. "Because," said he, "it is the custom of a bank never to release any body." I pleaded hard; but the president was deaf to my entreaties, and I went away.

After six months, your father was again set at liberty; and we were about to start upon our journey, when another president of a bank, by the name of F—, sent a writ against him; and a third time he was put in prison. I went to Mr. F. to beg for the release of my husband; but he said he had nothing to do with it, and I must go to the lawyer of the bank. I went accordingly; but the lawyer told me he had nothing to do with it—I must go to

the president. It seemed very strange that men of such high station should be guilty of this kind of meanness and falsehood ; but so it was.

All this time your poor father's health was failing, and I found it almost impossible to keep up my spirits. A sense of sorrow and desolation, which no words can express, weighed me down to the earth. I should have given up in despair, had it not been for the support I obtained from the source of all goodness, mercy, and truth. Forsaken of all beside, I was not forsaken of God. The bank president could not hear me ; but a greater than he listened to my prayer. The lawyer shuffled me away with a poor evasion ; but God is very unlike a lawyer, and he never sent me away without a blessing.

And thus I was sustained through this dark hour. I was able to earn enough for my own support, and to contribute something toward making your father's prison fare more tolerable. I often went to him, and had the pleasure to find that his despondency would give way to cheerful and hopeful conversation.

But I must not lengthen out these details : it will be enough to say, that after a long period of suffering, we set out upon our journey, and reached this distant spot. Here, in the wilderness, your father built our log cabin ; here you were born ; and here, for fifteen years, has been our home. We are, for ourselves, content. Your father looks upon Boston with a kind of dread—a feeling like that with which a voyager remembers the rocky and danger-

ous shore upon which he has been wrecked. I do not, myself, desire to return there ; but when your uncle, who had become rich, and could do so much for you, offered to take you and give you an education in Boston, we did not feel that we ought to neglect the opportunity.

And now, my dear William, I have told you our history, for the sake of enforcing the counsel and warning which I am about to give you. Remember that a great city is full of great good and great evil. You will there find wealth, splendor, elegance, luxury, knowledge, refinement. These are by no means to be despised ; on the contrary, it is lawful, it is laudable, to strive to possess them. They are good things in themselves ; but the possession of them is dangerous, because it is apt to puff up the heart with pride and conceit. A rich man, surrounded with the signs of his power, hardly feels responsible to God ; he almost feels as if he was a god himself, and ought to be looked up to, if not worshiped.

This is one source of danger. Another is, that amid the excitement which a life of luxury brings, we are likely to forget God ; likely to forget that we are every hour liable to go astray ; every moment in danger of sin and death. Nor is even this all, dear Willy—there are such things as truth, honesty, candor, frankness, manliness. These are the true ornaments of character : these give beauty to the soul, as bloom and fine features give beauty to the countenance. There is danger that city life should efface these, and cultivate art, cunning, and duplicity, in

their place. Oh, I had rather see my son a rough woodsman of the west, with honest, blunt truth upon his face and lip, than to see him the richest man in Boston, at the expense of his integrity, his honor, and his manliness.

There are other dangers in a great city, springing from low and vicious company. I hope your position may prevent you from this danger; but still let me beg you to be on your guard, even here. If you are ever tempted to do any thing, the propriety of which you may doubt, ask yourself, "How will mother like it?" and be governed accordingly. There is still another and higher rule, which I commend to your observance. In doubtful cases, inquire, "How will God like it?" Take him always into your counsel: he is your best friend, and safest adviser. He will never lead you into the wrong path; he will never desert you, in the hour of trial and trouble.

My dear boy, do not be weary of a mother's long and anxious words. Let me tell you all I feel. Continue the habits in which you have been trained, of morning and evening prayer, and of daily reading in the Bible. These are great duties and great privileges, as well in the city as the country. Keep all of good that you learned here, and change only in as much as you improve in goodness.

And now that I have said so much on these high and important points, let me express my pleasure at finding you likely to improve your manners, by learning the customs of genteel people. These are desirable, and if regarded as

secondary to real virtues, they are surely to be commended. Every thing that makes us more agreeable, can make us more useful, and of course more happy. Study, therefore, to learn the agreeable ways of refined and elegant people.

And do not think, William, that in talking so much about duty, and virtue, and religion, I wish you to overlook the lawful pleasures and amusements of life. Far from it. I wish you to be cheerful, gay, happy, as befits your years. I do not desire to see my boy with an old man's air or face. Be a boy—lively, earnest, playful, in the hours allotted to amusement: be a boy,—earnest, thoughtful, studious, in the hours assigned to study. Be a good boy, always.

And now I must say a word as to news. Old Bottle Nose has just returned from his buffalo hunt. He brought with him about a dozen Indians, who remained here some days. They had a sort of war-dance near our house, and a droll scene it was. One was called Grisly Bear, and he was dressed in a skin of that animal. All were dressed so as to appear as fierce and hideous as possible. Their dance was a kind of play, or pantomime, in which they described, by their actions, the scenes which had befallen them in war. One of them was a great wag. He described himself as pursuing his enemy in the woods, when he came across a skunk, standing in his path. The manner in which he put his finger on his nose was very significant, and made us understand what he meant

as well as if he had said it all in words.

The owls have lately made sad havoc with the chickens, and the turkeys we had raised have all run off with a flock of wild ones, that came near the place. Your father is in good health, but he is getting less fond of hunting than he used to be. He has, however, shot several deer, and the other day he brought home a beautiful young fawn, which he found in the woods. He had quite a battle with a panther last week. The creature sprang at him from a tree as he was passing by, and gave him a scratch in the arm; but your father beat him over the head with a club, and the fellow made off. Old Trot is well as ever, and I have no doubt would send his love if he could.

I have got quite to the end of my paper, and so I must say farewell, and God bless you, my dear Willy.

Your affectionate mother,

ABIGAIL BUMP.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Gratitude.

Who made the pleasant air?
Who made the sun to shine?
Who made the landscape fair,
And all the flowers divine?

And who bestowed on me
The soul—the eye—the ear.
To joy in all I see—
In every thing I hear?

Father in Heaven—to Thee,
In gratitude I knell—
For all the good I see,
For all the bliss I feel.

As flowers give forth their bloom,
As birds sweet incense raise,
As zephyrs spread perfume—
As all things speak thy praise.

May I perform the part,
To which my lot is bound—
Thine image in my heart,
Reflect it all around.

That kindness shown to me,
May I to others show;
And giving thanks to Thee,
Thy glory speed below.

PETER PARLEY.

Good Night.

THE sun has sunk behind the hills,
The shadows o'er the landscape creep—
A drowsy sound the woodland fills,
And nature folds her arms to sleep:
Good night—good night.

The chattering jay has ceased his din—
The noisy robin sings no more—
The crow, his mountain haunt within,
Dreams mid the forest's surly roar:
Good night—good night.

The sunlit cloud floats dim and pale—
The dew is falling soft and still—
The mist hangs trembling o'er the vale,
And silence broods o'er yonder mill:
Good night—good night.

The rose, so ruddy in the light,
Bends on its stem all rayless now,
And by its side the lily white
A sister shadow seems to bow:
Good night—good night.

The bat may wheel on silent wing—
The fox his guilty vigils keep—
The boding owl his dirges sing;
But love and innocence will sleep:
Good night—good night.

PETER PARLEY.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

No it goes!—the month comes, and the month departs, and each one must have its Museum, and each Museum must have its chit-chat. Well, here it is for October.

The first salutation is as follows:

Williamsburgh, Aug. 14th, 1848.

MR. MERRY—

There were such "lots of good things" in your August number of the Museum, that it would make my letter rather long to answer them all; and I confess it would be rather hard for me to answer the *first* question which begs for an answer.

The answer to C—— D—— R——x's Geographical Enigma is, *General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna*; to the Biographical Riddle, I think, though I am not sure, is *Louis Philippe*; and to Charade No. 1, is *hair*.

Williamsburgh is a beautiful village, except that part called "*the German Settlement*," which is about as beautiful as "German settlements" usually are. It is situated opposite to New York, on the East River. Twelve years ago it contained only five hundred inhabitants; it now numbers twenty-two thousand. The view from the lower part is magnificent. The white sails studding the river, the steamboats, puffing forth volumes of smoke, the metropolis of America, with its docks lined with shipping, the North Carolina, with her frowning cannon, and occasionally a majestic steamship, ploughing her way through the water, form a splendid panorama.

Now, Mr. Merry, couldn't you give us some long stories, like the "*Siberian Sable Hunter*" or "*Jacob Karl*?" And could you not have some *juvenile plays*? I think your subscribers would like them very much. You will very much oblige me by inserting the following Charade with my letter:

CHARADE.

My first destroys life. My second often contains the principal means for preserving it; and my first is useless without my whole.

I send below an answer, in rhyme, as you request, to question three, in the August number, which you may insert with my letter or not, as you please.

Yours, JAMES.

When King of the French, Louis Philippe became,
To a charter of rights he signed freely his name;
For the good of the people he promised to rule,
And not to become of the nobles a tool.
But the French people drove him in wrath from his throne,
And to England he fled, unattended—alone;
Where in exile he lives—for his promise he broke,
And proud France from her neck threw off tyranny's yoke.

We need only say to Master James, Thank you, sir—you have given correct answers to the riddles, and a very good version of Louis Philippe's history. But here is another correspondent who is your rival in the line of poetry:

Saco, August 23d, 1848.

MR. MERRY—

I am a little boy of eleven years old, and I like your Museum very much, indeed. You asked us to answer a few questions, at the end of the August Museum, which I have tried to do, as well as I could, though I am afraid that the deed will not prove so good as the wish.

The first was: "Can any of our readers tell what very pretty word there is in our language which has no rhyme to it?"

The answer, I think, is "*music*," though I may be mistaken.

The second I have not been able to solve; and the third, which was the changing of a sentence to poetry, I have (with a little of father's help) accomplished.

The French had a king
Whose name was Philippe;
A charter he signed
And promised to keep.
He said he would rule
For the good of the nation;
But his promise he broke
And was hurled from his station.
In exile and shame
Into England he fled,
In order to save
His defenceless old head

MORAL.

His hist'ry teaches
That even a king
Is sure to suffer
If he does a wrong thing.

I should like very much to have you print this, but if you do not, I promise you that I will not make such a fuss as Miss Pitchfork did, by any means.

Yours,

GEORGE H.

A fair correspondent from the far, sunny South, sends us the following, which will surely please our readers:

THE CHILD OF WANT MADE HAPPY

A few words of the rich child to the poor.

BY CAROLINE HOWARD.

Little child,
Why do you look so white and wild?
Your eyes so blue, and your face so mild,
Are full of the traces of tears and wo!
What is it that troubles and wearies you so,
Little child?

Little child,
I thought that your eyes were a brilliant blue,
But they seem to fade from their first bright hue!
What is it that gives you that haggard air?
Your cheeks are as pale as my pond-lilies fair—
Poor child!

Little child,
Don't tremble so; your white, thin hand,
Is cold and weak, as you shivering stand;
Your long brown hair is silvered with rain,
And you fill my breast with wonder and pain,
Dear child!

Little child,
Can it be that you're hungry—with want are
you cold?
Ah, yes! Poor thing! with my questions bold
I have brought the blush to your pale, pale
cheek,
And your lips with pleading earnestness speak—
Tired child!

Little child,
'Tis a sad, sad tale of wo that you tell;
But my mother with comforts will make all
well
Your poor little sister, who sickly lies,
And your brother, who almost of hunger dies,
Famished child!

Little child,
Why glows your face with that radiance bright?
Your small hands, why are they clasped so
tight?

Who has wiped the sad tears from your tender
eyes,
And scared from your breast those long-drawn
sighs,

Gentle child?

Little child,

You say 'tis our kindness to yours and to you—
That our gifts will clothe you and feed you
too;

Say rather, 'tis God, who through us has given,
And let your sweet thanks rise from earth to
heaven,

Happy child!

—
Roxbury, Sept. 15, 1848.

MR. EDITOR—

Your young friend, A. B——t's Chacade, in the July number, yet remains unanswered, though two "Museums" have since been published. It has given us, here, something of a *try* to solve it; but I think we have at last accomplished the task, in the attainment of "KATHERINE'S ICE-PALACE," as the true answer. Am I right?

In return, allow me to ask your ingenious correspondent to solve me the following.

Your constant reader, E.

I am made up of 21 letters.

My 9, 8, 13, 20, is one of the loveliest rivers in the world.

My 7, 8, 20, 10, 10, 17, is the pleasant retreat of mermaids, at sea—the pretty plaything of merry maidens on shore.

My 4, 8, 6, 19, 10, 11, 20, 3, is often a vulgar thing—always a broken one.

My 15, 2, 21, 5, is never more delightful than when in a broil.

My 8, 2, 18, 1, 12, 16, 16, 20, 13, is a bard of no mean repute.

My 4, 12, 8, 16, 2, 18, 9, is one of the farthest and fairest islands of the sea.

My 17, 8, 11, 20, 13, has bands that cannot be loosed.

My 15, 5, 9, 16, 11, 3, 7, 14, is a red-coated noisy fisherman, with a plate in his nostrils.

My whole is one of the most brilliant events recorded on the historic page; the brightest exhibition of devoted self-sacrifice; the most shining illustration of patriotic disinterestedness; the most luminous lesson ever read to tyrannic ambition.

In reply to the inquiry of E. we need but say that his answer is correct.
—ED.

—
Monsurlia, Miss., July 8, 1848.

DEAR SIR—

I have read "Merry's Museum" so long, and studied Peter Parley's books so much, that I feel quite well acquainted with you, though I know you never heard of Rosannah before.

I am persuaded by the familiar manner in which you talk to Anne, and Susan, and Mary, that you will not be offended at me for introducing myself to your acquaintance—in fact, I am a little jealous of Anne, and Susan, and Mary, (sweet names, and sweet little girls too, I suspect;) but if you can find a corner in "Merry" for my enigma, so that I may be introduced to my fair little rivals, "I am content" to share your regard with them.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 1, 6, 14, is a great curse to mankind.

My 2, 8, 1, 6, is the twenty-ninth state in the Union.

My 3, 5, 6, 14, is a most odious character.

My 4, 5, 7, 2, 11, is another term for boundary.

My 5, 11, 13, 7, is a particular part of any subject.

My 6, 4, 13, is a drink much used in England.

My 7, 6, 14, 9, 12, 13, is much used in fine building.

My 8, 1, 12, is a bird of prey.

My 9, 10, 3, 4, 13, 11, is a thing much used by hunters.

My 10, 7, 9, 14, 13, 12, 4, 6, is a good defence against sun and rain.

My 11, 2, 7, 13, is the most valuable and least appreciated of God's gifts to man.

My 12, 5, 11, 13, 14, 6, 11, 10, 14, 13, should be encouraged by every lover of liberty.

My 13, 7, 9, 4, 13, 7, is a painted enigma.

My 14, 10, 7, is extracted from sugar cane.

My whole is the name of a distinguished Kentuckian.

And now farewell, Mr. Merry.

'ROSANNAH P——.

We return thanks to various other correspondents—especially to E. L., La.; J. N. A.; R. S. and H. L. S.

John Smith, of N—— Beach, writes us that he is afraid of "Parley's Playmate," because he found something bad in some other "Playmate." Take courage, John, and, what is better, take our magazine; and we promise to do

you a sight of good. We will teach you to be just—to judge by what a thing *is*, and not by what it *is called*. Do not confound *our* "Playmate" with the *English* "Playmate:" the latter is dead, for it was not worth keeping alive. But PARLEY'S PLAYMATE, we hope, will long live, by the favor of 20,000 subscribers.

You make a mistake, friend Johnny, in charging poetical tales and idle stories, which you found in the *London* "Playmate," to us. I once knew a John Smith who used to go into his neighbor's pasture and steal the milk from his cow. Now suppose I was to charge this to the very respectable John Smith, of N—— Beach? Yet this would be as fair as your laying to Peter Parley what Peter Parley never wrote.

The letter of the publisher's agent in Roxbury, which says all the people take the "Museum," is encouraging.

We must close by a few remarks to our agreeable correspondent, George H., who thinks *music* is the pretty word, in our language, without a rhyme.

But, Johnny, bad *music*

Is enough to a *Jew sick*;

and so you see we can get a rhyme for your word. What I had in my mind was *silver*. Is not that a pretty word; and is there any rhyme to it? "Yes," perhaps you will say—

"Little Dickey *Dilver*

Has a wife of *silver*," etc.

But remember that *Dilver* is only a name, made up to match *silver*: it is not a word belonging to our language.



November; a Story of the Season.

NOVEMBER is a sort of middle-ground between the extremes of heat and cold, winter and summer. These two seasons, at this point of the year, appear to meet and engage in deadly battle. Let us suppose ourselves on the top of some high mountain to witness the strife.

It is, if you please, warm and soft, and a blue veil is hung over the landscape. The forest is indeed brown, and has a sad and desponding aspect. The leaves are,

for the most part, fallen, and those which still cling to the branches, are withered and dead. The grass is also dead, except in a few places, where it lies in tangled and matted masses, half yellow and half green. The flowers have fallen victims to the frost; the leaves, heaped into the glens and hollows, give evidence that the winds have begun their work of desolation.

Yet to-day, it is warm and soft, and the

Indian summer is in its glory. The morning rises fair, though the sun, seen through the haze, looks red, and sheds a subdued light over the world. At noon, the sky is still unclouded; but by two o'clock, heavy masses of clouds are gathered in the west. They grow darker and stretch out their wings to the right and to the left. In a few hours they encompass the sky, and the winds begin to sigh and moan in the forests. The tops of the tall trees shiver and bend and writhe as if wrestling with some angry demon. The soft mist is gone, and none can tell us whither. And the warmth of the air is gone too, and a chill breeze comes puffing and flouting us in the face.

And see! the leaves are leaping aloft in the air. How they race through the sky; and now they whirl in circles, and seem like myriads of insects, chasing each other. Hark! 'tis the noise of the whirlwind! How deep and solemn is its moan! See yonder! the whirlwind is crossing the open plain. You can trace its form by the mighty pyramid of whirling leaves, reaching from the earth to the clouds. It takes its course towards yonder solitary oak. It is there—it throws itself upon the sturdy tree. How the monarch of the plain bends and writhes and groans! How its branches crack, as if it were a bullock, or a stag, in the jaws of a lion! And see its leaves, torn off and scattered to the winds!

And now the whirlwind is passed, but look at that giant oak! Its strongest branches are broken off, and lie scattered at its feet. Its garniture of leaves is gone; the smaller twigs are peeled, rent, and crushed, and the whole aspect of the

tree is that of mourning and desolation. All the glories which it received from summer are destroyed; the tempest has prevailed. The conquered oak is now but a witness to the victory of the season of storms.

The winds now seem to come from the four quarters of the heavens, and for a time appear to meet and wrestle like mighty champions, overturning and crushing every thing beneath them. The clouds sympathize with the winds, and drive through the heavens like giant kings in their chariots, or demons flourishing two-edged swords, or dragons with forked tails, or antediluvian crocodiles, many leagues in length, and all going to battle.

But a change comes, and the north wind prevails; and now the rain falls, driving in sheets, and descending in floods to the earth. And now it grows cold, and see! the rain is frozen, and falls in hail and sleet. And now the whole air is thick with descending snow. Alas! alas! the battle is over; summer is vanquished, and will return no more, for the year. It is gone—with its birds, its music, its flowers, its verdure; its gentle pleasures, its soft fancies, and winter is coming, nay, it is here. Dear, dear,—how cold it is. We can't stay upon the top of this mountain any longer, boys and girls! Let us go home—swift as the wing of fancy can carry us. Here we are, safe and sound! And now, John, shut that door; stir the fire, Bill! Draw my chair up, Susan. Come—come—one and all,—let's sit down! Now bang away, as much as you please, old Blusterer. You can't open the door, or dash

in the window. Here we are, snug and comfortable, in spite of winter. Nay, old leicle, we will set you at defiance. If you come in here, we will put you in this blazing grate, and melt your nose off. Keep your distance, master Winter! You may have all out doors, as we can't help it; but *home*, dear, comfortable *home*, is ours still; and here we will enjoy spring; or summer, as we please, in spite of you.

Come, boys and girls, what shall we have? a story, or a game?

"O, a story,—a story,—a story,"—is shouted on all sides.

Well, here it is, then.

AN ACT OF KINDNESS MAY SAVE A LIFE.

Mr. Hard is very rich, yet he is not happy. He lives in a fine house, he is surrounded with every luxury which wealth can bring. His table is set with the choicest dainties; his floors are covered with carpets from the looms of the luxurious East; his wines are from the choicest vineyards of Madeira; his spices are from the regions of the sun; fish, flesh, and fowl, served with dainty art, are matters of course, in his daily meal. Yet Mr. Hard is not a happy man.

Mr. Hard is a merchant; his ships are upon the seas of the four quarters of the globe; he has shares in the banks, and the railroads, and the factories; his income is beyond his wants, yet he is not happy. Shall I tell you why? Then listen to my story.

One cold November evening, Mr. Hard was going to his home, on foot. His route led him along a street, at the head of which was a lumber-yard. As he was passing by a heap of boards, he saw a

youth, pale, ill-clad, and wasted, as if with disease. The snow was falling, and the aspect of the sky boded a stormy night. The youth was partly sheltered from the storm, by the overhanging boards, but he seemed unable to stand, and was lying or reclining upon some pieces of lumber.

As he saw Mr. Hard approach, he made a great effort, rose to his feet, and clasping his hands together, said, in a faint voice, "For heaven's sake, sir, give me help!" He then staggered and fell to the ground."

Mr. Hard passed on, saying to himself, "What wretches these drunkards are!" And so he went home and sat down to his meal. The fire shone brightly upon his hearth; the grate was clean and polished; the rug was rich and soft, and presented, in glowing colors, the picture of a horn of plenty, with oranges, and grapes, and figs, poured out in luscious heaps. And the lamp, shedding its light through a gorgeous globe of glass, displayed the rich furniture of the room—the damask curtains, the costly pictures, the well set tea-table. And the merchant sat down to his tea, and the hissing pot gave forth its beverage, and the silver sugar-bowl yielded its sweet, and the silver cream-pot added its cream, and the merchant took his tea; but he was not happy, after all.

Mr. Hard was a lonely man, for his wife was dead and his only son was a vagrant and a wanderer upon the earth. The father had been so busy in making money, that he had not found time to attend to the education of his child—his only child. He was not indifferent to the happiness of the boy: nay, he was to be

his heir; and the father looked upon him as the future support and pride of the Hard family. But he made a mistake; he thought riches all that was necessary to insure happiness, honor, and fame, and so he went on adding to his wealth, and overlooking the education of his only child.

It is true he sent him to school—to the best schools. He gave him every advantage that kind of instruction could afford; but his mother was dead, and the boy was never taught that truth, honor, sobriety, temperance, and piety, are the ground-work of good character and happiness in life. Both the father and the son thought that riches were sufficient to carry any one through life, and they acted accordingly.

Young Benjamin Hard was not worse than other boys, brought up in a similar way; nay, he was naturally good-tempered, kind-hearted, and agreeable. He had excellent abilities, but he said to himself, "I shall be rich as a Jew; let poor boys study and work, and be honest; these things are necessary for them; but I can do as I please." And so he did as he pleased. He spent a great deal of money; he kept bad company; he drank deeply; and at seventeen, he had become a complete rake. His father was a violent man, and, in a fit of rage, he drove the youth out of his home, forbidding him ever to return. The boy was of a decided temper, and, resenting his father's conduct, he entered on board a vessel, and went to sea as a common sailor.

For two years young Benjamin was not heard of by his father, and the latter was led to believe him dead. He often thought of his son, and, perhaps, reproached him-

self for neglecting his education; but of this I am not sure, for very rich men are not apt to think they can do wrong. But, at all events, Mr. Hard felt the loss of his child, and sometimes asked himself, "When I die, what will become of this vast estate?" And then he felt that his plan of life was folly, and even his riches failed to give him pleasure; nay, they caused emotions of disgust or vexation. And thus, the rich Mr. Hard, the envied Mr. Hard, the proud Mr. Hard, was not happy. Nay, he was a miserable man, conscious of having played the part of folly in life, conscious of having missed the true end of existence. He had no self-respect, no sources of enjoyment, in his own bosom. He was rich in cash, but poor, miserably poor, in the treasures of the soul.

And I am sorry to add, that Mr. Hard grew no better as time advanced. He grew more rich, but, at the same time, more selfish and more hardhearted. And his son, poor Benjamin, what of him? After two years of absence, he arrived at the city of his birth. He had lived a dissipated life, and his health now began to give way. Just before his arrival, he had suffered from fever, and as he came ashore, he was weak and could scarcely walk. But repentance had entered into his heart. Fully aware of his errors and follies, he said to himself, "I will arise and go to my father, and I will ask his forgiveness, and I will hereafter lead a life of virtue."

And he went ashore with these feelings, and he went to a small tavern, and he wrote a letter to his father, to prepare the way for his return. He then went into the street to put the letter in the post-office. Having done this, he set out to

return; but he became faint, and found momentary shelter beneath a pile of boards. It was bitter cold, and he was chilled to the heart; he felt that he should die, unless he could have immediate help. He saw a person coming along the street, and, with a desperate effort, he said, "For heaven's sake, give me help!" The man looked at him a moment, and passed coldly on. He heeded not the call of the sufferer. As he went away, the youth discovered that it was his father. His emotions overwhelmed him—he sank down upon the earth—the snow fell, and covered him in a winding-sheet.

* * * *

In the morning, the letter was received from the post-office by the father. He read it; his heart was softened, and he was ready to receive his prodigal son. But ere night came, he learned that his son was found beneath a heap of boards, wrapped in snow, and cold as the pillow on which he lay.

And the father saw that it was his own son who had begged for help, in a moment of extremity, and the father had not given it!

Can Mr. Hard be a happy man? Never. Of what value is wealth to the hardhearted and self-condemned. Let us envy not those who are rich without virtue; those who have only cash, and no goodness, charity, or liberality. They are all members of the Hard family; and whatever cover they may wear, they are still objects of pity or contempt.

And let us remember another thing. *A single act of kindness may save a life;* and even if those who claim our pity or help are not our children, still they are children of somebody. They belong to

the great family of man, and are our kindred. Let us think of these things, and, rich or poor, beware of that cold habit of turning a deaf ear to the cry of suffering and sorrow, which the hard-hearted world is apt to cherish.

Musical Ear of the Camel.

ACCORDING to the testimony of naturalists, the camel is fond of music, and has a very correct idea of it. One writer says that when the conductor wishes them to perform extraordinary journeys, instead of chastising he encourages them with a song, and that, although they had stopped and refused to proceed any further, they then went cheerfully on, and much quicker than the horse when pushed by the spur. It is also stated by Tavernies and Bhardin, that they proceed quicker or slower, according to the cadences of the song, and that in the same manner, when the conductors want an extraordinary journey to be performed, they know the tunes which the camels love best to hear, and relieve each other by singing alternately.—*World of Music.*

A Laugh.

SHE had that charming laugh, which, like a song,
The song of a spring bird, wakes suddenly
When we least looked for it. It lingered long
Upon the ear; one of those sweet things that we
Treasure unconsciously. As steals along
A stream in sunshine, stole its melody, —
As musical as it was light and wild,
The buoyant spirit of some fairy child;
Yet mingled with soft sighs, that might express
The depth and truth of earnest tenderness.



Tintern Abbey.

I BELIEVE that we Americans enjoy travelling in Europe, more than any other people. We read about the famous men, and famous cities, and famous events, in that quarter of the world, and "distance lends enchantment to the view." Imagination arrays all these things in the most attractive colors, and when we come to see them, our emotions are very deep and lively. To us, who have no antiquities of art, these have the charms of novelty, added to other sources of interest.

I remember well the excitement I felt, when first I saw the lonely ruins of Tintern Abbey, in England. These are on the western bank of the little river Wye, nine miles below the town of Monmouth. The abbey was built in the thir-

teenth century, and, for a long period, was celebrated for its beauty. It was built in the finest Gothic style, and was embellished with exquisite taste and art. Here the luxurious monks, shut up from the gaze of the world, spent their time in feasting, while the people around supposed them occupied in penance and prayer.

When Henry VIII. put an end to monasteries, he gave Tintern Abbey to the Earl of Worcester, but I think the grounds belong now to the Beaufort family.

The ruins of the abbey are tolerably complete, though the roof has fallen in. The cut gives some idea of the form of the ruins, but no one who has never visited the spot can conceive the mingled desolation and loveliness of the scene.

The Lip and Heart.

A FEW years ago the venerable J. Q. Adams wrote the following lines for a young lady's Album:—

One day, between the Lip and Heart
A wordless strife arose,
Which was the expertest in the art
His purpose to disclose.

The lip called forth his vassal tongue,
And made him vouch a lie!
The slave his servile anthem sung,
And braved the listening sky.

The Heart, to speak, in vain essayed,
Nor could his purpose reach—
His will, nor voice, nor tongue, obeyed;
His silence was his speech.

Mark thou their difference, Child of earth!
While each performs his part,
Not all the Lip can speak is worth
The silence of the Heart!

Slander, A Fable.

AT the court of the lion was a noble horse, who had long and faithfully served his king; and his master prized and loved his faithful servant as he deserved. This was distasteful to the crowd of inferior courtiers, and the fox undertook to undermine the trusty servant and rob him of his monarch's favor. But his insinuations were nobly and wisely met by the king of beasts. "I need no stronger proof of the worth of my good horse than that he has such a vile wretch as thou for his enemy."—*Lessing.*

The Secret out, in Spite of the Teeth.

Is a fair lady's heart once a Secret was lurking—

It tossed, and it tumbled— it longed to get out:

The Lips half betrayed it by smiling and smirking,

And Tongue was impatient to blab it, no doubt!

But Honor looked stern on the subject, and gave it

In charge to the Teeth, (so enchantingly white!)

Should the captive attempt an elopement, to save it

By giving the Lips an admonishing bite!

'T was said, and 't was settled; Sir Honor departed;

Tongue quivered and trembled, but dare not rebel;

When, right to its tip, Secret suddenly started,

And half in a whisper, escaped from its cell!

Quoth the teeth, in a pet, "We'll be even for this!"

And they bit very hard, both above and beneath;

But the Lips, at that moment, were bribed with a Kiss,

And they popped out the Secret, "*in spite of the teeth.*"

J. G. Grant.

WAIFS. — "This is a sweeping catastrophe," as the man said when his wife knocked him down with a broom.

EVERY wooden leg which supplies the loss of a limb lost in battle, is said to be a *stump* speech against war.



Playing Ninepins.

A VERY healthy amusement, my young friends, and so you have my encouragement in your game! And besides that, I will tell you a good story about ninepins.

A young fellow who had never played at the game, went to a bowling-alley, and began to throw the balls at the pins. He had a boy to pick them up, but the ball

went clattering and banging about in all directions, except where it ought to have gone. The boy hopped, and skipped, and contrived, by great agility, to keep out of the way of the balls; but at last, the player, seeing how things went on, exclaimed, "Look out there my lad! stand in among the pins, and you will be safe; for I never hit them!"

Wit and Wisdom.

WIT is not wisdom. In ancient times the most witty persons were the king's fools. The difference between wit and wisdom is this — the former is only an expression of the powers of observation and imitation, the latter

is a manifestation of the deeper affections of the soul, combined with the powers of reason and reflection.

"All smatterers are more brisk and pert,
Than those who understand an art;
As little sparkles shine more bright
Than glowing coals that give them light."

The King Snake.

THIS reptile is found in the Southern States, and though there are several serpents there of great fame, the king snake seems to be at the very head of the family. A southern writer thus speaks of him: "I believe it is generally understood that he makes war on every other species of serpent; he is most renowned, however, for combats with the formidable moccasin, in which he is believed to be always the conqueror. He not only attacks the moccasin when he accidentally crosses his path, but he hunts him with all the cunning and perseverance with which a dog hunts a rabbit. When he approaches his prey, he does it in a quiet and stealthy manner, until near enough, with a quick and rapid movement, and with a single spring, to plant his fangs in the back of his enemy's neck. In this he never fails. He then coils himself around the body of the moccasin and tightens his folds; and never relaxes the tenacity of his deadly embrace until the life of his victim has become extinct. This is generally in the course of an hour or two, perhaps less. But I have known one instance, in which the moccasin was found alive after an embrace of twelve hours, and the king snake holding him as lovingly as at first.

"The king snake is equally hostile to rats and mice. He is not of great length, but thick and muscular; and is perfectly harmless to man. He is regarded in a friendly light, and no one troubles him. He is a bold fellow too. In passing through an extensive wood, I met with one coiled up so near the carriage track

that one of my wheels actually grazed his skin; and yet he disdained to move. Backing my sulkey, I touched him pretty smartly with the 'snapper' of my whip, probably twenty times in the course of ten minutes. He would, each time, raise his head, look at me, and writhe his body; but absolutely refused to budge an inch. I left him there. I should judge him to have been about five feet long, as he crossed the road just before I came up with him.

"The moccasin is an ugly looking customer. He is also short and thick, and somewhat resembles the rattlesnake in form and color, though he has more of the dark coppery hue. He is amphibious, and is sometimes, though rarely, taken in the water, by means of hook and line. When attacked on the land, he attempts to seek refuge in the water. Great stories are told about his venom, and the fatality of his bite; but I never heard of a well authenticated account of any having died in consequence of it. The general impression is, that the skin of a person bitten by this reptile soon resembles himself; and that the most effectual remedy is the sound of a violin! I have met with no one who could swear to either fact."—*Providence Journal*.

Preserving a pleasant Remembrance.

JENNY kissed me when we met,

Jumping from the chair she sat in;

Time, you thief! who love to get

Sweets into your list, put *that* in!

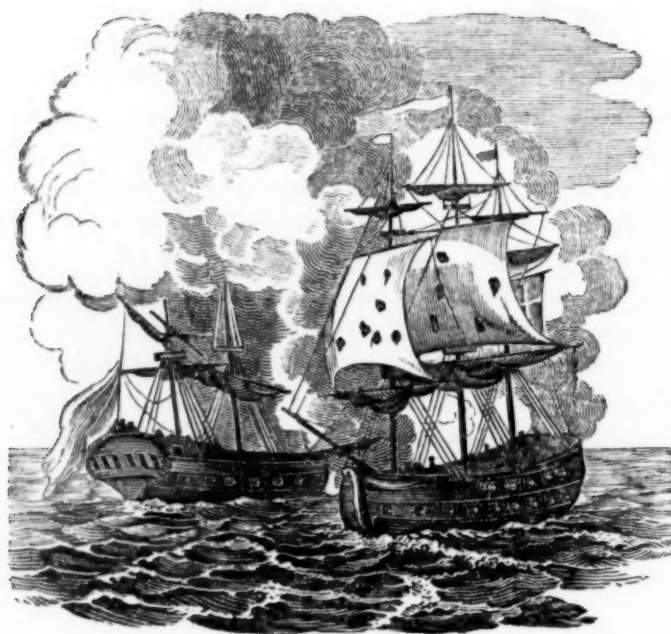
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,

Say that health and wealth have missed me,

Say I'm growing old, but add—

Jenny kissed me!

Leigh Hunt.



Sea Battles.

THERE are few scenes more terrific than a battle at sea. In a contest upon the land, the fighters have something solid to stand upon, and they have a pretty good chance to run away, if they desire it. But it is not so in a sea engagement. There is but a single plank beneath them and a watery grave; a single shot may cut away the masts, the sails, the rudder, and leave the vessel crippled and helpless. A single broadside may send the whole company to the bottom. It would seem that the natural terrors of the deep were enough to teach peace to those who adventure upon its bosom. But it is not so; no engagements are more deadly, obstinate, and furious, than those which take place at sea.

In a sea fight, between two vessels, each of the commanders does all in his

power to get the advantage of position, so as to save his own vessel from raking shots, and so as to give his enemy as fatal hits as possible. Sometimes two vessels will be manœuvring for some hours, before they come to close fighting. They frequently fire *broadside*s, that is, they discharge at once all the cannon on one side of the ship. This makes a deafening noise, and bends the side of the ship, and makes her stagger in the water. If the shot strike fairly, they damage the opposite vessel, cutting away her yards and rigging; or boring dangerous holes in her sides, where the water rushes in; or striking the men, and drenching the deck with blood.

When the battle waxes hot, the shouts and cries of the men, the roaring of the cannon, the crash of the falling spars, the

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clangor of the small arms, the groaning of the ship, the moan of the winds and waves, the shrieks of the wounded and the dying, and above and over all, the trumpet-tongued commands of the captain, would seem sufficient to confound the stoutest and steadiest heart. But still, the sailors fight on, and in the midst of confusion and death, seem to forget their own danger, and think only of destroying the foe.

Such is the scene, when only two vessels are engaged. But sometimes whole fleets meet in deadly hostility, and then the scene is inconceivably terrific. The latest sea engagement on a grand scale was that of Navarino; of this we shall give an account in our next.

Massachusetts.

OLD Massachusetts has ever taken the lead in what is great, good, useful, and profitable. She established the first school in the United States, the first academy, and the first college. She set up the first press, printed the first book and the first newspaper. She manufactured the first cloth, and the first paper. She planted the first apple-tree, and caught the first whale. She coined the first money, and hoisted the first national flag. She invented the first mouse-trap, and washing-machine, and sent the first ship to discover islands and continents in the South Sea. She produced the first philosopher, and made the first pen. She fired the first gun in the revolution, gave John Bull his first beating, and put her hand first to the Declaration of Independence. She invented Yankee Doodle, and

gave a name forever and ever to the "universal Yankee nation."

And where is she now? Reaping the reward of her energy and perseverance. It is no exaggeration to state, that the people of Massachusetts are, at this moment, better fed, clothed, educated, and governed, than any other nine hundred thousand persons, taken collectively, on the face of the globe. — *Courier*.

Hope Departed.

How drear is the landscape when summer is
o'er,

And winter has swept every leaf from the
hill;

Yet the heart that can feel Hope's beating
no more,

Is scathed by a winter more desolate still.

The sunbeams may dance amid crystals of
snow,

And the green lichen climb o'er the frost-
beaten rock,

But blossom and sunshine no bosom can
know,

That has sunk, overwhelmed, in Adversity's
shock.

Though the tempest has torn all its blossoms
away,

The root of the rose-tree will burgeon
anew;

But the bud and the blossom of Hope torn
away —

No joy-breathing prospect can rise on the
view.

Hast thou seen the bleak desert all silent
and lone,

Which the dawn cannot wake from its
dream of despair?

O, look on my bosom — each pleasure hath
flown,

And the doom of the desert is visible
there!

Billy Bump in Boston.*

Letter from Billy to his Mother.

BOSTON, May, 18—.

DEAR MOTHER — It is a very long time since I have written to you ; for it was winter, and no one was going to Sundown who would carry a letter. I have many things to say, but I must first thank you kindly for your letter of January last. Dear mother, it made me weep, again and again, to think of the hardships you and father suffered in Boston, many years ago. O, I could not believe such people lived in the world, as would put my good father, so gentle, so kind, in prison. I never heard the story before, mother, and it made me quite sick of Boston when I had read it. It is, indeed, a sad thing to be rich, if it makes us cruel and hard-hearted. It is equally sad to be poor, and suffer the opprobrium of the haughty and the proud.

I suppose a poor boy like me can hardly get rich ; but if I can be, I will be, so as to make you and father happy and at ease, and to show that riches do not always spoil the heart. And, believe me, mother, I will not forget your counsel. I read the Bible every day, and, to say truly, I do not know that there is much merit in my doing so, for to me it is the most interesting book in the world. The stories in the Old Testament are so beautiful and so wonderful, that they quite charm me. And the New Testament is not the less interesting. What a wonderful story is that of Jesus Christ ! There is nothing in the world like it. I have been reading

history ; and though Alexander was a great man, and Cæsar was a great man, and Bonaparte was a great man, still Christ seems to me as much above them all, as are the heavens above a house, built by human hands. These conquerors were all full of self ; they conquered nations to puff up their own pride and love of power. Now, I see nothing very great in this ; it is indeed rather commonplace. But Christ sought to bless the world. He saw that mankind had strayed from their good and great Father, and that they had become wicked and estranged from him. And he died ; he gave his life to restore them, to reconcile them. How poor is all the genius of conquerors by the side of this ! How original, how deep, how high, how truly glorious and godlike was Jesus ! how flat and contemptible is the whole race of conquerors in comparison.

And believe me, dear mother, I will try to avoid bad company, and to keep you in remembrance, so that you may be a good angel, ever present to protect me. And now I must give you a journal of some things that have happened to me.

You remember the coonskin cap old Bottle Nose gave me, just before I set out for Boston. Well, when it came cold weather, I put it on, and went into the Common. You know this is a large, open place, set out with trees, where people walk. Perhaps you remember the pretty sheet of water in the Common, called the *Frog Pond*. Well, at the time I speak of, this pond was frozen over, but the ice was not strong enough to bear people. However, the boys were all round the pond, and some were venturing upon the ice. I went among them, but no sooner

* Continued from page 84.

did they see my cap, than they seemed to pick me out as a curiosity. One young fellow came up, and said, very rudely, "What's the news in Coontown?"

"What do you mean?" said I.

"What's your name?" said the fellow.

"Rattlesnake's Teeth!" I replied; "and you'd better keep out of the way."

"Indeed," said the boy; and giving a wink to two or three of the chaps, who had gathered round, he added, "we'll see! we'll see!" In an instant, one of the rogues took hold of the long coon's tail that hung to my cap behind, twitched it off, and tossed it upon the ice. As I set out to give him chase, another boy caught the long tail of father's coat, that you had fixed up for me, and in an instant, just one half of it was torn off. I cut a pretty figure; but I was so angry I did not mind any thing. I flew at the fellows, but they scattered like so many partridges; however, they came up behind, and, in a short time, I had only one leg to my pantaloons. At this time, I was near the edge of the Frog Pond, and seeing the fellow who first set upon me near by, I clutched at him, caught him by the hand, and jumped upon the ice. In we went, with a swash, breaking the ice and sprawling about in the water. The fellow screamed, but I dragged him along to my cap, and I made him pick it up and put it on my head. He was as tame and obedient as a caged opossum. I then took him ashore, and, strange to say, all the boys came up and shook me by the hand, and said, "How are you, Rattlesnake's Teeth?" and "You are a good fellow, Rattlesnake's Teeth;" and ever since then, we have been the best

friends in the world, though some of them call me Rattlesnake's Teeth to this day.

I expected uncle Ben would give me a peeling for getting into such a scrape and losing my clothes. But, to my great astonishment, he laughed heartily, and told me I had done just right. "These Boston boys," says he, "are pretty rough customers, and are very uncivil to strangers; but if they find a person who gives them as good as they send, they allow him credit for spunk and take him into favor. It is a good deal so, all the world over, Bill; a man who will stand by himself when wronged, is apt to gain respect."

The next day uncle Ben took me to a place called *Oak Hall*, a building in Ann Street, painted to resemble oak boards. It makes no great figure outside, but it is one of the seven wonders of Boston, within. Why, the man there has more pantaloons, I should think, than there are human legs in all creation. He has heaps of coats and jackets, piled up like haystacks. The place is a perfect hive of tailors, clerks, and apprentices. I wanted to see the man who was head of this establishment, for I expected to see somebody, at least, as big and proud as Goliath. What was my amazement to find, on seeing him, that he was a mild, amiable, gentlemanlike person, with black eyes and black hair, and without any more pretence than if he kept a common shop.

Well, uncle Ben told him I wanted some clothes, and I was very soon fitted out. He bought me three coats, five waistcoats, and four pair pantaloons. I told uncle Ben I did not know what on airth to do with so many things, for I had

never before had but one suit at a time. He only said it was time for me to alter my habits; and, having the clothes packed up, we went home. But I do wish you could see Oak Hall. It beats Babel all hollow.

Boston is so full of wonderful things, that I shall not attempt to describe them, particularly as you have lived here. What a difference between this and Sundown! Of all the things I have seen, the sea strikes me most. It is so vast, so blue, so beautiful. It is always in motion, too, and seems, therefore, to have a kind of life. It never looks the same two days in succession. And then it has a movement, called the *tide*; the waters rising and falling every twelve hours. This really looks as if the earth was breathing; and Lucy tells me that it has led some learned men to consider the world as a great animal. If so, I suppose the woods are the hair; volcanoes are, no doubt, the sores; and, perhaps, wild beasts are the vermin.

And then the ships, what monsters some of them are! And they go quite round the world, too! Some of the ships I have seen have been to China, and some have been to India, and other places on t'other side of the world.

There is a funny place here called the *Museum*. The building is large and handsome, and it is full of all sorts of curiosities. I have not room to tell about them here; but I shall try to describe some of them in my next.

I must now bid you farewell. Give my love to father, and believe me ever, your faithful and affectionate son,

WILLIAM BUMP.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Hard Arguments.

A JOLLY son of Neptune came up to a reverend gentleman in Charleston, not long since, shaking a handful of silver dollars.

"Why, Jack," said the pastor, jestingly, "you are flush to-day—do you intend to make me a present of all these dollars?" "Faith, no," said the honest tar; "these are not dollars—they are arguments." "Arguments? Why, what do they prove?" "Faith, and they prove that temperance is a good thing. Now, sir, I received my wages when I got into port here the other day, and had just twenty dollars, and says I to myself, now this goes for grog and fun. Well, sir, the first night I spent five dollars at the grog shop, leaving me just fifteen. But as you had appointed the next night for a temperance meeting, and begged us all to come up, I thought I would just go to hear what you had to say. Well, sir, I signed the pledge that night, and here's the rest of my grog money all saved. Now, sir," continued Jack, shaking his money at the parson, and laughing, "don't you call these *fifteen good hard arguments in favor of temperance?*"

Three Wonders in Heaven.

JOHN NEWTON said, "When I get to heaven, I shall see three wonders there; the first wonder will be, to see many people there whom I did not expect to see; the second wonder will be, to miss many people whom I did expect to see; and the third, and greatest wonder of all, will be to find myself there."



The Great Fire of London.

THIS conflagration, one of the most terrible on record, commenced on the night of the second of September, 1666. It broke out in a bake-house, in Pudding Lane, near Fish Street, one of the most crowded districts of the city. The spot was surrounded by wooden buildings with tarred roofs, and a long succession of warm and fair weather had dried these combustible materials to such a degree that they took fire with inconceivable rapidity. The shops and stores in the neighborhood were filled with the most inflammable materials, and the conflagration quickly spread, and raged so furiously, that the inhabitants were panic-struck at the beginning, and stood amazed, without the power to use prompt and energetic means for checking the fire. Moreover, by some accident, which is not explained, the pipes for conducting water from the New River were found empty, and the machinery for raising water from

the Thames, being near the spot where the fire broke out, was soon burned.

At the approach of day, the wind, which had sprung up from the east, blew very strong, and hourly increased in violence. The fire now advanced with frightful velocity, leaping from roof to roof through the air, and fastened upon houses at a great distance. The lord mayor, who had it in his power, by acting with promptitude and decision, to arrest the progress of the flames, exhibited nothing but timidity and irresolution. A party of sailors suggested to him the expedient of blowing up houses with gunpowder; the plan was approved, but that functionary thought himself obliged to wait till he could obtain the consent of the owners; and before this could be done, the flames had anticipated him.

The ensuing night, "if night," says an eye-witness, "it could be called, which was light as day for ten miles round,"

presented a most magnificent but appalling spectacle. Above ten thousand buildings were on fire at one moment, sending upward a pyramid of flame that could be seen for forty miles. The whole sky was in a bright glow, as if the grand cope of heaven were embraced in the conflagration. A column of flame, a mile in diameter, now moved with a terrific and irresistible march from east to west; and every blast of the furious wind scattered through the air innumerable flakes of fire, which, falling on inflammable substances, kindled new conflagrations; the roaring of the flames, which resembled thunder, the scorching heat, the lurid glare of the atmosphere, the crash of falling towers, steeples, and walls; the hurry and clamor of tumultuous crowds, and the shrieking of the distracted people, all combined to fill every breast with such astonishment and terror, as have seldom been exhibited in the history of human calamities.

The fire raged in London during four days and nights, with the greatest fury. "The stones of St. Paul's," says Evelyn, "flew like grenades, the melted lead running down the streets in a stream, and the very pavements glowing with fiery redness, so as no horse nor man was able to tread on them. The air all about was so hot and inflamed, that, at last, one was not able to approach it, so that they were forced to stand still, and let the flames burn on; which they did for near two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds, also, of smoke, were dismal, and reached, upon computation, near fifty miles in length."

The whole city was now threatened

with destruction, and an attempt was made, when too late, to check the progress of the flames by blowing up houses. Large chasms were thus formed in the path of the rushing conflagration; but such was the fury of the wind, that the huge burning flakes were carried across the empty spaces, and rendered all such attempts abortive. At length the wind began to subside, and some very large openings having been made with gunpowder, the further advance of the conflagration was impeded, and it gradually died away, though several months elapsed before the flames were fully quenched.

Two thirds of London were in this way reduced to ashes; thirteen thousand two hundred houses, and eighty-nine churches, were consumed; an immense population was driven into the fields, houseless, and in a state of utter destitution. In the suburbs of the city, more than two hundred thousand people were to be seen lying on the bare ground, or under sheds hastily erected. The government applied all possible means for the relief of these unfortunate people, but it may easily be imagined what an amount of loss and suffering existed beyond the power of public or private charity to mitigate.

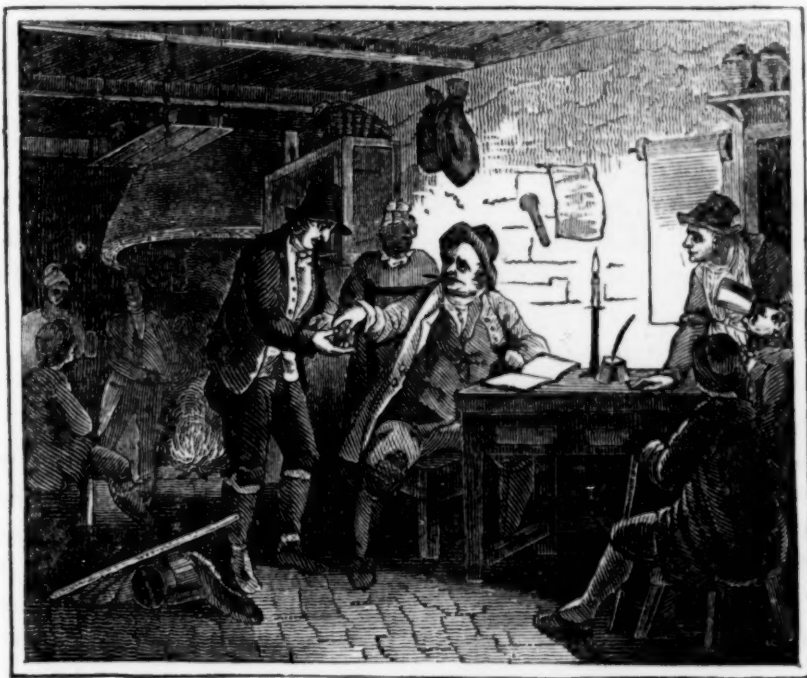
All sorts of opinions were current for a long while as to the cause of the fire. Many persons were apprehended on suspicion of incendiarism, and one man, confessing the fact, was condemned and executed; but there is no doubt that he was insane. Not a few considered the calamity as a special visitation of the Almighty, and looked no further for its origin. Among other explanations of this sort,

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was one, put forth by certain wise characters, that it was designed as a signal rebuke of the Londoners for their gluttony, which was clearly proved by the fact that it began in *Pudding Lane*, and

ended in *Pie Corner*. The general prejudice against the papists, however, caused the fire to be attributed to them by most of the people.



Rent Day.

HERE is a picture of a man paying his rent.

“But, Mr. Merry, what do you mean by *rent*?”

“Sit down, John, and I’ll tell you. Let us suppose a man builds a house, and he does not wish to live in it. Well, he says to himself, ‘Now, I’ve built this house, and it has cost me a thousand dollars. I must try to get some person to live in it, and make him pay me for the use of it, sixty dollars a year. This will satisfy me for the time and money laid out in building the house.’

“Now, suppose the man does this, and gets sixty dollars a year for the use of the house; this money is called *rent*. Rent, then, is money paid for the use of a house, or for the use of land. Rich people, generally, own houses and land, and poor people hire them and pay rent for them. Rent is usually paid every three months; that is, quarterly. Rent day is the day when the rent is to be paid. To those who are very poor, rent day is often a sad day; for if they cannot pay their rent, and their landlords are hard-hearted, they are turned out of doors!”

Ireland Two Hundred Years ago.

IN the introductory remarks by Sir Henry Ellis to a Latin letter of Conach O'Donnell to the lord deputy of Ireland, it is stated that at that time Latin was cultivated in Ireland, even amongst the wildest chiefs of the tribes or septs.

Fynes Morysen, noticing the visit of a Bohemian baron, who went from Scotland to the northern parts of Ireland, states his reception there at the house of a great lord named Ocane. He found the females of the family, to a considerable number, assembled at the door, young and old, with no dress but a loose mantle, and even that was dispensed with when they entered the interior of the house.

"Soon after," Morysen says, "Ocane, the lord of the country, came in, all naked, except a loose mantle and shoes, which he put off as soon as he came in, and *entertaining the baron after his best manner, in the Latin tongue*, desired him to put off his apparel, which he thought to be a burden to him, and to sit naked by the fire with this naked company; an invitation the baron declined."

Fine Example of Honesty.

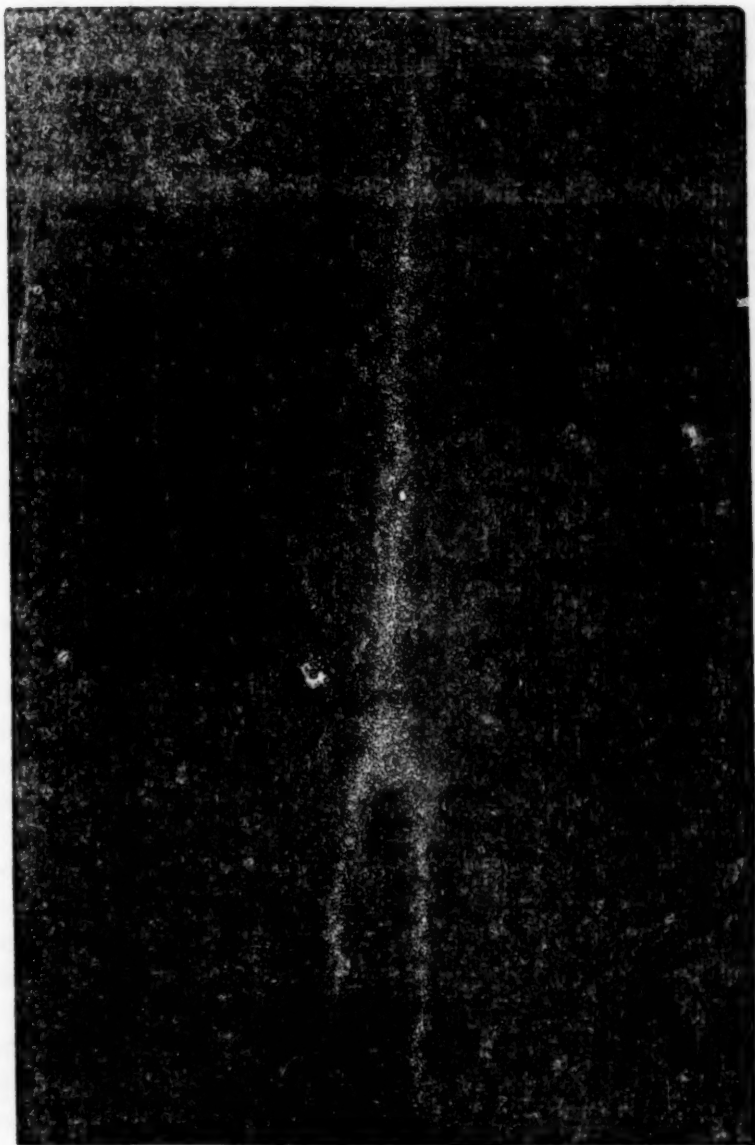
AN Indian, being among his white neighbors, asked for a little tobacco to smoke, and one of them, having some loose in his pocket, gave him a handful. The day following, the Indian came back, inquiring for the donor, saying he had found a quarter of a dollar among the tobacco. Being told that as it was given him, he might as well keep it, he an-

swered, pointing to his breast,—“I got a good man and a bad man here; and the good man say it is not mine, I must return it to the owner; the bad man say, Why, he gave it to you, and it is your own now; the good man say, That's not right, the tobacco is yours, not the money; the bad man say, Never mind, you got it, go buy some dram; the good man say, No, no, you must not do so; so I don't know what to do, and I think to go to sleep; but the good man and the bad man keep a talking all night, and trouble me; so now I bring the money back. I feel good now.”

Phonography.

THIS is a new science, by which the spelling of words is adapted to the sounds. Some of the newspapers, in ridicule of this, give the following, which is said to have been “copied from a notice on board the steamboat William Caldwell, which plies on Lake George.” The placard hung directly over the “bocks” containing the “snaix.”

“Rattel Snaix too bee shode.—The history off these snaix is as follows:—They was ketcht on Tung mountin buy a poore man with a large fammely, beinn sick yer ould and very venemus. They are now in a bocks and can't hirt no boddy, which is much better than too bee runnin wilde cause they don't want too ete nothern. Admittions is sickspents for them what please to pay it, and thrippants for them what don't. A libberal reduckshun for fammelees for more peticklers please to cawl on Old Dick what ketcht the snaix.”



Shape of one of the Nebulous Masses, as seen through a Telescope.

Nebulæ.

THE poet, looking up to the sky, and noticing the innumerable worlds that roll through space, exclaims,

“The undevout philosopher is mad!”

Who, indeed, can contemplate the wonders which astronomy unfolds, and not feel emotions of awful and sublime admiration, at the idea of Him who creates, guides, and governs the universe. And these sentiments rise higher and higher, as we advance in knowledge; for

every step unfolds new discoveries, each more wonderful than the last.

The ancients, looking upon what we call the *Milky Way*, fancied it to be traces of milk spilt in the sky, by a goddess who was nursing her baby! The other groups of stars served only to suggest fantastic images of animals; one a bull, one a lion, one a scorpion, &c. How have our ideas risen in dignity, as science has taught us that these are planets, like our own; or suns, centres of light to other worlds, like that which sheds its light on us!

Thus it is that astronomy elevates us at every step of its progress, and seems to bring us nearer to the great First Cause, as we become more familiar with his works.

The *Milky Way*, without the telescope, seems a diffused cloudy light; yet with the telescope, we discover it to be a congregation of distinct stars, millions of miles from each other, and only seeming so near, from the measureless distance at which they lie from us.

Beyond the stars, and invisible to the naked eye, are other cloudy tracts of light, which have the name of *Nebulæ*. These were supposed to be luminous unorganized matter, floating in space, and, perhaps, in process of being formed into worlds. But telescopes of very highly magnifying power have lately been made, and these resolve some of the *nebulæ* into distinct stars, and lead us to the conclusion that all these patches of light are like the *Milky Way*, collections of worlds, which seem like sparkling dust rising from the path of the Creator.

UNDER a good coat may be a bad man.

A Persian Story.

NEW YORK, Oct. 17, 1848.

DEAR MR. MERRY—I have been wishing, for a long time, to know you personally; but not having been gratified in this, I take the liberty of introducing myself by letter.

I must, at the outset, explain why it is I am so desirous of a better acquaintance with you than I can enjoy by reading your admirable magazine. I trust it will not prejudice you against me, that I am an *old maid*! I know well that I belong to a class of persons usually characterized as sour and meddlesome. Now, though I allow this is sometimes just, I think it is not necessarily so. I believe it is only the want of something to love that makes old maids disagreeable, and the want of employment that renders them busy-bodies. So I determined, some years ago, when I gave up matrimonial expectations, to devote myself to my young friends, believing that the heart never grows old that is in constant intercourse with young life, and that it cannot grow cold in ministering to the genial sunshine of childhood.

A fondness for the young, then, having become with me a sort of hobby, you may easily imagine that your efforts in their behalf are peculiarly interesting; and when I found, from the August number of your magazine, that you had associated with you that apostle of youth, dear old Peter Parley, my enthusiasm was so much excited in behalf of Merry's Museum and Parley's Playmate, that I determined to express it in a letter to yourself!

But, Mr. Merry, you doubtless know that we, old maids, are not much in the habit of corresponding with your sex; and, therefore, I was obliged to consider the propriety of what I was about. After a month or two, however, I concluded that my scruples were mere prudishness. I hope and trust, therefore, no one will be shocked at what I have here done.

It is a part of my plan of life to have some of my young cousins always with me, and as they generally live at a distance in the country, it is very entertaining to them to see, and me to show, all the wonderful things in New York city.

I have now a little girl and boy with me, who came from Connecticut day before yesterday. It is their first visit to the city; and yesterday morning they rose bright and early, all impatience to go out and see far-famed Broadway. Their disappointment was bitter, when I opened the shutters and showed the rain falling in buckets-full, and no promise of sunshine in any direction. "Neddy" began, not very politely, to wish himself at home, where he could, at least, see the apples beaten off the trees; and Susy looked very pensive, as if she could have said something of the same kind. So I felt that I must set my wits at work, or my visitors would be seized with that worst of all maladies, "*home-sickness*."

As I had sent them "The Museum" regularly, they had read the September number at home, and in expressing their admiration for the "Billy Bump" letters, they were beguiled into forgetting the rain. They remarked, that his name should have been "*Billy Blunder Bump*," and hoped that they, though "country

cousins," should not appear quite so *verdant*.

After this, they demanded a story of me, and I racked my old brains for one, that, besides entertaining them for an hour or two, should have the merit of truth. I succeeded so much beyond my expectations, that I send the story to you, and should you like it enough to give it to your readers, I shall be greatly pleased. I know it is "like sending coals to Newcastle;" for you seem familiar with all the stories in history, and I dare say have heard this before; but it can do no harm to send it.

I find that children are always pleased with Persian stories. There is something about the "gardens of Gul," and "Omon's green waters," and the Bulbul's song and the Peri, that pleases both ear and fancy. So I told them the following tale, which I read in a review not long ago. It is from the works of the Persian poet *Sadi*, who was born about the year 1175, and was endowed with a mind, not only highly poetic, but facetious, accurate, and keen. Thus runs the story:

"One of the greatest peculiarities that old Sheik Sadi possessed, was, that he hated the Jews, and could never meet one without getting into a towering passion. Well, once upon a time, Sheik Sadi, making a voyage on board a ship, in company with twenty-nine passengers, (or thirty, counting himself,) strange to say, just one half of these passengers were Mussulmans, and the other half Jews. By and by, a terrible black storm came on, such as had never been seen or heard of in those seas before. The ship pitched

this way and that, and tossed, and jumped, until every body thought they were going to the bottom of the sea. They threw overboard every thing they had, and finally, as the danger still increased, the captain told them that it was no use making a long story of it; a part of the passengers must be thrown overboard, or the whole would certainly perish. You may imagine the horror and dismay of these luxurious Turks and money-worshipping Jews, at such an announcement. But there were no two ways about it. If the captain were obeyed, there was, at least, hope that a part might be saved; if not, certain death for all was the alternative.

"The fat Mohammedans tried to coax the Jews to make heroes of themselves, and show the force of their religion by jumping overboard. They offered them money, and then tried to overawe and browbeat them into submission. But all was to no purpose. The Jews declared that they would do any thing in the world to please their highnesses, except just that little trifle asked of them; *that* was out of the question. But the storm still raged, the danger still pressed, and at last, the terrible mode of ballot was determined upon.

"Old Sadi was chosen to conduct the affair, of which life or death was to be the result, and in which he was himself involved. With admirable coolness, he signified to the professors of his religion to keep good courage, and not fear being pitched to the sharks, while any Jewish flesh formed part or parcel of the cargo. He directed them to occupy, promptly, the places he would assign to them. He then selected number nine, for the count-

ing, and asked the Jews whether they desired him to begin by a Jew or a Mussulman. 'A Mussulman of course,' was the reply. He then announced the number chosen; and they all agreed that every ninth man up to fifteen, should submit to his fate, for the salvation of the rest.

"Sadi now disposed the company in order for the counting. Every man was obliged to keep the place which had fallen to him. Sadi proceeded to count one, two, three, up to nine, and it fell upon a Jew! He counted nine more, and again it was a Jew. Nine more, another Jew; and then another, and another, till the fifteen were selected, and all were Jews! There was no time for parley; the lot was cast; and plash, plash, plash, went the fifteen Israelites into the sea! The lightened craft now bore away, and all were saved. But how did crafty old Sadi manage this business? The secret is contained in six Persian lines, which Sadi communicated to his brethren. These are rendered into English, as well as possible, in the following epigram. You must remark that wherever any *white* object is named, it signifies a Mussulman; wherever any *black* object, it means a Jew. Now for the epigram:

'Put first four Turks, then five of Indian face
Two Grecians, and one ugly Arab lone,—
Three days, one night, one day, and two
nights, place,—
Two falcons, three crows, and a silver
moon,—
Two of ebony, two of ivory, one more Jew,—
Reject each ninth, and you'll kill Jews all
through.'

"Neddy and Susy were all impatience

to try the puzzle. So I provided them with black and white buttons, and after studying the epigram a long time to find out which stood for white Mussulmans, and which for black Jews, and making a heap of mistakes, they placed them in the following order :

○○○○ ●●●● ○○ ■ ○○○ ■ ○ ● ● ○ ● ● ● ○ ● ● ●

They then commenced counting, rejecting every ninth button, for a Jew. After fifteen rounds, that is, after they had gone round until fifteen were thrown out, they came to me, clapping their hands, and screaming, "We have got it! we have got it!" and showed me the fifteen blacks thrown out, and all the whites remaining.

To show my young friends the mathematical reason of all this, I put down in a line thirty white buttons. Then I began to count from the first, and when I came to the ninth, removed the white man and put a black one in his place. Then I counted to the ninth again, displaced him for a black one, until I had removed nine white, and put in nine black, buttons. We then counted again, rejecting every ninth one, which we found to answer for the black Jews. There is no doubt that Sheik Sadi found out his plan for giving the Jews a cold bath, in this way.

Neddy and Susy concluded that wit was a very good thing, though they seemed to doubt whether the old Persian's scheme was quite fair. They now said that they would like to solve more puzzles, but by the time this was concluded, the morning was spent, and the rain over, and we all hastened, in great glee, to put on our things to go out for "sight-seeing." If you think their further adventures will

possess any interest, either for yourself or readers, you have but to signify it to hear again from yours truly,

PEGGY BETSEY.

Guilt Weighed by Conscience.

DOES yonder landlord, with the poor of his domain consigned to the squalid dens and famishing pittance of the Union House, lest they should eat up his rents, while he rolls in his carriage from the sumptuous dinner to the noisy Commons, — does he hear the voice? or do the rattle of infinite wheels, and gay jokes, or the buzz of dull speeches, drown it? Does the merchant upon 'change? does the man of pleasure? does the courtier? does the statesman? — or do they not all find the thunder of their several callings out roar the quiet monitor within?

O, were the guilt of men but weighed by their opportunities, were the heaviness or lightness of those things which silence the voice of conscience within them but judged, as well as their acts, who would not stand in the docket? And may it not be so hereafter? May not the thief be asked, What was it made you neglect the safeguard planted in your breast by Heaven? And may he not answer, Want, ignorance, evil associates, injustice, oppression? And may not the rich neglecter of all duties be so questioned likewise, and find nothing to reply but pleasure, ambition, avarice? Then, with Omniscience for a judge, how will the more guilty tremble? — *James.*



Going to Meeting in Old Times.

WHEN I was a boy, I used to go to church or meeting, even in winter, as a matter of course. It made no difference how cold the weather was—every body went to meeting. There were no stoves in these good old Puritan days, such as make the meeting-houses now as warm as summer, and set half the people dozing, even in sermon time. The deacons and squires of the village, it is true, had foot-stoves and hot bricks, but we boys were left to rough it and tough it as well as we could. I used, sometimes, when my toes and fingers were aching as if in a thumb-screw or vice, to feel that the sermon was dreadfully long, and I was, under such circumstances, so very naughty as to think it was dull and prosy, also. However, my suffering in so good a cause was duly compensated, for when I got home, I could think over the comfort of the fireside, compared with the agony of being at church.

These days have passed away, and

churches and meeting-houses are now quite comfortable. Yet such a change was not effected without a struggle. I remember, that in my native village of R—, when it was proposed to introduce stoves to warm the meeting-house, there was a great sensation.

“What!” said Deacon Becket, when this invention was proposed in society’s meeting, “what would our Puritan fathers, who braved the perils of the sea and the dangers of a howling wilderness—what would they say if they could rise from their graves, and witness what we do this day? Would they not say, We got along very well without stoves; let our descendants walk in the footsteps of their fathers, and be safe. Beware of novelties. The devil always comes to seduce mankind in what are called ‘improvements.’ And what is the argument for stoves? Why, it is said they are comfortable. But do we go to church to be comfortable? Nay, my friends, we go to mourn for our sins,

and humble ourselves before God; and the more uncomfortable we are, the more acceptable is our worship."

Various other eloquent speeches were made on both sides, and the meeting was finally adjourned. Other meetings were held, and the whole village was agitated with the discussion. The society was finally divided into two parties — the *stove party* and the *anti-stove party*. The question ran into politics; each side nominated a list of candidates for president, governor, congressmen, and members of the general court. Each side passed resolves, beginning with six or seven whereases, and concluding as follows: "And as this is a question of vital importance to the present and future generations, we hereby resolve, that in imitation of other great parties, we will cast our votes only in favor of such candidates as we have good reason to believe, agree with us in this all-important and absorbing principle."

The agitation continued for at least six weeks, and all R—— was rent like a forest in a whirlwind. Old friendships were severed, families divided, neighbors at loggerheads, cousins at cross-purposes, and some of the women actually got to pulling caps! But, at last, the stove party prevailed, and the question seemed on the point of being settled. A vote was passed to have stoves; and they were actually put up in the meeting-house. The anti-stovers did not, however, wholly despair. They raised the banner of repeal, and determined still to carry on the war.

It was in this state of the case, (the very first Sunday after the stoves had been put up), that the pious people of R—— went, in goodly numbers, to meet-

ing. There was a rather fuller turn-out than usual, for the *stovers* wanted to enjoy their triumph, and the *anti-stovers* wished to look defiance in the eyes of their antagonists. Perhaps, too, as it was a mild day, more persons than usual felt it to be good to go up to the temple to worship.

Now in the village of R—— there was a woman named Tabitha, and she was the wife of Deacon Becket, whom we have already mentioned. Like a good wife, she sympathized with her husband, and was a zealous anti-stover. Well, on the occasion we are noticing, Tabitha went to church, and casting her eyes around, saw two black things with long pipes poking their noses out at the sides of the church. "And these," said she to herself, "are Gog and Magog come into the sanctuary to work out our calamity?" and, at the same time, she began to have a strong sense of suffocation. She got to her pew and sat down; but she grew worse and worse. In vain did she nibble some dry funnel weed; and, in vain did she eat two peppermint lozenges; in vain did she apply Mrs. Swooney's smelling-bottle, kindly handed over for her relief. "What shall I do, what shall I do?" said she, in a stifled voice. "What is the matter?" said Mrs. Swooney, in a whisper that went through the assembly. "O, I'm faint, I'm faint!" said Tabitha, and with this she fell into her husband's arms.

The lady was carried out, amid a rustle and a shove, that showed the deep emotion of the sympathizing audience. She was taken to a neighboring house, fanned, and sprinkled with cold water. By degrees she revived; and Mrs. Swooney said, "What is the matter dear?" "O"

said Tabitha, "I'm suffocated with them are stoves." "Don't mind it dear," said her friend, "don't mind it, there aint any fire in 'em."

"No fire in 'em?" said Tabitha, rising from her couch, "no fire in the stoves? Why not?"

"Why, it was a warm day, and it was not thought necessary." Upon this information, the deacon's lady rose decorously, and, with a perpendicular air, went to the meeting-house. She said no more about the stoves; and this incident

closes the history of the memorable struggle, which, for the time, was deemed to involve the happiness of unborn millions.

J. J.

Origin of the Red Rose.

As erst in Eden's blissful bowers,
Young Eve surveyed her countless flowers,
An opening rose of purest white,
She marked, with eye that beamed delight,
Its leaves she kissed, and straight it drew
From beauty's lip, the vermeil hue.

Carey.



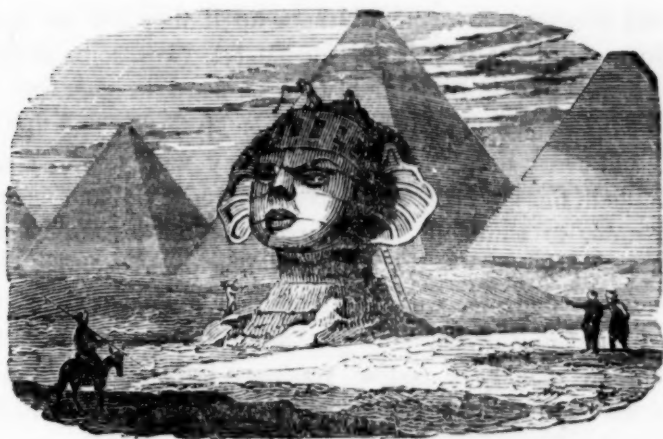
The Flowers are Gone.

WHERE are the pretty flowers—
Where, O where?
Where are the leafy bowers,
Where, O where?

Dead are the pretty flowers—
There, O there!
Sleep all the leafy bowers,
There, O there!

Where are the pretty birds—
Where, O where?
Singing soft, silver words,
Where, O where?

Gone are the pretty birds—
Far, far away!
Gone with their singing words,
All, all away!



The Sphynx.

THE people of olden times seem to have had a taste for hard names, as well as queer monsters. An example of this is furnished in the case of the creature named above.

The Egyptian Sphynx seems to have been a sober, quiet body enough, if we may take his character from his portraits. The picture above is copied from a huge monument on the bank of the Nile, near the great pyramid of Ghizeh. It is about one hundred and fifty feet long and sixty-three high. The enormous body is of a single rock, but the legs, which are thrown out fifty feet in front, are of masonry.

This image has a human head, dressed as if with a wig; the body resembles that of a lion. It has a recumbent posture, and a general air of repose. There is a Sphynx of red granite, twenty-two feet long, in the museum of the Louvre, at Paris. The form and position of this are nearly the same as the preceding.

What these strange people, who lived three or four thousand years ago, meant by these monuments, which they executed

and left behind them, we cannot easily tell. The wise antiquaries have been sadly puzzled with them. All I can say about them is, that if they had only had some Robert Merry's Museum and Parley's Playmate in those days, we should, doubtless, have been duly apprized of the history of these things.

The Greek Sphynx was of a different character from that of the Egyptian. He appears to have been, at once, very knowing and very cruel. His parents were two people, named Typhon and Echidna. Typhon was a giant, and, probably, he had been very naughty, and, therefore, was punished by having such a horrid child. According to the ancient accounts, this fellow was as big as Park Street church steeple. He had a human head and voice. He had the breasts of a woman, the wings of a bird, the body of a dog, the claws of a lion, and the tail of a serpent! What a frightful creature it must have been! And what a pity it is Mr. Kimball can't catch one and put it in the Boston Museum. What sport we should have if we could

get a Sphinx and Sea-serpent together! Such an exhibition would beat Gen. Tom Thumb, and the learned Canary Birds, and the Anaconda, and Bayne's Panorama, and the Balloon, and every thing else.

Really, Mr. Kimball, this is worth thinking of; and, in order to stimulate your exertions, which seem to be always as successful as they are untiring, we will tell the story of a Grecian Sphinx.

Well, most learned reader, of course you know that in the days of the Sphinx, there were supposed to be gods and goddesses all about, in the mountains and valleys, and by-places, up in the air and down in the bowels of the earth. Jupiter, the chief of the gods, had a handsome wife named Juno. But, sad to say, she was bad tempered, and, instead of behaving like a good goddess, she acted like a naughty woman.

Well, there was a great city in the north of Greece, called Thebes. Juno, for some reason or other, had a grudge against the people of this place, and so she sent the Sphinx into the neighborhood, to frighten and distress them. No wonder they were in great terror when they saw him jumping and crawling along. I suppose he went, at least, a hundred feet at a leap. And then how dreadful it must have been to hear his voice! No doubt that when he whispered, it sounded like a locomotive whistle, when the train is in a great hurry and there are cows on the track.

I believe the Sphinx didn't come into the city; he stayed out in the forests near by, and, when any people came that way, he rushed upon them and told them conundrums or riddles, and said he would eat

them up if they did not guess them immediately. Now, some of the conundrums were as hard to guess as those sent to Merry's Museum; and the people, being half crazy with terror, could not guess them, of course; and, accordingly, the horrid monster devoured them.

All this made a great stir in Thebes. They had no newspapers, nor had they lightning telegraphs in those times, for you must remember that this was at least 3000 years ago. But still, the story went from house to house and from village to village, and all the country round about was in a state of panic. People went from place to place, their eyes staring and their faces filled with horror, telling the very last news of the Sphinx. "O! and don't you think," says one, "that he's eaten up my grandmother!" and "O, dear," says another, "he's devoured my uncle, and my aunt, and all my cousins!" And so it was, day and night, the people of Thebes were in dreadful distress, and all because of this handsome goddess Juno, and the Sphinx, who was in her employ.

But things grew worse rather than better; for, at last, the wicked Sphinx put out a very difficult riddle, and threatened to eat up ever so many people if some of the Thebans did not guess it. The riddle was as follows: — *What is the animal that walks on four legs in the morning, two legs at noon, and three legs at night?*

This was a puzzle, indeed; but many persons tried very hard to guess it. They did this the more earnestly, for an oracle had told the people, that if they guessed one of his riddles, the Sphinx would kill himself. At last, a shrewd man, named Œdipus,

gave the true answer, which was as follows: *Man is the animal; for, in the morning of life, or as a child, he creeps, and so goes on four legs; at noon, or in manhood, he walks erect, and goes on two; at evening, or in old age, he takes a cane, and thus walks on three!*

The wicked Sphinx no sooner found out that his riddle was solved, than he

crawled upon a high rock, and, jumping upon the rocks in the sea below, he was dashed in pieces. Creon, king of Thebes, was so delighted with Œdipus, that he gave his handsome sister, Jocasta, to him for a wife, and promised him his crown after his death. The people, no doubt, had a good time at the wedding; but the particulars have not reached us.



Sardanapalus.

THIS is the name of the last king of Assyria, the first great empire of which history gives us an account.

It appears that he was a rich and powerful sovereign, living in the splendid city of Nineveh. Here he had a great palace, and he spent his time surrounded by the most beautiful women he could collect from all parts of his empire.

He became so effeminate, that he disliked the society and pursuits of men. Accordingly, he dressed himself like a woman, and amused himself with female pursuits. He feasted with his women, and

danced and performed on musical instruments with them.

Now Arbaces, the governor of Media, one of his provinces, came to see the king on business of importance. It was very difficult to get admittance; and when Arbaces was brought to Sardanapalus, he was shocked and disgusted to see the monarch so degraded as to appear like a woman.

He went away, and declared to his friends he would no longer obey a king so weak and worthless. A conspiracy was therefore formed, and, after several

battles, Sardanapalus was defeated, and obliged to take refuge in Nineveh. This was a city with very high walls; and he was able, for two years, to resist the enemy who besieged the capital. But, at last, Sardanapalus, seeing that the place would soon fall into the hands of the enemy, collected all his treasures and all his women in his palace, and, placing himself with the rest, caused the whole to be set on fire and consumed. Thus he perished, leaving his name to future scorn and contempt, six hundred and six years before Christ.

Be sure your Sin will find you out.

DR. DONNE, afterwards the celebrated dean of St. Paul's, when he took possession of the first living to which he was inducted, walked into the yard of the church where he was to officiate. It happened that as he sauntered along, the sexton was digging a grave, and the doctor stood for a moment to observe his operations.

As the man was at work, he threw up a skull, which, in some way or other, engaged the doctor's attention. While he examined it, he perceived a headless nail, which perforated the temple, and which convinced him that some dreadful deed had been perpetrated. Taking up the skull, he demanded of the grave-digger to whom it belonged. The man instantly said that he knew very well,—that it belonged to a man who was accustomed to excess in the use of liquor, and who, one

night, having been guilty of his usual intemperance, had been found dead in his bed in the morning.

Dr. Donne then asked, "Had he a wife?" The answer was in the affirmative. "What character does she bear?" The sexton said, "A very good one, only she was reflected upon for marrying immediately after the death of her husband."

This was enough for the doctor, who, upon the pretence of visiting all his parishioners, soon called upon the woman in question; and, in the course of conversation, he inquired of what sickness her husband died. She gave him precisely the same account as the sexton had given before. But the doctor produced the skull, and, pointing to the place, said, "Woman, do you know this nail?" The unhappy criminal was struck with horror at the demand and the sight, and instantly owned that she had been the perpetrator of the deed, which had hurried her husband, in a state of intoxication, into the eternal world.—*Selected.*

Curious Test of Honesty.

A NEW ENGLAND sea captain, who visited "India beyond the Ganges," was boarded by a Malay merchant, a man of considerable property, and asked if he had any tracts he could part with. The American, at a loss how to account for such a singular request from such a man, inquired, "What do you want of tracts? You cannot read a word of them." "True, but I have a use for them, nevertheless. Whenever one of your

countrymen, or an Englishman, calls on me to trade, I put a tract in his way, and watch him. If he reads it soberly, and with interest, I infer that he will not cheat me; if he throws it aside with contempt, or a profane oath, I have no more to do with him; I cannot trust him."

Eloquence.

GR^{EAT} is the power of eloquence; but never is it so great as when it pleads along with nature, and the culprit is a child strayed from his duty, and returned to it again with tears. — *Sterne*.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

WE have space for only a few of the letters which have been addressed to us the last month. The following are, of course, welcome.

Alabama, Sept. 22, 1848.

MR. MERRY:

Dear Sir, —

I know you are always glad to hear from your little readers; so I will tell you of one a long way off, in the piny woods of Alabama.

She received the first number of the Museum as a new year's present, and says it is like having a present every month. It has been rather irregular lately, and she has been much troubled lest it was lost. But, now it is published in Boston, we hope there will be no delay. It is foolish, perhaps, but any thing seems more *sure* when it is published in Yankee land.

I will tell you of the place where this blue-eyed reader lives. It is in a piny woods settlement, half a mile from the Chatahoochee River, which separates Alabama from Georgia. This is an Indian name, and means Rocky River; and it is well named, for, above Columbus, the bed of the river is a perfect mass of rocks, over which the water rushes and tumbles at a great rate; and after one of the heavy rains, common in that country, it boils and bubbles like an immense quantity of *dinner-pots*, in full operation. The river is narrow in its whole length, and shallow, so that

it is only navigated by steamboats; very fine ones they are, too.

The woods between the house and river are mostly pine, with many flowering trees, such as Red-bud, Acacia, Dogwood, etc. The last looks as if covered with snow, the blossoms are so many and so white. Then there are violets, and phlox, the wood anemone, and other flowers, which can be found almost any day in winter.

I could tell you some funny stories about the *darkies*, who are firm believers in witches and such things. One looked rather foolish, when I told him "only rogues saw such sights." But my letter is getting too long. I believe you are kind enough to publish it, and give the blue eyes the pleasure of guessing (she is half yankee, though raised out south) who wrote it.

A READER.

Boston, Oct. 10, 1848.

MR. MERRY:

I am very glad, after reading the three numbers of "Merry's Museum and Parley's Playmate," to find that it seems to unite the merits of Merry and Parley, without any of the faults of the "London Playmate," published by Messrs. Crosby and Nichols. I think the London Playmate was not only uninteresting, but it appears to me that there were things in it positively bad. I had made up my mind not to take your work, fearing that it was to be an imitation of the London

Playmate; but I am gratified to find that I was mistaken. Your work meets my cordial approbation, and I wish you abundant success.

I am yours respectfully,

A PARENT.

MR. EDITOR:

As you seem to receive with pleasure the communications of your young correspondents, I send you the following puzzle, for the next number of the Museum, if you think it worthy of insertion.

PUZZLE.

I am composed of twenty-four letters.

My 12, 17, 3, 4, 18, 6, 7, 22, is a name of a boy.

My 19, 20, 21, 18, 12, 24, is the name of the greatest Roman general.

My 3, 17, 16, is a dangerous plaything.

My 20, 16, 3, 21, 24, is a passion.

My 8, 17, 16, is the light of the world.

My 22, 11, 15, 24, 5, shine in the night.

My 13, 21, 3, 21, 6, 1, 11, 14, 9, 16, designates the growth of plants.

My 3, 21, 16, 21, 24, 23, 6, 14, 9, 16, is the line of descent.

My 13, 12, 16, 10, 9, 24, 14, 21, 24, is the bearer of tidings.

My 19, 12, 16, 6, 9, 16, is a Chinese city.

My 16, 21, 24, 9, was a most cruel emperor.

My 16, 21, 13, 21, 24, 18, is a city in France.

My 1, 4, 3, 7, 18, 11, is one of the months.

My 3, 9, 24, 3, 21, 9, 4, 8, is an adjective.

My whole is the name of a distinguished Roman emperor.

From one of your constant readers,

E. B. C.

Salem, Mass., Sept. 21, 1848.

Saco, Sept. 1848.

MR. MERRY:

I am a subscriber, and have written you one letter before. I have two sisters, who take as much pleasure in reading your Museum as myself. I send you a puzzle, (which you will much oblige me by inserting,) and also the

answer to Temple E.'s. It is, *General Zachary Taylor*.

PUZZLE.

I am composed of eighteen letters.

My 4, 9, 2, is a kind of grain.

My 1, 8, 5, is a dried vegetable.

My 15, 8, 5, is what a minstrel sings.

My 12, 13, 1, 2, 13, is a decomposed substance.

My 6, 8, 17, 16, 4, 5, is the name of a bird.

My 14, 2, 17, is a domestic fowl.

My 8, 13, 1, is the name of a tree.

My 13, 1, 8, 18, is the name of a fish.

My 6, 16, 4, is the name of a vehicle.

My 15, 8, 3, 18, is what abounds every where.

My 14, 8, 3, 18, is a member.

My 6, 15, 12, 4, 8, is a name.

My 11, 10, 7, 15, 9, is what many children are fond of.

My 6, 8, 13, 1, is what merchants trade for.

My 5, 2, 13, is an answer sometimes given to questions.

My whole is the name and residence of a very distinguished citizen of the United States.

Your friend,

G. H.

Roxbury, Oct. 7, 1848.

MESSRS. MERRY AND PARLEY:

I had just subscribed for the Museum and Playmate, and, having read it, went to tell some of the stories to my playmates. But I found they had all subscribed for it, and could tell the stories as well as myself. So now we get together and talk it all over, and enjoy it very much. Every body in Roxbury, I believe, takes the Museum. We like Billy Bump exceedingly, in spite of his queer spelling, and hope you will continue his letters. What a strange place *Sundown* must be — full of panthers, and wild turkeys, and Indians, and foxes. It is very interesting to hear about it. I hope we shall get the whole story of old Bottle-Nose. And now, good-by, and believe me truly yours,

JACOB A—.



December.

TIS December, the last of the twelve months, and with it come snow and frost, and their attendant train of bustling winds, dark clouds, and dreary landscapes. This is WINTER, cold, stern, and merciless.

Yet, in spite of the general gloom which pervades the whole aspect of nature, the cheerful mind can find beauties even in the scenes which are presented to the eye. Read the following lines, and see

what pleasing pictures the poet discovers at this season of the year.

" 'Tis winter — yet there is no sound
Along the air
Of winds upon the battle-ground ;
But, gently, there
The snow is falling, all around —
How fair — how fair !

"The jocund fields would masquerade :
Fantastic scene !
Tree, shrub, and lawn, and lonely glade
Have cast their green,

And joined the revel, all arrayed,
So white and clean.

"E'en the old posts that hold the bars,
And the old gate,
Forgetful of their wintry wars,
And age sedate,
High capped and plumed like white hussars,
Stand there in state.

"The drifts are hanging by the sill,
The eaves, the door;
The haystack has become a hill;
All covered o'er,
The wagon for the mill
The eve before."

It is very pleasant to have a fancy like the poet who wrote these lines; and it is still pleasanter to have a cheerful heart, which can find beauties and pleasures even amid the cares, and clouds, and tempests of life.

The Peaches.

A PEASANT, returning from the city, brought home with him five peaches, the most beautiful ones he could find.

It was the first time his children had ever seen this fruit. They therefore admired them, and were delighted with their red cheeks and delicate down. The father then divided them among his four children, reserving one for their mother.

At evening, before they went into their sleeping-room, their father asked them, "Well, how have the peaches tasted?"

"Deliciously, dear father," said the eldest. "They are fine fruit, so juicy and sweet. I have carefully kept the stone, and I will plant it and rear a tree."

"Good," replied the father; "that is

acting prudently, and caring for the future as becomes a farmer."

"I ate mine up at once, and threw away the stone," said the youngest; "and mother gave me half of hers."

"Well," said the father, "you have not acted very wisely, but still naturally, and like a child. Wisdom will come by-and-by."

The second son then said, "I picked up the stone which little brother threw away, and cracked it. There was a kernel in it just like a nut. But I sold my peach, and received for it money enough to buy twelve when I go to the city."

The father shook his head, and said, "It was wisely done, indeed, but it was not natural nor childlike. I think you are destined to be a merchant."

"And you, Edmund?" asked the father. Edmund answered frankly and carelessly, "I carried my peach to our neighbor's son, the sick George, who is ill of fever. He refused to take it. Then I laid it upon his bed, and came home."

"Well," said the father, "and who has made the best use of his peach?"

Then all three cried out, "Brother Edmund!"

But Edmund was silent, and his mother embraced him with tears in her eyes.

WIT. — A barrister entered one of the Four Courts, Dublin, with his wig so much awry as to cause a general titter. Seeing Curran smile, he said, "Do you see any thing ridiculous in my wig?" "No," replied Curran, "nothing but your head."



The Insurrection of June, at Paris.

IN a former number, we gave some account of the famous revolution in France, last February. The following, from a youthful friend of ours, gives an account of a terrible insurrection at Paris, in June last.

“PARIS, *July 1st, 1848.*”

“MY DEAR MR. MERRY: I have long desired to write to you, but have never had a favorable opportunity; and beside that, I am aware how many correspondents you have, and I feared to add myself to your list. I was, however, encouraged by some remarks made, not long ago, in your interesting periodical, and I now

come forward, although not without some fear and trembling. I have been here during the convulsions of February and June. The former, however, has long since gone by, but the latter is still a topic interesting to all. I have matter enough to make a *good* letter; if I fail to do so, I shall know it by not seeing it honored with a place in the ‘Museum.’

“It was evident to every one in Paris before this last outbreak, that a crash, smaller or greater, was to be expected; and sure enough it came. On the evening of June 22d, a report was circulated that there was fighting going on near the Panthéon, which is over on the southern

side of the River Seine. Since February, so many absurd reports have been spread, that no one in our part of the city (the vicinity of the Madeleine) believed it. The next morning, however, the papers of the day confirmed it, adding that matters were beginning to look serious. This time the trouble arose from no political causes. Poland or Napoleon had nothing to do with it. The wages of the workmen in the national workshops had been reduced, much against the will of those employed in them. It began with a strike, as a pretext, and was carried on with determination.

"It was evident that every thing had been arranged for some time, and was superintended by some strong-minded person. Barricades sprang up, like magic, during the night, and were so built, one behind the other, that as fast as one was demolished, another seemed to rise in its place. In the Faubourg St. Antoine, which is the quarter inhabited by the workmen, they were built up even higher than the first story. The gates of the house in which we lived were shut, and we were retained prisoners. We were at a distance from the scene of action, but the booming of the cannon reached us even there. We were allowed, however, to stand inside and look through the iron bars of the gate, and could see all that passed in the street, though it was generally, in our part of the city, pretty quiet. I was pleased to see the arrival of some troops from the suburbs; and, although I had felt no fear, still, now I felt even safer. I saw several poor soldiers borne by, dead and dying, some going to their long home and others to their sorrowing friends. I

saw a dead officer met by his poor wife, and never did I witness such grief. Ah, how thankful should those be who lost no friends in this struggle!

"The national guards and the *garde mobile* suffered a great loss; the insurgents, having a grudge against them, and directing their fire principally upon them. They had expected the latter would side with them, and great was their rage, when the gallant little fellows rushed to attack them, singing, '*Mourir pour la Patrie!*' (to die for one's country.) At the first shot a great number fell, and others were picked off from the surrounding windows, and furniture was thrown upon their heads; but even then their courage did not fail them, and they rushed on again to be shot down as before.

"Although the noise, during the day, was great, at night one could sleep as well as before. All the fighting was in the daytime, the combatants resting from their fatigues after dark. At four o'clock, however, on the morning of the 24th, the firing recommenced, and continued during the whole day. At two o'clock we were put under martial law, General Cavaignac having now the rule of every thing. I had a fine opportunity of seeing him as he rode by. He is, I should think, a man of about forty-five, with a most determined glance, though he did not strike me as particularly fine looking.

"We had to-day a great many pair of sheets, sent by the government to be made into lint, and we worked hard, remembering the noble fellows who fell and were still falling in our defence, and thankful that we could do the smallest thing to comfort or aid them. All the

stores around the scene of action were turned into temporary hospitals, and, as soon as opened, were filled with the wounded.

"To-day, every one who went out was searched, so afraid were they of ammunition being carried to the insurgents. Cartridges were found in women's pockets, in their bonnets, in their hair, and in their sleeves — even in their shoes. One man was arrested with a false hump upon his back, filled with powder! A wounded man was borne on a mattress, stuffed with cartridges; milkpans, full of powder, loaves of bread cut hollow, and many other contrivances of the kind, were discovered by the vigilant soldiers.

"I ventured to the gate once or twice this day, but was soon driven, by the sadness of the scene, without. Nothing but dead and wounded to be seen.

"I wished, this morning, (25th,) to see what was going on, and ventured out. We found no difficulty, at first, as it was very early; but as we returned, we were stopped, and asked where we were going. We told the guard, and were allowed to pass, until we came to an encampment of about twenty soldiers, who had drawn a rope across the boulevard. There were no persons out but ourselves, and I began to feel somewhat afraid. However, we were but a very short distance from home, and they permitted us to pass. As we reached the gate, I looked back, and saw that we had an escort of three armed national guards. They saw us safely in, and then told us on no account to stir out again; which, by the by, I had not the slightest desire to do, as the shops were all shut, and nothing but soldiers were to

be seen. Beside, I did not like to be stopped, at every hundred yards, to have my pocket turned inside out, and my bonnet shaken, to see if any cartridges fell from it. The republican guard suffered much to-day. They were advancing to join the insurgents, who, thinking they were coming forward to the attack, fired at them, and a number fell. Crime brings its own punishment.

"I have been exceedingly fortunate in seeing the principal personages. I saw Louis Blanc arrested to-day in front of our gate; but, on showing his representative's scarf, he was permitted to pass. I was astonished at seeing such a young man, when I remembered how much disturbance he had made. A famous little garde mobile, decorated with General Cavaignac's cross, was borne by our gate in triumph; he was going to see his old father.

"The soldiers that he met shook him by the hand and kissed him, until the brave little fellow burst into tears. The night of the 25th, no one was allowed to go out, and, all night, at every minute by the clock, was heard the cry, '*Sentinelle, prenez garde à vous!*' (Sentinels, be upon your guard!) the accent on the last syllable being very strong. On account of the small number of troops in Paris at the breaking out of the revolt, the national guard, unaccustomed to fighting, suffered much; but now the quantities of troops forming in every direction, had relieved them, and they kept guard over the prisoners, of which there were, and still are, a number confined in an underground passage of the Tuileries gardens.

"We were allowed this evening to walk

in front of the gate, for the space of twenty or thirty yards. This, however, was looked upon as a great privilege. The guards were all the gentlemen of the house in which we lived, and, as we knew them, we staid out some few moments longer than we should have done otherwise. We saw several companies of soldiers come down from the scene of action, with their wounded and dead borne along behind them. There were some walking with their heads and arms bound up. We had seen them pass up in the morning, and could see that their numbers were greatly reduced.

"To-day, the archbishop of Paris fell a victim to his love for his people and for his country. Yesterday the fighting had ceased, and we were to-day (27th) again permitted to go out, and the circulation was not impeded, except in those parts of the city where there were prisoners confined.

"The boulevards presented a strange appearance. Nearly a mile was occupied with encampments. The sidewalks were covered with the poor weary soldiers, asleep, with a little straw for bedding, and their knapsacks for pillows. Their horses were near them, feeding, and their guns were stacked and guarded. The hot sun beat down upon them, and then again it rained a little; but they slept through it all, showing to what hardships one may become accustomed.

"I was struck with the few shop windows that were open. Every where one saw mourning articles, and I fear that these stores had a great many customers.

"The damage done to some buildings was very great, and in the two famous

gates, Porte St. Denis and Porte St. Martin, are a good many marks of cannon-balls. Farther up, a long way, is one wall of a house left standing, and on the fifth story is a mantel-piece with a clock upon it, a brush, a shovel, and a pair of tongs hanging at the side; also two small pictures and a looking-glass! The windows of all the houses round are dashed in, or else there is a small hole through each pane, made by bullets.

"Some people think that this cannot end here; but if Cavaignac holds firm, the insurgents can do nothing. Their numbers are very much reduced, and I doubt if they desire a repetition of the four days of June. We are still in a state of siege here, as prisoners can be punished by martial law, and General Cavaignac has great power. If there be another attempt at rising, it will be because of the eagerness of the leaders of the malcontents, and because they have well paid their workmen, in the double sense of the term.

"If, Mr. Merry, this letter pleases you, I shall have the pleasure of writing to you again. MEEMA."

Beautiful Epitaph.

THE Hingham Patriot says the following inscription may be seen on a gravestone of white marble, in the cemetery in that town. The only words are these:—

"OUR MOTHER

PELL ASLEEP

November 12, 1840,

Æ. 51.

When will the morning come?"



Interesting Story of a Dog.

ON Saturday night, (September, 1840,) a man residing in East Market Street found, in that part of the city called Moore's Survey, a child six or eight years of age, sitting on the road, crying bitterly. The child was attended by a Newfoundland dog, which attempted to pacify its companion by lying beside him and licking his face. The man took the child in his arms, and brought him to the engine-house, thinking that the parents would be more likely to hear of their child there than any other place. The dog followed quietly, and upon Mr. Rykman, whose humanity is well known, making a bed for the child, the dog testified its delight by jumping about the room and licking the host and child alternately. The boy being comfortably bedded for the night, the dog took his post beside him, and could not be coaxed from the spot.

During the night, Mr. Rykman had occasion to go into the room; but the moment he crossed the threshold, the dog, which was so docile when he left, became furiously enraged, and actually drove him out of the room. Neither coaxing nor scolding had the slightest effect upon the

faithful animal; he had taken the child under his protection, and appeared determined to perform his duty. Early in the morning, another of the family, who was not aware that they had visitors, went into the room, but had hardly placed a foot inside when he was furiously attacked by the dog, and compelled to decamp. Before doing so, however, he seized a chair to defend himself, and broke it to pieces over the dog, without producing any other effect than rendering it more savage and determined than before.

Finding it impossible either to get into his room or coax the dog out of it, or awaken the child, Mr. Rykman procured assistance, and an entry was effected simultaneously by the door and window. Still he remained resolute; he would permit no one to approach the child, and it was actually necessary to beat him severely with clubs ere he could be driven out of the house. This being effected, the dog started off as rapidly as it could, and, in the course of a couple of hours, returned, accompanied by the child's mother, jumped into the room, and began licking and fondling its little companion!

Even then it was with difficulty that the woman could prevent the dog from flying at those who had been compelled, in self-defence, to beat and drive him from the house. The woman said she had been in search of the child all night, without success, and that, in crossing the common near Dundurn, she saw the dog following her at the top of his speed.

Upon reaching its mistress, the faithful animal immediately caught her by her dress, and began pulling her in the direction of the town. The woman, aware of the intelligence of the animal, and knowing that it had accompanied the boy when he strayed from home, followed, in the certainty that she would be taken to her child, whether dead or alive. Nor was she disappointed. The woman lives on a point beyond the marsh, at least two miles from the town, and she thinks that the dog, on leaving the engine-house, went straight home, and, finding its mistress absent, got upon her track, and followed it until he found her. Not the least interesting fact that we have to narrate, in this rambling sketch, is, that the moment the woman and child left the house, the dog became perfectly quiet, and even made advances towards a reconciliation with those he had so savagely assailed a few hours before. — *Canada Paper.*

To Ann.

WHEN first we met, we were children gay
In the Sabbath school one summer day,
When our thoughts were free as the wild-
bird's wing,
Our hopes as sweet as the songs they sing.
Our hearts as light as the balmy air,
Our brows undimmed by a cloud of care.

Time swept away, with its noiseless tread,
And our sunny childhood swiftly fled;
And one holy day I was near thy side,
When thou gavest thyself to the "Crucified;"
And I saw a tear in thy hazel eye,
As it turned in faith to the upper sky.

Again we met — and I saw thee stand
In the Sabbath school, with a little band
Around thee gathered, their faces bright
With the radiant smiles of young delight; —
I heard thee tell of a Savior's love,
And point that band to the world above.

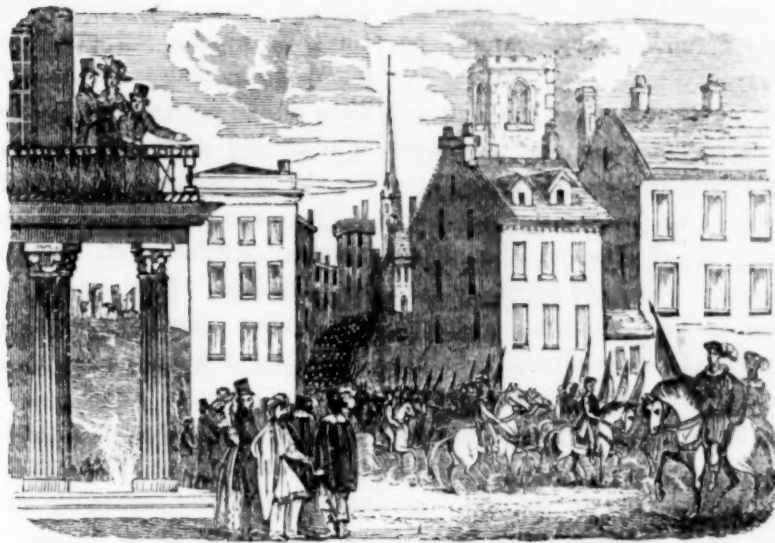
But once I came to the house of prayer, —
Thy seat was vacant, thou wert not there;
Thy tearful class in the school was lone,
The soul-lit smile from each cheek had flown;
I asked the cause, and they led the way
Where thy lifeless form unconfined lay.

I stood by thy side, but could not trace
One look of thine in that pale, fixed face;
The light of life from thy brow had fled;
The rose of youth on thy cheek was dead;
On thy thin, closed lips, there played no
breath;
On those sunken lids was the seal of Death.

And I saw thee slowly borne along,
'Neath the sable pall, by a silent throng,
While thy knell was rung, to an open grave,
Through the sighing grass that around it
waved;
I saw thee laid in the dark, dark tomb,
And the damp earth heaped on thy youthful
bloom.

And I wildly wept for the early dead,
But thought of the tear I saw thee shed,
And thy look, that told of sin forgiven,
And a blissful home secured in heaven,
And wept no more — for I knew that, though
I had seen thy form in the grave laid low,
Thou wert not there, 'neath the cold, green
sod —
Thy ransomed spirit had gone to God.

Auburn Daily Advertiser.



Adventures in New York.

NEW YORK, Oct. 13, 1848.

MR. MERRY: My young cousins are daily urging me to send you another letter, for they think their adventures in New York must seem as wonderful to others as to themselves. As they go about with their eyes wide open, there is not much escapes their notice; and I often hear sage discussions between the two, as to the causes and objects of such things as appear unaccountable.

The Croton water, jetting up at every turn and corner, and dancing like a mad spirit, filled them with wonder; and Ned asked me if we were walking over underground rivers. Arrived in Union Park, where the fountain was in full play, they clung close to my side, as if afraid they had really ventured into the domains of Khuleboorn, a malicious water spirit they have read about in "Undine."

Ned and Susy stood before the rushing

column in silent admiration, as it ascended with the majesty of a tower, and waved before them with the grace of a plume. The pure, sparkling spray had the brilliancy of diamonds; and, where the prismatic colors appeared in the rainbow, we easily imagined it a shower of emeralds, pale rubies, and amethysts. At the top, each ambitious little drop seemed striving to outleap its neighbor, and, tumbling down together, reminded me of the "rival bubbles" one of our poets has celebrated. The children were as motionless as if petrified upon the spot. From the excited look of Susy's eyes, I fancied she had half a mind to plunge in and be transformed to an Undine, mermaid, or nymph. She and Ned had been accustomed to spend their play hours by the side of Onowaga Falls, in Connecticut, and the sound of moving waters had a voice of home in it. But the elegantly artificial

that week, the Messiah was to come. Many of their shops were closed during parts of every day, that they might be found waiting; but the time passed by, and they will have to "add to their faith, patience." We left the tired Jews still performing their protracted devotions, and returned home, Ned and Susy realizing, for the first time, that "sight-seeing" is more wearisome than either study or labor. They did not come to me this evening with their usual request, "Cousin Peggy, do let me sit up as long as you do," but were right glad, after tea, to lay their heads upon their pillows, hoping for abundant rest and refreshment, and to enjoy the Christian Sabbath on the morrow, which they have been taught to regard the *happiest* as well as the holiest of the "seven."

I hope, Mr. Merry, my little friends will be left with me some weeks longer, as the novelties of New York are not nearly used up. Ned says, once in a while, he wishes he could go a-bull-frogging, and Susy sometimes, about sundown, is afraid of some cat-astrophe to her favorite kitten at home; but it never amounts to homesickness in either. I trust they will like the "old maid" well enough to stay and give her an opportunity of writing you again, if so be you are not already tired of her perseverance. If you are, a slight hint will induce her to forbear; meanwhile she subscribes herself, with much respect and regard, yours truly,

PEGGY BETSEY.

P. S. If it is not presuming too far, I should like to send my respectful regards to your excellent associate, Mr. P. D. Bailey.

She did her Duty.

HERE were things which she considered duties, and yet she was not one of those cold slaves of formal precepts, who act by rule, neglecting all the tenderer emotions, and the bright, real charities of life, in order to guide their conduct by a rigid measure. In truth, she extended far her notion of duties, taking in many things that the duty-mongers would judge superfluous. Kindness, gentleness, meekness, patience, forgiveness, forgetfulness of injuries, candor, frankness, love for her fellow-creatures, efforts to make them happy, abstinence from all that could pain unnecessarily, or wound by a light word, these she looked upon as duties, full as much as truth and honor, justice and probity.

We are very apt to select our duties in this world, and that with a partial eye. She looked to her Savior's words for those she was to practise, and tried at least to perform *all* which his words inculcated or implied. — *James.*

An Old Friend in a New Dress.

BETWEEN Sing-Sing and Tarrytown
I met my worthy friend John Brown,
And seven daughters riding nags,
And every one had twenty bags;
In every bag were thirty cats,
And every cat had forty rats,
Beside a brood of fifty kittens.
All but the nags were wearing mittens.
Mittens, kittens, rats, cats, bags, nags, and
Browns,
How many were met between the towns?



The Simplon.

THE Simplon is a mountainous ridge, lying between Switzerland and Italy. Its height is about eleven thousand feet. Its sides are so rocky and precipitous, that, formerly, it was almost impossible to cross it. Travellers went over it on the backs of mules. This, however, was a tedious and dangerous process.

Napoleon Bonaparte caused a road for wheel carriages, thirty-six miles long and twenty-five feet wide, to be built over this mountain, about the year 1805. It winds here and there in such a manner that the heaviest wagons can cross the mountains with ease. It is, indeed, one of the wonders of art. It is carried over

steep precipices and across rapid streams. There are six long galleries or tunnels, lighted by windows. Nothing can exceed the beauty and sublimity presented to the view of the traveller, as he passes along upon this road.

OUTFIT FOR A BRIDE IN EGYPT.—

When an Egyptian in common life takes to himself a wife, the total cost to his pocket is \$7.77. A hut, water jar, and two plates cost \$1.40; \$1.25 must be paid to the bride's father, as a dowry; and the dress of the bride costs twice as much as house, furniture, and dowry. Example, \$5.12.

fountain contrasted so with the wild beauty of Nature's cascades, they scarcely believed it a reality.

Not wishing them to dwell too long and seriously upon any thing that suggested their own mountain stream, I drew them away. Just as we passed out the park gates, a poor object entered. From her wild eye, shaven head, and peculiar dress, I knew her to be a runaway from the Insane Retreat of Blackwell's Island; but how she escaped is a mystery. She stopped to smile upon my companions, and I said, "Friend, where are you going?" She pointed to the sky, and replied, "I must hasten;" and hurried on like one pursued. We looked about for a policeman to take care of her, but she was far enough out of sight before Ned espied a man with a star upon his coat. Ned wished very much to ride in an omnibus; so I held up my sunshade, and, in a moment, one was at our service. Soon a gentleman got in, whom I was delighted to find was an old friend, and I introduced him to my cousins as the author of their admired "Rollo books"—dear Jacob Abbott himself! He talked to them in his benign way, and so won their hearts, that, when we left the omnibus, I saw they bade him good-by with regret.

As they have both a great fondness for pictures, I took them next to the exhibition of the "Art Union." This is the only free gallery of paintings in the city, and is thronged at all hours of the day and evening. Only the works of American artists are purchased by this association, and, once a year, these are disposed of by lottery to the owners of shares.

This year the excitement runs very

high, as Cole's celebrated "Voyage of Life" is among the prizes, and every member is hoping to be the lucky one. I know of one gentleman who is so desirous of obtaining it, he has purchased forty-five shares, that his chance may be better.

These are four allegorical pictures, emblematic of Childhood, Youth, Manhood, and Old Age. In the first, the voyager, a laughing Infant, appears in a boat, guided by a guardian spirit, and borne along a narrow stream, bordered by abundant flowers, emblems of the joyousness of early life. In the next, the Youth pursues his way through a landscape of wider field and more changeful beauty. The infant has advanced to the verge of manhood, now takes the helm in his own hand, and, with an attitude of sure confidence, gazes upon an air-built castle that rises in the far-off blue sky, while the guardian spirit seems bidding him "God speed."

All the scenery of this picture figures forth the beauty of youthful imaginings, which idealize the mean and common into the magnificent. The third presents us with Manhood. Troubled waters, dark clouds, and falling rain surround the voyager, who casts his eyes up toward heaven, as if expecting from that source, alone, aid in his perils. The fourth represents Old Age. In this, midnight broods over the scene, the shores of time recede, and the old man, in his shattered boat, resigns his weary spirit to the guardian angel, who appears to bear it beyond the clouds to the "Haven of Immortal Life." So perfectly has the artist portrayed his conception, that children pause before the pictures and grow thoughtful.

Ned and Susy walked around the gallery several times, remarking, with great delight, upon many which they selected as favorites, but always pausing longest and expressing most admiration at one, which presented little "Red Riding Hood," with her basket upon her arm, "pulling the bobbin at the door." This they pronounced the "best thing," and I thought they showed very good taste.

But girls and boys will feel the demands of appetite, no matter how highly they are entertained, and, as we passed a most tempting fruit piece, Susy said, "Cousin Peggy, I feel so hungry! What a pity we did not bring some gingerbread in our pockets, as we do when we go nutting in the woods at home." I told her this was not necessary in a city; and, in a few moments, we were seated in one of Thompson's saloons, where we enjoyed coffee and stewed oysters with the relish that exercise and hunger alone can give.

Having abundantly refreshed ourselves here, and secured a variety of *bonbons* for "home consumption," we were fortunate in meeting a friend going to the "Synagogue," who begged us to accompany him. Ned and Susy have been taught the history of the Jews, most thoroughly, in the Sunday school in Connecticut, and, as soon as they found this was the Jewish Sabbath, they were eager to witness the worship.

This proved to be not only the Sabbath, but "Atonement Day," a season of rigid fasting and prolonged services. As we entered, Susy and I were obliged to go into the gallery with the women, while Ned and the gentleman who conducted us joined the men below. It looked

strangely enough to enter a place of worship, and see the men, and even the priests, with their hats on. Each man, too, wore a long white silk scarf, fringed with blue. The scarf of the high priest was pure white, and very ample, put on over hat and all, giving him something the appearance of Samuel appearing to the witch of Endor. His face, however, had all the dignity of a patriarch, and I think I have never seen one so striking. He was chanting Hebrew with great unction, in which the men occasionally joined. The women seemed to have no part in the worship, except as spectators.

All looked weary and faint. Every person held a smelling-bottle to refresh him in his exhaustion; but the effect of so many strong perfumes in the room was, rather to add to the oppression. The lady who sat nearest me said she had tasted neither food nor water since four o'clock the day before. I asked her how much longer the fast continued. She said, until the present services were finished, which would be after seven. The Holy of Holies, into which the high priest goes once a year, was opened, and the commandments brought forth and read. Susy, whose watchful eyes nothing escaped, whispered to me that the priest turned his leaves over the wrong way, and could scarcely comprehend how Hebrew is read from right to left, instead of from left to right.

Last week was one of unusual excitement among the Israelites of this city, besides being the yearly fast of atonement, for they thought the time long prophesied drew nigh, and that during

that week, the Messiah was to come. Many of their shops were closed during parts of every day, that they might be found waiting; but the time passed by, and they will have to "add to their faith, patience." We left the tired Jews still performing their protracted devotions, and returned home, Ned and Susy realizing, for the first time, that "sight-seeing" is more wearisome than either study or labor. They did not come to me this evening with their usual request, "Cousin Peggy, do let me sit up as long as you do," but were right glad, after tea, to lay their heads upon their pillows, hoping for abundant rest and refreshment, and to enjoy the Christian Sabbath on the morrow, which they have been taught to regard the *happiest* as well as the holiest of the "seven."

I hope, Mr. Merry, my little friends will be left with me some weeks longer, as the novelties of New York are not nearly used up. Ned says, once in a while, he wishes he could go a-bull-frogging, and Susy sometimes, about sundown, is afraid of some cat-astrophe to her favorite kitten at home; but it never amounts to homesickness in either. I trust they will like the "old maid" well enough to stay and give her an opportunity of writing you again, if so be you are not already tired of her perseverance. If you are, a slight hint will induce her to forbear; meanwhile she subscribes herself, with much respect and regard, yours truly,

PEGGY BETSEY.

P. S. If it is not presuming too far, I should like to send my respectful regards to your *revered* associate, Mr. P. Parley.

She did her Duty.

THERE were things which she considered duties, and yet she was not one of those cold slaves of formal precepts, who act by rule, neglecting all the tenderer emotions, and the bright, real charities of life, in order to guide their conduct by a rigid measure. In truth, she extended far her notion of duties, taking in many things that the duty-mongers would judge superfluous. Kindness, gentleness, meekness, patience, forgiveness, forgetfulness of injuries, candor, frankness, love for her fellow-creatures, efforts to make them happy, abstinence from all that could pain unnecessarily, or wound by a light word, these she looked upon as duties, full as much as truth and honor, justice and probity.

We are very apt to select our duties in this world, and that with a partial eye. She looked to her Savior's words for those she was to practise, and tried at least to perform *all* which his words inculcated or implied. — *James*.

An Old Friend in a New Dress.

BETWEEN Sing-Sing and Tarrytown
I met my worthy friend John Brown,
And seven daughters riding nags,
And every one had twenty bags;
In every bag were thirty cats,
And every cat had forty rats,
Beside a brood of fifty kittens.
All but the nags were wearing mittens.
Mittens, kittens, rats, cats, bags, nags, and
Browns,
How many were met between the towns?
Knickerbocker.



The Simplon.

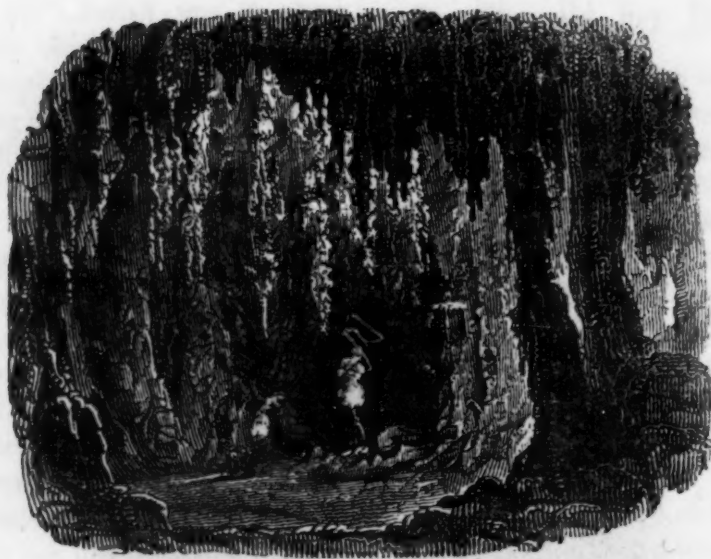
THE Simplon is a mountainous ridge, lying between Switzerland and Italy. Its height is about eleven thousand feet. Its sides are so rocky and precipitous, that, formerly, it was almost impossible to cross it. Travellers went over it on the backs of mules. This, however, was a tedious and dangerous process.

Napoleon Bonaparte caused a road for wheel carriages, thirty-six miles long and twenty-five feet wide, to be built over this mountain, about the year 1805. It winds here and there in such a manner that the heaviest wagons can cross the mountains with ease. It is, indeed, one of the wonders of art. It is carried over

steep precipices and across rapid streams. There are six long galleries or tunnels, lighted by windows. Nothing can exceed the beauty and sublimity presented to the view of the traveller, as he passes along upon this road.

OUTFIT FOR A BRIDE IN EGYPT.—

When an Egyptian in common life takes to himself a wife, the total cost to his pocket is \$7.77. A hut, water jar, and two plates cost \$1.40; \$1.25 must be paid to the bride's father, as a dowry; and the dress of the bride costs twice as much as house, furniture, and dowry, namely, \$5.12.



Grotto of Antiparos.

ANTIPAROS is a small island in the sea near to Greece. It is chiefly celebrated for its grotto, discovered about 200 years ago, by an Italian named Magni. Though many other caverns and grottos are known, and some of greater extent, yet this continues to be the most famous, on account of the wonderful displays of objects which it presents to the eye of the beholder.

The traveller who visits this place enters first into a cavern. Frightful precipices surround him on every side. The only way of descending these steep rocks is by means of ropes and ladders, which have been placed across wide and dismal cliffs. Below them, at the depth of 1800 feet from the surface, is found a grotto, 360 feet long, 340 wide, and 180 in height, covered with the most beautiful stalactites.

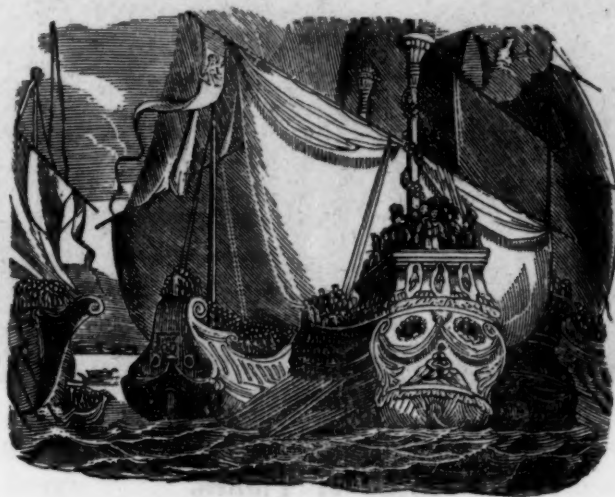
“The roof, which is a fine vaulted arch,

is hung all over with seeming icicles, of a white, shining marble, some of them ten feet long, and as thick as one's middle at the root; and among these there hang a thousand festoons of leaves and flowers, of the same substance, but so very glittering, that there is no bearing to look up at them. The sides of the arch are planted with seeming trees of the same white marble, rising in rows, one above another, and often enclosing the points of the icicles. From these trees there hang also festoons, tied, as it were, from one to another, in vast quantities; and in some places among them there seem rivers of marble, winding through them in a thousand meanders. The floor we trod upon was rough and uneven with crystals of all colors, growing irregularly out of it — red, blue, green, and some of a pale yellow; these were all shaped like pieces of saltpetre, but so hard that they cut our

shoes; among them, placed here and there, are icicles, of the same shining, white marble with those above, and seeming to have fallen down from the roof, and fixed there, only the big end of them is to the floor.

"To all these our guides had tied torches, two or three to a pillar, and kept continually beating them to make them burn brighter. You may guess what a glare of splendor and beauty must be the effect of this illumination, among such

rocks and columns of marble. All around the lower part of the sides of the arch are a thousand white masses of marble, in the shape of oak-trees; one of these chambers has a fair white curtain, whiter than satin, of the same marble, stretched all over the front of it. In this we cut our names, and the date of the year, as a great many people have done before us. In the course of a few years, the stone blisters out, like this white marble, over the letters."



Wedding the Sea at Venice.

THE state of Venice had its origin about the time that Italy was overrun by the northern barbarians, in the fifth century. Some of the people took refuge in the marshes along the sea, and got a living by fishing, making salt, and by commerce.

In 809, they began to build the present city of Venice, on a little island called

Rialto. Here the people came with their riches, and in due time Venice became a great and flourishing state. In the eleventh century, it sent two hundred ships to aid in the first crusade. The proud city of Constantinople was afterwards conquered by its armies, aided by the crusaders. The spoils of the city were rich beyond description.

The first government of Venice was a kind of republic, and its chief officer or magistrate was called *doge*, which comes from *dux*, duke. The first doge was elected in 697. For a long period, this officer had great power; but he finally became a mere presiding officer.

As the prosperity of Venice was

chiefly derived from the sea, it was a yearly custom for the doge to go in a vessel into the Adriatic, and drop a ring into the water. He was attended by a great and splendid company, and the ceremony, called "wedding the sea," was regarded with great interest by the people.



The People of Plataea escaping at Night.

Siege of Plataea.

IN the wars which took place in ancient Greece, there were many acts of courage, but there were also many instances of barbarous cruelty. The history of the siege of Plataea furnishes striking examples of the bravery, endurance, and ferocity of the Greeks, at the period to which we allude.

Plataea was a considerable city in that part of Greece called Bœotia. It lay near the state of Attica, of which Athens was

the capital, and was generally attached to the interests of the Athenians. In a war between Sparta and Athens, in the year 427 B. C., this place was attacked by the Spartans. The latter laid waste the country around, as well as the adjacent towns; but as the Athenians had promised their assistance, the Platæans resolved to suffer the greatest extremities rather than surrender, and prepared for a vigorous defence; while Archidamus, the

Spartan leader, with equal perseverance, prepared for the siege.

He first surrounded the city with a circumvallation of trees, which were laid very close together. Upon these he raised batteries, and formed a terrace sufficient to support his warlike machines. His army worked, without intermission, seventy days and nights.

The besieged, observing the works beginning to rise around them, threw up a wooden wall upon the walls of the city, opposite the platform, in order that they might always overtop the besiegers. This wall was covered on the outside with hides, both raw and dry, in order to shelter it from the besiegers' fires. They then built another within, in the form of a half moon, behind which they might retire, in case their outer works were forced.

In the mean time, the besiegers, having mounted their engines of war, shook the city wall in a very terrible manner. The Platæans employed every art that fortification could suggest against the enemy's batteries. They caught with ropes the heads of the battering-rams that were urged against the walls, and deadened their force with levers.

The Spartans, finding their attack did not go on successfully, and that a new wall was raised against their platform, despaired of being able to storm the place; they therefore changed the siege into a blockade, after having vainly attempted to set fire to the city, which was suddenly quenched by a shower. They accordingly surrounded it with a high brick wall, strengthened on each side by a deep ditch.

In this manner, the wretched Platæans

were cooped up, without any hopes of redress, placed, as it were, at the mercy of the conquerors. There were now in Platæa but four hundred inhabitants, and eighty Athenians, with a hundred and ten women to dress their victuals, and no other person, whether freeman or slave, all the rest having been sent to Athens before the siege.

At last, having lost all hopes of succor, and being in the utmost want of provisions, they formed the resolution of cutting their way through the enemy. But half of them, struck with the greatness of their danger, entirely lost courage; the rest, however, persisted in their resolution, and escaped in the following manner.

They first took the height of the Spartan wall, by counting the rows of bricks that composed it, and employed several men for that purpose, in order that they might make no mistake in the calculation. They then made ladders of a proper length.

All things being now ready for executing the design, the besieged left the city one night when there was no moon, in the midst of a storm of wind and rain. After crossing the first ditch, they drew near the wall undiscovered, through the darkness of the night and the noise made by the tempest. They marched at some distance from each other, to prevent the clashing of their arms, and one of their legs was naked, to keep them from sinking so easily into the mire.

Those who carried the ladders set them in the space between the towers, where they knew no guard was posted, on account of the rain. That instant, some of

the party, armed with daggers and javelins, mounted the ladders. They had nearly gained the top of the wall, when one of the men, in taking hold of the parapet, threw down a tile, and discovered them to the enemy.

The alarm was immediately given from the towers, and the besieging army approached the walls, but without perceiving the occasion of the outcry, from the gloom of the night and the violence of the storm. In the mean time, those who had mounted first, having possessed themselves of two towers, and killed the soldiers who guarded them, posted themselves there, to defend the passage and keep off the besiegers.

Their situation was now exceedingly critical; but they finally succeeded in passing the enemy, and took the road towards Thebes, the better to conceal their retreat. Immediately they perceived the besiegers, with torches in their hands, pursuing them on the road that led to Athens.

After keeping on their way towards Thebes for some distance, they turned short towards the mountains, and resumed the route to Athens. Two hundred and twelve arrived, out of two hundred and twenty who had quitted the place; the rest having returned back to it through fear, one archer excepted, who was taken. The besiegers, having pursued them to no purpose, returned to the camp.

In the mean time, the Plateans who remained in the city, supposing that all their companions had been killed, sent a herald to demand their dead bodies; but having been told the true state of the affair, being in absolute want of provisions,

and being unable to make the least defence, they surrendered. It is a painful conclusion to the story, to say that they were all inhumanly put to death by their conquerors.

Origin of the Term "True Blue."

EVERY body has heard and made use of the phrase "true blue;" but every body does not know its origin. It was first assumed by the Scotch, in opposition to the scarlet badge of Charles I.; and hence it was taken by the troops of the Scottish leaders, Lesley and Montrose, in 1639. The adoption of the color was one of those religious pedantries in which the Covenanters affected an observance of the scriptural letter, and the usages of the Hebrews; thus they named their children Habakkuk and Zerubbabel, and their chapels Zion and Ebenezer. The particular reason for decorating their persons with blue ribbons is found in the following sumptuary precept, given in the law of Moses: "Speak to the children of Israel, and tell them to make to themselves fringes on the borders of their garments, putting in them *ribbons of blue*." Num. xv. 38.—*Scotch Reformers' Gazette*.

Noisy talkers do the least business. A parched pea on a shovel makes more sound than the power that turns the earth upon its axis.

Our Little Boy.

WHEN the evening shadows gather
Round about our quiet hearth,
Comes our eldest born unto us,
Bending humbly to the earth;
And with hands enclasped tightly,
And with meek eyes raised above,
This the prayer he offers nightly
To the Source of light and love:—

"Bless my parents, O my Father!
Bless my little sister dear;
While I gently take my slumbers,
Be thy guardian angels near!
Should no morning's dawn e'er greet me,
Beaming brightly from the skies,
Thine the eye of love to meet me
In the paths of Paradise."

Now a glad "good night" he gives us,
And he seals it with a kiss;
Nought of earthly sorrow grieves us
In an hour so full of bliss!
Now our arms about him wreathing,
One fond kiss before he sleep;
Soon we hear his gentle breathing
In a slumber calm and deep.

R. Coe, Jr.

To Ellen,

Who sent me some flowers she had promised.

THANKS, Ellen, for the bright bouquet,
Fresh from the field and wet with dew:
I prize it much; but, sooth to say,
'Tis not because it came from you.

'Tis very fair, as rose should be,
When round it gay carnations shine;
And every leaf and flower we see
Is wreathed by fingers such as thine.

Yet not for this the gift I prize—
Its odors sweet, its heavenly hue:
A deeper meaning in it lies—
Fair Ellen keeps her promise true.

P. P.

Friendship.

SOME say that Friendship's but a name,
A word unfitly spoken,
To soothe our woes, our passions tame,
With no heartfelt emotion.

They say that friends are very few,
Though many bear the name;
There's not a single one that's true,
"In weal and woe the same."

While others still deem it unwise
Thus on our human race
To pass a sentence which denies
"A spark of heavenly grace."

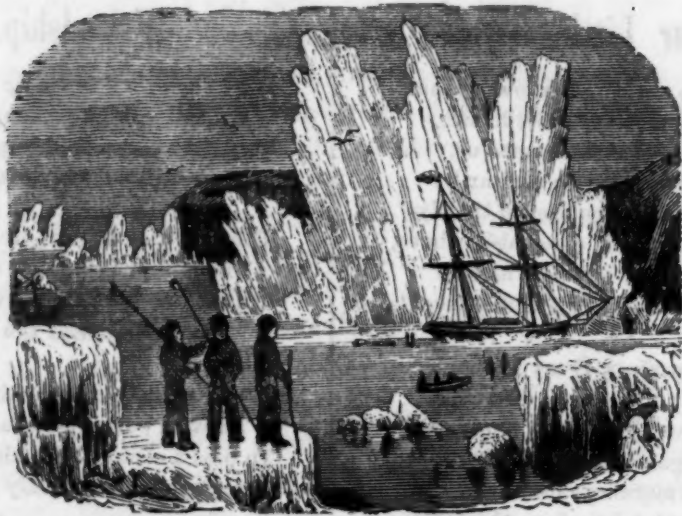
And both are wrong, and both are right;
For earthly friendships show
That he who takes sincere delight
Must heavenly friendship know;—

Must trust in God, and him alone,
To keep him from despair;
Casting himself beneath his throne,
Must leave his burden there.

Then, in that day when earthly friends
Can be of no avail,
His powerful arm he kindly lends,
And bears us through the vale.

GROWTH OF OUR AMERICAN CITIES.—
Brooklyn, New York, has a population of
about 80,000, and fifty-three churches. In
proportion to the population, the churches
are nearly two to one compared with New
York. Albany has a population of 46,000;
Buffalo, of 45,000; Cleveland, of 14,000;
Detroit, of 20,000; Chicago, of 19,000;
and Milwaukie, of 16,000!

HE who says every thing he likes, will
have many things he does not like.



The Northern Ocean.

THERE are, perhaps, no scenes in the whole compass of nature more awful and sublime than those which are presented in the Northern Ocean, within the arctic circle. Every thing there is strange, and in such contrast to the scenery which is familiar to the eye, as greatly to heighten the effect upon the imagination. The entire absence of vegetation along the coasts, the absence of human dwellings, the absence of human beings, the fearful silence, the dreary loneliness, the universal death and desolation, strike the beholder with awe.

If there be signs of animal life in these dreary realms, they are of a character which seems to suit a region of prodigies. In the sea, is here and there the whale or the walrus; upon the land, perchance the white bear, a huge monster, seeming to live only for the purpose of feasting upon the sea animals which are wrecked along the coast.

The sky has an unwonted aspect: at

night the canopy seems scarcely higher than the top of a church steeple; and the aurora borealis appears like a thousand fountains of light, white, yellow, and red,—tossing and leaping, streaming and gleaming, flowing and glowing, dancing and glancing, far, far away, as if some mighty jubilee were held by giant kings and princes.

And the mountains of ice, that rear themselves up from the sea, what wonderful aspects do they present! Rising to the height of several hundred feet, and assuming every imaginable shape, here resembling the domes and steeples of churches, and there seeming like the towers and battlements of ancient castles,—they excite in the bosom the most intense emotions.

Yet, when we reflect, there is nothing more truly wonderful in these dreary scenes, than in those to be found elsewhere. The same hand that has made the polar regions, has also made the

tropics, and it is probable that the Greenland, accustomed to the desolation of the arctic world, would be wrapped in a degree of wonder, at seeing the gorgeous vegetation and the blooming landscapes of the tropics, quite equal to ours in gazing upon his own desolate scenery.

Operations of the Tract Society.

NINE steam presses, of beautiful construction, are kept constantly running by this society; and during the past year, an average number of about 2400 volumes per day were printed; in-

cluding tracts, more than 17,600 publications were thrown off every twenty-four hours! The total number of volumes printed during the year was 737,000; making, with the tracts issued, about 8,300,000 publications!

The "American Messenger" is another of the modes adopted by the Tract Society for diffusing evangelical truth, in the attractive form of a newspaper. It already has a monthly circulation of 130,000 copies, and yet it is not six years old! An edition of the Messenger, in German, is also published monthly for the German population, which circulates about 10,000 copies. — *New York Paper.*



Mount Olympus.

THE ancient Greeks, whose knowledge of geography was very confined, imagined Mount Olympus to be the place where Jupiter, father of the gods, had his throne, and where he held his celestial court.

This mountain lies in the north of

Greece, and is about as high as Mount Washington, in New Hampshire. Near it are the peaks of Pelion and Ossa, which the fanciful poets taught the people to believe were piled up by the giant Titans, in an attempt to scale heaven itself.



Be Kind to Each Other.

Be kind to each other !
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother,
Perchance, may be gone !

O, be kind to each other !
For little ye know
How soon ye may weep
The sad tears of woe,

For a brother, or sister, or friend loved and dear,
Reposing in stillness on death's sable bier.

Be kind to each other !
For little ye know
How soon we may weep,
Ere in sorrow you roam
Through the tenantless rooms
Of a desolate home,

Or yearn for the forms that have passed away
To dwell in the light of a happier day.

Be kind to each other !
And strive, day by day,
To render some kindness
To soften life's way ;

And remember that friends the last ones
should be
To sneer at the faults in each other they see.

Be kind to each other !
For short is life's span ;
We must crowd in its compass
All the good acts we can.

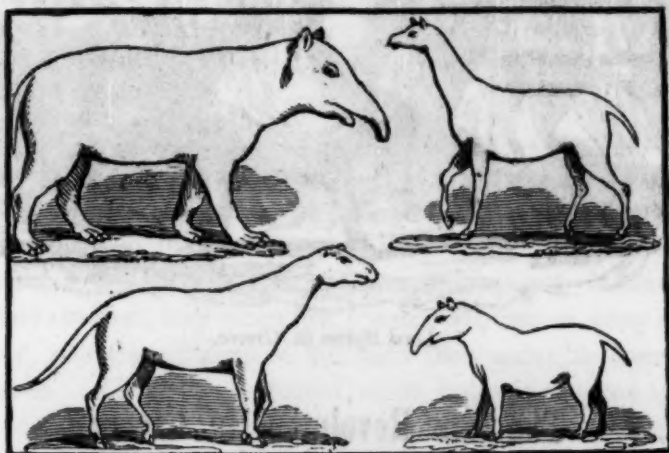
Each hour should recall, as it passes away,
Some being made glad by love's kindly sway:

Story of a Miser.

A RUSSIAN merchant, who was so immensely rich, that on one occasion he lent the empress, Catharine the Second, a million of roubles, used to live in a small, obscure room, at St. Petersburg, with scarcely any fire, furniture, or attendants, though his house was larger than many palaces. He buried his money in casks, in the cellar, and was so great a miser that he barely allowed himself the common necessities of life. He placed his principal security in a large dog, of singular fierceness, which used to protect the premises, by

barking nearly the whole of the night. At length the dog died ; when the master, either impelled by his avarice from buying another dog, or fearing that he might not meet with one that he could so well de-

pend on, adopted the singular method of performing the canine service himself, by going his rounds every evening, and barking as well and as loud as he could, in imitation of his faithful sentinel.



Extinct Animals.

Wonders of Geology.

MORE than nine thousand different animals have been changed into stone. The races or genera of more than half of these are now extinct, not being at present known in a living state upon the earth. From the remains of some of these ancient animals, it is evident that they must have been larger than any living animals now known upon the earth.

The *Megatherium*, (great beast,) from a skeleton, nearly perfect, now in the museum at Madrid, seems to have been colossal. With a head and neck like those of the sloth, its legs and feet exhibit the character of the armadillo and the ant-eater ; its fore feet were a yard in length,

and more than twelve inches wide, terminated by gigantic claws ; its thigh-bone was nearly three times as thick as that of the elephant, and its tail (nearest the body) six feet in circumference. Its tusks were admirably adapted for cutting vegetable substances, and its general structure and strength were intended to fit it for digging in the ground for roots, on which it principally fed. — *Buckland.*

Born Again.

O, if there be a sight on earth,
That makes good angels smile,
'Tis when a soul of mortal birth
Is washed from mortal guile.

*Lord Byron in Greece.*

The late Revolution in Greece.

LORD BYRON, who visited Greece in 1810, thus speaks of it:—

“He who hath bent him o’er the dead
Ere the first day of Death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
(Before Decay’s effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)
And marked the mild, angelic air,
The rapture of repose that’s there,
The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And — but for that sad, shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
And but for that chill, changeless brow, —
Yes, but for these, and these alone,
Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant’s power;
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first, last look, by death revealed.
Such is the aspect of this shore!
’Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,

We start, for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
Expression’s last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of Feeling passed away!”

Such were the feelings excited in the youthful mind of Byron by the aspect of the country; nor did the inhabitants seem to him less degraded. They had long submitted to the injustice of their Turkish masters, and, finding it idle to resist, seemed to be resigned to their fate. Such, at least, was the general character of the Greeks; yet it appears that the poet occasionally discovered, in their flashing eyes, something of that love of liberty and hatred of oppression which they have since manifested.

The feeling seems to be implanted in the bosom of every man, that he has a right to be free. This sentiment may be repressed for a time, and for many generations people may submit from seeming necessity to what they know is a violation of their just and lawful rights.

But a nation enslaved wait only for a favorable opportunity to throw off their fetters, and cut their way to liberty through the hearts of their oppressors; and soon or late that opportunity will come. A community that is based upon a system of slavery is like an edifice built over a powder magazine, which the hand of an incendiary, or the lightning of heaven, at some unexpected moment, may set on fire.

Such, at least, was the situation of the Turks in Greece. Living in apparent security, they continued to rob, plunder, and oppress the Greeks, never seeming to imagine that the hour of retribution would come. But events were already tending to bring on that retribution.

Many of the Greeks had been to England, France, and other countries, and acquired that knowledge which they could not obtain at home. There were also several good schools in Greece, where, in spite of the endeavors of the Turks to keep the people ignorant, many of them were pretty well educated.

Some books also, from Europe and America, were translated into modern Greek. Among them was Dr. Franklin's "Poor Richard." These things were read with delight by the Greeks; their minds became expanded, the detestation of their oppressors grew stronger in their bosoms, and many a heart began to beat with a desire for liberty.

It is not our purpose here to give a minute account of the events that followed. It is well known that, after a combat of several years, during which the people of Greece suffered hardships which words can hardly describe, their independence was finally attained. The Turks were driven out, and the independence of Greece acknowledged by the nations of Europe.

Among the patriots of Greece, during this conflict, Marco Botzaris was the most celebrated. In the summer of 1823, he commanded the Greeks in Negropont. At the head of two thousand men, he marched against Mustapha, a Turkish pacha, who had an army of fourteen thousand men under his command. At midnight, Botzaris resolved to attack the enemy, and as he was about to engage in the fight, he said to his friends, "If you miss me in the battle, seek for me in the pacha's tent."

At an appointed time, he blew his bugle, which was the signal of attack, and the Greek soldiers, rushing upon the enemy with incredible fury, struck them with terror, and they fled like the hurrying waters of a torrent. Botzaris, in the very front of the onset, was twice wounded, and, being carried off the field, soon expired.

But Marco Botzaris was not the only true patriot of Greece, in her hour of distress. Thousands of individuals were animated by his spirit, and many of them laid down their lives in the generous effort for freedom. Men and women, old and young, rich and poor, all conditions of life, furnished examples of devotion to their country, worthy of the best days of ancient Greece.

Nor were the Greeks left alone, or without sympathy, to contend against the Turks.

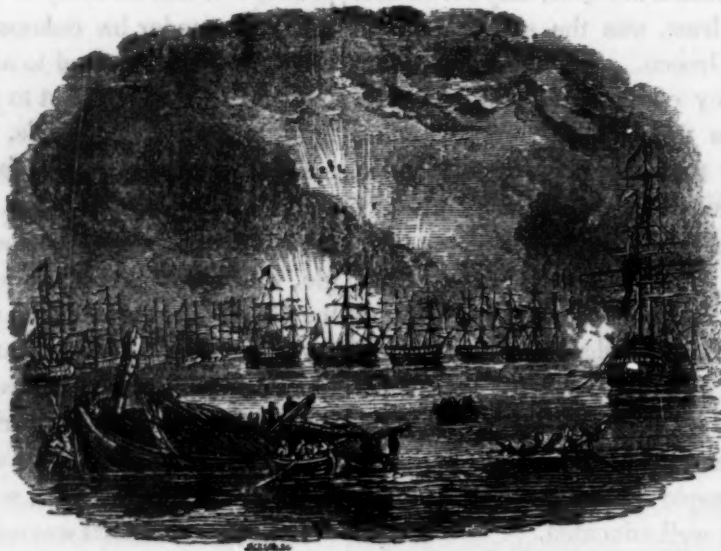
In all parts of Europe and America, people of generous minds sympathized with them in their sufferings, and ardently desired their success.

Much money was raised and sent to assist in carrying on the war, and ships, loaded with clothes and articles of food, were sent to relieve the sufferings of the many thousands that were destitute. A great many noble-minded young men went to Greece, and attaching themselves

to the army, fought side by side with the Greeks.

Among the most celebrated foreigners who took part with Greece in her hour of need, was Lord Byron, whom I have already mentioned. He was a man of wonderful genius, and as a poet he ranked above all other living men.

In 1823, he repaired to Missolonghi, and devoted himself to the cause of Greece. His arrival was hailed with joy, but in the course of a few months, he was seized with a fever, and in April, 1824, he died.



Battle of Navarino.

NAVARINO is a small town at the southern extremity of Greece. It has a small fort, and before it is a bay of considerable extent. This bay has become memorable for the naval battle which took place on the 20th of October, 1827, between the French, English, and

Russian combined fleet, on one side, and the united Turkish and Egyptian fleet, which was anchored in the bay, on the other.

The English had three ships of the line and four frigates; the French, three ships of the line and two frigates; and

the Russians, four ships of the line and four frigates. The Ottomans had three ships of the line and twenty-five frigates, besides smaller vessels.

Admiral Codrington had the command of the combined fleet, and his object was to oblige Ibrahim Pacha, then carrying on the war against the Greeks, to evacuate the Morea. After some desultory negotiations, and some evasions on the part of Ibrahim, Admiral Codrington resolved to attack the Turkish fleet. The conflict was very severe, for the Ottomans made a desperate resistance. But they were, at last, completely defeated, with the loss of three ships of the line, four frigates, and about forty or fifty smaller vessels. The rest surrendered, and a convention followed, by which Ibrahim evacuated the Morea, and the Greek prisoners, whom he had sent to Egypt, were restored to their country. The Egyptian ships, which had not been destroyed, were returned to the pacha of Egypt. The battle of Navarino decided the independence of Greece.

WHEN is a nose not a nose?
When it is a little *radish*, (reddish.)

Revenge.

THE favorite of a sultan threw a stone at a poor dervish who had requested alms. The insulted man dared not to complain, but carefully searched for and preserved the pebble, promising himself he should find an opportunity, sooner or later, to throw it, in his turn, at this imperious and pitiless wretch. Some time after, he was told that the favorite was disgraced, and, by order of the sultan, led through the streets on a camel, exposed to the insults of the populace. On hearing this, the dervish ran to fetch his pebble, but, after a moment's reflection, cast it into a well.

"I now perceive," said he, "that we ought never to feel revenge when our enemy is powerful, for then it is imprudent; nor when he is involved in calamity, for then it is mean and cruel."

SWEET are the uses of adversity:
Which, like a toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head!
Shakspeare.

Merry's Chat with his Friends.

THE last month of the year, and the time for the last number of our Museum for 1848, have come. Well, let us see what favors are at hand from our correspondents. The first is as follows, and we need only say that his

guesses, as to the enigmas, are all right.

*Spring Street, Roxbury, }
Nov. 1848. }*

MR. MERRY:

I suppose you have never heard of me before, but I have heard of you, and so I ven-

ture to write you a letter. I have puzzled out the answers to the two enigmas in the November number of the Museum and Playmate. The answer to that of E. B. C. is *Octavius Augustus Cæsar*; the answer to that of G. H. is *Henry Clay of Ashland*.

The answer to the puzzle of Rosanna P., in the October number, is *William O. Butler*.

The answer to the enigma of E., in the October number, is beyond my power of guessing.

Please tell me if I am right in these answers. I like puzzles very well, but I prefer historical tales and accounts. It is now coming cold weather, and I count very much on the Museum to amuse me during the long winter nights.

You may insert this letter, or not, just as pleases you; and, at any rate, I am your friend and subscriber,

JAMES B.

We have two pleasing letters from L. L. H.; one from C. H. L., of the Washington School, Roxbury, and who, by the way, writes very well for one of his years; one from C. W. F., of Oswego; one from G. O. S., of Roxbury; one from L. L., of Lanesboro', Mass., &c., &c.; and one from W. S. R., of Duxbury.

We have also an amusing letter from R. W. W., of Austinsburg, Ohio. His criticisms are quite just, though they rather bear on the editor, than the correspondents, of the Museum.

We desire a very small space to give a farewell word to the year 1848, and to our eighth volume of the Museum; and therefore our readers will see we have no more room for their letters. Let it be understood, however, that we are gratified to hear from our friends, and they must not suppose, because their letters are not all inserted, they are, therefore, not welcome.

The close of the year always brings with it some serious thoughts. We know that life is short, and that a year embraces a considerable portion of the time allotted to us. It is natural to inquire, then, as the year departs, How have we improved it? Are we better, wiser, more fitted to enjoy life, and fulfil its duties, now at the end, than we were at the beginning, of the year?

Have we done any evil thing of which we have not repented, and which we have not sought to remedy or remove?

As we have advanced one year nearer to the end of life, are we better prepared to take leave of it, than at the last new-year's day?

These, and similar thoughts, naturally come upon us at such a time as this. As the traveller, when he comes to a milestone, is apt to count the distance he has passed over, and the distance he has yet to go, so we now are prompted to consider our ways, to reflect upon the past and look forward to the future.

Let us all improve the occasion, so that we may have reason to be cheerful and happy in view of departing years, and our nearer approach to the point where we must embark upon the shoreless ocean of eternity.

✍ A WORD TO SUBSCRIBERS ABOUT 1849.

Arrangements have been made, by the editor and publishers of the MUSEUM, to bring out the work for the ensuing year in a style far surpassing any previous period.

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